Everybody's Magazine

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ALUMNI ASSOCIATION
PROPERTY.
DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOMS

THE RETURN OF THE REV. JOHN CARRINGTON AND HIS SON FROM A BIBLE TOUR, IN BUFFALO CARTS, TO PHARABOL, SIAM.

# Sowing the Bible

## The Marvel of its Translation into Four Hundred and Fifty Languages
## The Romance of the Yearly Distribution of Eight Million Copies

By W. G. FITZGERALD

Illustrated with Photographs

THE following is an extract from the diary of an explorer into the interior of the great island continent of New Guinea—the wildest and most savage region yet left among the cannibal countries of the remote Pacific:

"For three days after the hideous fate that had befallen my companions up the Fly River, I made my way alone through the dense jungle, carefully avoiding all beaten tracks, in the direction of Port Moresby, where alone safety awaited me. On the morning of the fourth day the forest suddenly opened before me, and I perceived to my terror that I had stumbled on a Papuan village. Close together stood some hundred conical grass-roofed huts, held high off the ground by slender bamboo piles, which gave them, for all the world, the aspect of houses perched on stilts. In the centre of the village was one hut larger than the rest, whose pointed thatch rose into the air like a steeple—evidently the home of the chief. On the side of the clearing remote from me I noticed the watchmen's lookouts, small, thatched shelters, stuck, like nests, into the upper branches of the trees. In the distance lay the sea, turquoise blue; and a quarter of a mile from shore, built over the shallow waters of the lagoon, rose yet another weird town built on poles. I had clearly lost my way and struck a populated district. Convinced from recent experiences that all the natives were unfriendly, I gazed

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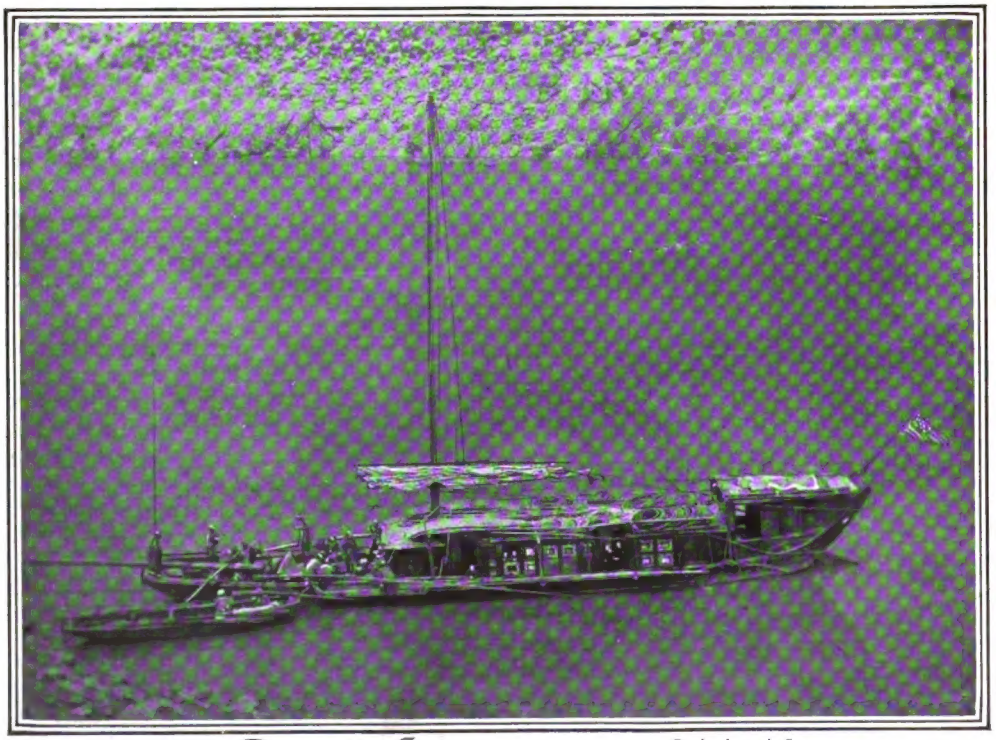
THE SHIPMENT OF TWO LOADS OF BIBLES FOR THE INTERIOR OF CHINA.

with horror on the naked householders lazily sunning themselves on the high platforms of their huts; a warning from the watchman's tower would be all that was needed to turn each one of them into an active and relentless enemy. I should be seized, tortured, and finally clubbed to death—to figure later as the *pièce de resistance* at the feast of victory.

And then, before my despairing eyes, nothing less than a miracle happened. The door of the large hut opened and a white man emerged, followed by a troop of more or less clothed savages bearing business-like bundles on their heads. Who these men were, what was their business, I did not pause to think; one of them was white, the others were evi-



A COMBINATION FLOATING CHURCH AND BIBLE STORE ON THE YANG-TSE.



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CONVEYING PANGASINAN GOSPELS TO THE MARKET IN THE PHILIPPINES.

dently under his control; with a final effort I cleared the ground between us, and casting myself before them, demanded protection.

"Later on, fed, bathed, and rested, my curiosity awoke and I asked my rescuer who he was; what had brought him to the interior of New Guinea; and how he had been able to establish friendly relationships with the villagers.

"'I am the principal Bible colporteur of the American Society on the island,' he replied, 'and the chief of this village is as much a

SELLING BIBLES TO SOLDIERS IN SOUTH MEXICO.

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supporter and well-wisher of ours as any Papuan can be.'

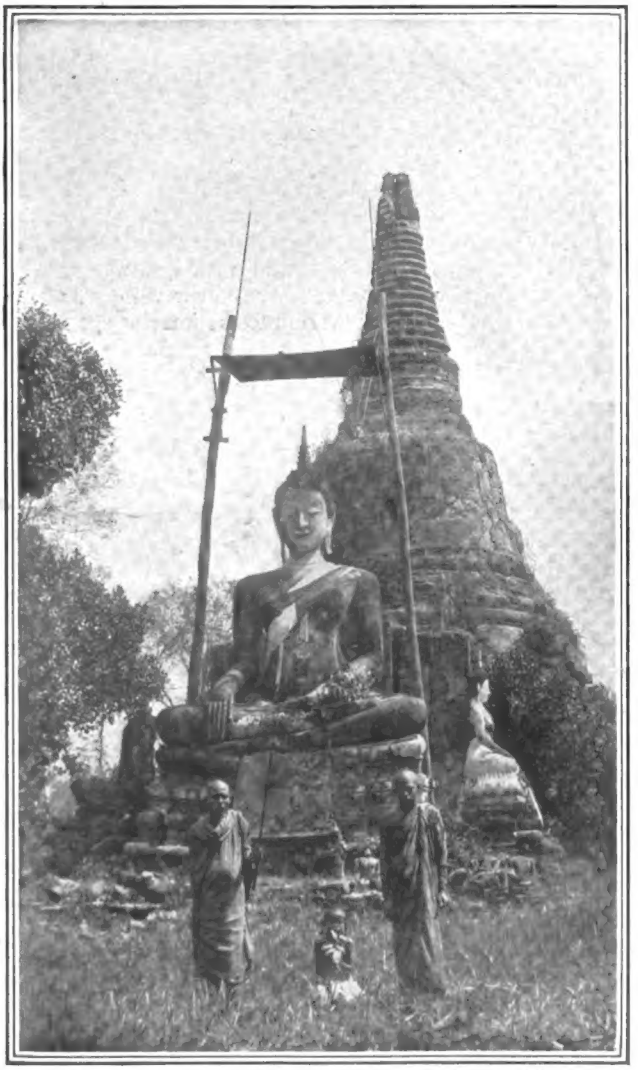
"'But surely,' I said, 'all missionary work here was given over since the Rev. D. Chalmers and his companions were clubbed by the cannibals.'

"'Episodes like that never stop us,' he told me calmly. 'It was the same thing in China during the Boxer massacres and in a dozen remote regions where the blood of martyrs is sown.'

"And then, sitting there in the chief's hut tastefully ornamented with great rattling strings of human skulls, with, on both sides of me, fetich and devil huts, provided for the occupation of evil spirits who otherwise might bother the great man, with the village on stilts in the foreground, and behind that the jungle of great palms and impenetrable underbrush, I learned more of the romance of sowing the Bible in foreign lands than I had ever dreamed of."

A SIAMESE COLPORTEUR CARRYING HIS OWN UMBRELLA TENT.

On a Wednesday in March, 1804, "a numerous and respectable meeting of persons of various denominations" was held at the London Tavern, and then and there was organized a society which should have for its object "to promote the circulation of the Holy Scriptures in the principal living languages." At the beginning of the nineteenth century the Bible, or portions of it, were obtainable in forty living languages. At the beginning of the twentieth it may be read in four hundred



A CAMPING PLACE OF THE BIBLE CARRIERS IN THE INTERIOR OF SIAM.

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SIAMESE COLPORTEURS RESTING IN THEIR UMBRELLA TENTS BY THE WAYSIDE.

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*Photograph by Nowell.*

REINDEER, WALRUS HEADS, AND TREASURED ORNAMENTS ARE EXCHANGED IN ALASKA FOR COPIES OF THE SCRIPTURES.

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and fifty languages and dialects. In the hundred years that have elapsed since that meeting at the London Tavern 300,000,000 copies of the Scriptures have gone into circulation. Last year the British and Foreign Bible Society distributed 5,943,775 copies in three hundred and seventy languages, and the American Bible Society 1,723,791 copies. These two societies have now an annual income of over a million and a half dollars, and they operate in the wildest regions of the known earth, from the Arctic shores of Hudson Bay to Tierra del Fuego, from Tangier to Cape Town; from Bagdad to Ceylon; from the South Sea Islands to the very gates of the closed city of Lhasa in Thibet.

How is this extraordinary distribution carried on? By the work of the societies' colporteurs—Bible-men and Bible-women, as they are often called, who keep in constant touch with the Bible agencies and the managers of distributing centres. These colporteurs are in most instances natives of the country in which the distribution is to be made, cognizant of language and of customs, and possessed of a zeal in the cause which enables them to overcome all obstacles and which does not stop short of martyrdom itself. The work of the American Society employs over four hundred and forty-seven colporteurs.

SOME SAVAGE CONVERTS—MEMBERS OF A TRIBE OF BOLIVIAN INDIANS THAT HAS BEEN KNOWN AS "COMECORAGONES" SINCE THE TIME IT KILLED SIX HUNDRED SPANISH SOLDIERS AND ATE THEIR HEARTS.

The whole vast business of the American Society centres in the big, plain, red-brick building in Astor Place which is known as the Bible House, where Bibles in hundreds of languages are stored and whence bales are sent to the foreign agents, packed so as to meet local requirements—in air-tight boxes to prevent damage from surf; in wrappers that will protect them from tropical insects; in bales adjusted in weight to their ultimate medium of transportation. By the agents in their turn they are repacked into little sailing-vessels which cruise among the lone islands of the Pacific; into birch-bark canoes and crazy house-boats whose course is up and down the great river waterways; into bullock and camel-carts for strange journeys through tigerish, snaky, fever-lurking jungles; or, awaiting their annual load, there may be sledges drawn by dogs, that turn swiftly northward and carry the Word of God over endless leagues of snow to dreary villages of Esquimau "Igloos," where in these semi-subterranean

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snow-houses queer little men pore over the strange pages by the light of walrus-blubber lamps.

Indeed, every transportation known to mankind is employed in this work of sowing the Bible, from the elephant of far Siam crashing through untrodden brakes, to the queer guanaco of the Bolivian Andes, or the negro porter of the great Pygmy Forest of the Congo, the Bible-load for whose head must never exceed sixty pounds' weight. Or the books may be loaded on patient donkeys or mules for plodding journeys over rough mountain passes; or into the pack-saddles of horses for weary miles through forest and over plain; or on the jinrickshas of Japan, or the camels of Eastern lands.

The distribution of Bibles to the foreign agents is not by any means all the work carried on in the American Bible House. There, too, all arrangements are made for the turning of the Grand Old Book into every language and dialect of the Earth, both uncouth and civilized, from Choctaw to Tagalog, and from Korean to the "Foo Chow Colloquial" understanded of the Chinese people. The Esquimaux, thanks to the magnificent work of our Bible Society, now have their own translation, which it has taken one hundred and fifty years to complete.

YIANG OH YIOH AT WORK. YIANG IS THE OLDEST CHINESE COLPORTEUR OF THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY, AND HAS A RECORD OF HAVING SOLD FIFTY THOUSAND COPIES OF THE BIBLE TO HIS COUNTRYMEN

You may well wonder how it is possible to translate what is considered, even in its least important aspect, an exquisite work of literary art like the Bible into the dialect, say, of Central African cannibals, who have no written language at all and only the most meagre and coarse of vocabularies. But as we shall presently see, the Society has gathered round it a number of zealous men who devote their whole lives and scholarship to the ingenious translation of the Scripture into all kinds of strange and barbarous tongues.

For the most part the actual work of translation is not done at Astor Place, but has to be undertaken "in the field," where native interpreters are at hand and the equivalents of proper names and objects can be ascertained with slow and patient research. When the Society decides that a new race shall have a Bible of its own, a grant of money is made and the first steps toward translation are begun.

Let us suppose the recipient of such a grant is the Rev. Mr. Smith of some remote canni-

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bal village on the Congo River in Central Africa. There he is; he has only just arrived. Not one word of the gibberish around him does he understand; and the natives may say the same of his tongue. The first thing to do is to build his house; and even while he is building it he has his note-book and pencil in one hand and his trowel or a brick or plank of wood in the other.

The first phrase he gets to know is "What is this?" or "What is that?" These questions he fires off at his assistants at all hours of the day and night; has them repeated again and again, and carefully notes down their phonetic equivalents. This is the nucleus of a kind of dictionary and grammar combined, and this tedious work goes on simultaneously with the building operations and the general work of winning the confidence of the natives, perhaps for a year or two. By that time the vocabulary is pretty complete, and Mr. Smith begins on the work for which he has all this time been preparing himself.

The Rev. E. H. Richards gives an account of the difficulties he encountered in making a written language for the Tongo and Batwa tribes on the east coast of Africa, along the Mozambique Channel.

"Very few who are not missionaries," Mr. Richards says, "can understand the utter helplessness of the preacher who conducts a service in a savage land where he cannot speak a word and where never a Bible was, nor the hint of a Christian hymn. These people had never heard of ink till we brought it to them; and there was no history, no book, no dictionary, no alphabet—not a single idea as to how the thoughts and words of these savages could be transferred to paper.

"They could not even tell what paper was; and the nearest word they could find for it was 'leaf'—as of a tree. We spent hours and days and weeks listening attentively, note-book in hand, to sounds which cannot be represented by anything in our alphabet.

"Mrs. Richards," the missionary goes on to say, "in her early attempts at speaking, told the servant-girl to 'go kill a *boy* for dinner.' She thought she had said 'duck,' but the girl, although she well knew something was wrong, was too polite to ask about it, but took an axe and started off wandering aimlessly about the yard.

"There are three dialects spoken in this region, and should one inquire of some thoughtful-seeming native as to the name for corn, at the same time pointing to some, he would reply: 'Sibili.' 'Is there any other name?' 'Yes, xipfacki.' 'Any other?' 'Yes, umbila.' Truly the work was wearisome."

A most remarkable triumph in the way of Bible translation is the rendition of the Scriptures into Aneityum, the language of certain islands of the cannibal New Hebrides group. It was at Erromanga, of the New Hebrides, that the veteran Rev. John Williams landed with his companion, Mr. Harris, only to fall instantly under the clubs of the savages. Undismayed by this tragedy, the Society tried again and again, but their men either broke down and died of ague and fever, or else, owing to sickness, had to be removed in a dying state.

These pioneers, however, acquired the language as spoken by the savages, reduced it to written form, and began slowly to translate the Work of God into Aneityum. Section by section, the cannibals were taught to read these portions. As a result, an intense desire was created among them to have the whole Bible translated into their own uncouth tongue. Accordingly they zealously assisted Dr. Geddie and Dr. Inglis to translate it correctly and even began to prepare arrow-root to pay for the cost of its printing and binding. In the beginning of the work of the American Bible Society in this group, these terrible people murdered five of the missionaries and ate the bodies of two of them.

But, beyond all question, the Bible Society's greatest triumph is its monumental work of translation in China. It is not as though there were there but one language. As a matter of fact, the Chinese tongue, as read and spoken by the *literati*, or educated classes, is a totally different thing from the language of the common people.

One of the earliest versions of the Bible in China was that known as the "Delegates," which appeals particularly to Chinese scholars; but unfortunately in places fidelity to the original was sacrificed to excellence of Chinese composition. Drs. Bridgman and Culbertson, two American missionaries, withdrew from the Commission of Delegates and produced a version which has borne their names. This is characterized by extreme fidelity to the original, a lower literary style, and somewhat indifferent Chinese.

This was published by the American Bible Society in 1859 and since then has nobly done its part in giving the Bible to the Chinese people in a language which they can understand. Next came the "Ning-po Vernacular," in the

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production of which our Bible Society assisted; and the big "Red House" has also been wholly or in part interested in the publication of Scriptures in ten other dialects or languages of the Chinese Empire.

In the coast provinces south of the Yangtse River there is an immense and bewildering diversity of dialects, these often changing *every thirty or forty miles*. All over these provinces, which contain from seventy-five to one hundred millions of people, scholars can read and understand the Bible in the classical Chinese, but it is a sealed book to millions of the masses.

The American Bible Society, therefore, became the pioneer in the great work of giving God's Word to the Chinese in a language understood by the common people, beginning in 1853 the publication of the Scriptures in what is known as the "Foo-Chow Colloquial." It also printed the Bible in the "Hinghua Colloquial" for more than six thousand Christians; while the "Canton Colloquial" brings the Book within the reach of the teeming millions who inhabit both land and water in that great province. Moreover, the Society is now engaged in publishing for the first time the Old Testament in the Shanghai and Soo-Chow dialects.

But important as are all these various versions, the supreme achievement is the translation into the Mandarin language, which is spoken by at least three hundred millions of human beings and is the Court language of the great Chinese Empire. There are dialectic differences in Mandarin, yet a man speaking fluently any one of the dialects can be understood through fourteen of the eighteen provinces, and in Manchuria as well.

The honor of suggesting and carrying to completion this monumental work of giving to three-quarters of the people of China the Bible in their spoken language—thus doing for China what Luther did for Germany and King James's version did for the English-speaking race—belongs to the Right Reverend Bishop Schereschewsky, of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He organized a committee in Pekin, and the New Testament in Mandarin was published in 1872. The Old Testament took eight more years to complete.

In 1881 Bishop Schereschewsky became paralyzed, and was sent home a helpless invalid to die. It seemed, however, that his great work had only begun, for not only did he revise the Mandarin translation in its entirety, but in addition he translated the whole Bible into the simple "Wen Li" dialect of China, without any Chinese scribe or assistant, and wrote out the whole stupendous script in Roman letters on a typewriter with his two paralyzed front fingers.

Bishop Schereschewsky's "Easy Wen Li" text—which he humorously calls his "two-finger Bible"—represents fourteen years' unremitting labor. The last time an official of the Bible Society saw the Bishop in Tokio, he affectionately patted the arms of his chair with his atrophied fingers and remarked: "To complete my task I have sat in this chair for over twenty years!"

As the greatest work of the Society has been done in China, it seems fitting that the most remarkable copy of the Bible the Society has yet produced should be in that tongue. I refer to the sumptuous *édition de luxe* presented to the Dowager Empress of China on her sixtieth birthday by the British and American Ministers, on behalf of the Christian women of that country.

The book was manufactured by the Presbyterian Press in conjunction with the silversmiths of Canton, and had silver covers embossed with bamboo and bird designs. It was printed on the very finest paper obtainable with the biggest type, and a border of gold encircled every page. It was incased in a casket of solid silver, the whole weighing ten and a half pounds, and there was a gold inscription-plate on the cover of the casket.

No sooner was this superb volume presented to the Dowager Empress than she sent her eunuchs from the Palace to the book-store of the Bible Society to ask for a common copy, so that she and her ladies might compare the two texts. Her Majesty evidently thought the Christians had one version for the Palace and another for the hovel!

Of the lives of the men actually intrusted with the distribution of the Bibles to savage races, whole books of adventure might be written. Let us glance at the work of a few of them and learn something of the hardships endured and the labor spent in this cause.

Here is the Rev. Andrew M. Milne, who has his headquarters at Buenos Ayres with three colporteurs, and reaches out not only through the great and fertile Argentine, but also up to Uruguay and remote Paraguay, as well as the wild mountains of little-known Bolivia, Peru, and Ecuador, where strange caravans of llamas and vicuñas—the camels of South America—carry the Bibles over the great chain of the Andes. It would be in-

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teresting to follow the fortunes of these caravans and of Mr. Milne when he sets out on a two-hundred-mile ride on mule-back.

Another agent of the Society, the Rev. H. C. Tucker, has a field of operations equal in extent to the whole of the United States; and during the past year Bible canvassing was carried on under his supervision in twelve out of the twenty states of Brazil. Some little time ago one of his men penetrated into the interior of the State of Goyaz, where the Bible had never before been offered to the people. Mr. Tucker sends this pathetic message to the Bible House: "Please take special care in preparing packages, as they have to be carried twelve hundred miles by mules."

Mr. Penzotti writes an interesting letter to headquarters about his work, which has its centre in the city of Guatemala. "A boy ten years old," he says, "ran a mile after one of our colporteurs with some corn wherewith to pay for a Bible. Some of our men travelled one hundred and seventy-five miles, on foot generally, suffering many hardships from poisonous insects and wild beasts, having no bed and being often hungry, tired, and persecuted."

The lot of the colporteur in the interior of Brazil is not to be envied as he goes his rounds off the beaten track with his load of Bibles. "From the 16th to the 22d of March," writes one of them, "I was in the city of Victoria, State of Espirito Santo, waiting for a south wind to sail to the north. On the 22d we left for the town of Espirito Santo, about two hours' sail from Victoria. As there was no wind we had to remain in that town until eleven o'clock at night. My bed was a pile of tiles, and I could not sleep because of the sharp points of the bricks and the great cold."

The work of sowing the Bible throughout the Turkish Empire from Constantinople to Bagdad is beset with peculiar difficulties. There is, it seems, a most ridiculous censorship of the Bible. It is a curious illustration of prejudice that the "seditious" word "Macedonia" occurring in the New Testament should excite suspicion and mistrust at the Sublime Porte!

In Armenia, too—to give this group of Turkish vilayets its common name—the distribution of Bibles is especially difficult. And yet that it is eagerly read by the natives when it falls into their hands may be gathered from this story told by one of the Bible-men. A copy of the Word of God was given to a patient in the American Hospital and by him carried to his home in a village. Here an Armenian priest took it from the man, and having torn it to pieces threw it into the street. A grocer, seeing it lying there, picked it up and took it to his shop, where he began to use it as wrapping-paper. So for a time olives, cheese, candles, and other things sent forth from that store were wrapped in pages upon which were printed the "Words of Life." In this way one Bible was scattered about through that village and was read by many whose interest was so far aroused that they began asking for more of the same book. The result was that when the colporteur next came round, over one hundred Bibles or portions of the Bible were sold in that village.

No tribe or race is too savage for the colporteur to brave. Good work is being done among a tribe of Indians in Bolivia, formerly known by the Spaniards as "Comecoragones" because of their having killed a whole regiment of Spanish troops, six hundred strong, and eaten their hearts.

Or to sweep right from tropical America to the Arctic circle, away up in the wilds of Alaska, at Cape Prince of Wales, in a strange and remote part of the earth, where American territory almost joins Asiatic Siberia, the work of the Society is known and loved among the Esquimaux; and often the colporteur who cannot speak their language witnesses an eloquent pantomime, when a native will hold a huge knife to his own breast in order to show that he would kill himself rather than hurt the missionary who has come to his people with the Word of God. These same people will come readily trying to exchange young reindeer for the Precious Book; or they will sell the walrus-heads from off their semi-subterranean houses, thus depriving themselves of the Esquimau's most treasured ornament.

North and south, east and west, the Bible Society sows; and that no ground is too barren for its seed, surely the following true incident proves:

A Cree Indian and his son, fishing in the Northwest some years ago during the winter season, travelled on snow-shoes across the plains, thinking they carried what they called the "Book of Heaven" in their pack. When they reached a hunting-ground, however, one hundred and forty miles distant from the fishery, they found the book had been left behind. It is a fact that one of them went back on his tracks, walking in four days two hundred and eighty miles through the wild, bear-infested forests to regain that Bible.

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# The Mystery of the Centenarian

by George Hibbard

Illustrated by John Clitheroe Gilbert

JOHN ELWOOD,
—— West ——— Street.
Hiram Kirgate. Go at once to Greenfield.
HARBINGER.

THE communication was even more laconic than those I usually received from my office.

I had been troubled with my eyes, a minute particle of dust having kept me in a dark room for several days. I had, however, sent word to my "chief" on the preceding afternoon that I should again be in shape for duty on the following day. The first thing in the morning I received the above message.

I was glad enough that my sudden orders took me to the country. For weeks I had been living in the noise of the swarming city slums or in the depressing silence of the midsummer desolation in the better parts of the town. To find myself among sunny fields and shady woods would be a change and a pleasant one.

Why I was sent to Greenfield I was not certain, though I had a pretty good idea. I remembered something about a certain Hiram Kirgate who lived there. Already there had been an article about the eccentric old recluse. A centenarian is always fairly "good stuff" in a newspaper-office. There are so many people to whom the facts as to the extent to which the venerable person has used tobacco, the time at which he has gone to bed, and whether in winter he wears overshoes, are always interesting. In this case, moreover, the peculiar life of a miserly hermit which the old man led—never seeing anyone and hoarding every penny—had made him locally something of a public character. I hastily concluded that Mr. Harbinger might want me in the "silly season" to get up something about such a well-authenticated case of longevity, and I took my place in the car with the idea so firmly fixed in my mind that no other possibility occurred to me.

And yet I should have been prepared. I had reason to know that most startling developments come when least expected. I should have remembered that in the occurrence of the Empty Carriage there had been nothing to indicate what followed. I should have reflected that in the circumstance of the Little Hands there had been no suggestion of the grim dénouement. I should not have forgotten that in the metropolis and about it any number of unexpected and startling events take place daily—events momentous or merely bizarre—as one can see must be the case when one remembers that Manhattan is now the spot toward which the current of the world's life is turning—that there is the centre where all people are gathering. Comedy and tragedy are played in a "continuous performance" on a scale never witnessed before. In the multitude of the dramas some incidents are constantly coming to light—sometimes merely straws showing which way the wind is blowing, sometimes bubbles rising from dark depths to indicate what is sunk beneath the surface.

When I got down from the train at Greenfield I began, as is my habit, with questioning the first person I met. Searching for

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news is like searching for anything else. One is quite as likely as not to come on it in the most unexpected places.

"I want to find where Hiram Kirgate lives," I said to one of the station loafers.

He stared at me, not exactly stupidly, but slowly.

"Well," he said, after reflection, "I couldn't exactly tell you that."

"You know the neighborhood?" I demanded.

"No one better," the countryman went on. "But I can't telf you where Kirgate lives—'cause he don't live."

"What do you mean?"

"Ain't you heard? Why, he was found dead yesterday."

see it wasn't all exactly natural. There was that which pointed to something different."

"Pointed to what?" I asked.

"Murder," he answered briefly.

I understood. The reason for my mission to the place was clear. Owing to my isolation in a dark room I was ignorant of facts of which Mr. Harbinger had thought me aware. Both personally and professionally I was interested.

"I can't tell you more'n what's known," my informant went on. "He was found dead in his house."

I did not lose time. In twenty minutes a conveyance which I found at the station carried me to the gate of a cottage on the outskirts of the suburban town. The building

"ALL RIGHT," HE SAID SHORTLY. "THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE MURDER OF A MAN A HUNDRED YEARS OLD."

Prepared as I am for the unexpected, I confess that I could not help feeling something of a shock at the suddenness of the announcement.

"That was natural enough at his age," I replied.

"Well, yes," admitted the man, "but you

was small and plain enough, but not without appearance of care, and a well-kept garden lay beyond the fence. Some boys were standing about, and at a greater distance two or three women. At the door was a country policeman.

"I'm from the ——," I said, showing my credentials.

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This fact seemed to impress the man measurably.

"You'll have to see the captain," he announced civilly enough. "He's inside now."

I entered and saw, through a door opening on the little hall, an older man seated at a table. As I advanced he looked up.

"I was rather expecting some of you people," he said, evidently having overheard the conversation on the doorstep.

"I've only just learned what happened," I explained.

"A pretty bad affair," he continued. "But nothing, I'm thinking, sensational enough for you. Nothing out of the ordinary. Only the robbery and incidental murder of an old man. He must have been taken by surprise, and a blow on the head at his age killed him instantly. I'm here finishing some of the business. The inquest was held this afternoon. Any facts I can give you—and I can give you all—are at your service. The body's been moved, of course, but come in."

I had beheld too many scenes of violence to hesitate. The official rose and opened a door, through which I followed him. As I entered, it swung to, having a spring which caused it to shut instantly. No spectacle of confusion, however, met my eyes. I saw only a bare, neat room.

"There's where the old man was killed," the captain explained, pointing to the floor near the table. "From the evidence it's clear he was seated, counting some money. A bill for a small amount was under the table, left by the thief in his haste. That window"—and he pointed to the only one in the room—"is no distance from the ground. Some tramp must have seen him, broken through the window in the next room—for this window was securely fastened—and come in through that door we came through, which is the only way of getting in here. The old miser probably made a fight for his cash. An iron stove-lifter was used to kill him. The whole affair must have been over in a minute. He fell down near the table at the foot of the bed. You can see the blood."

Involuntarily I shuddered as I looked at the dark stain my guide pointed out.

"What's this?" I demanded, going to a corner where I saw a large circular platform from which rose a pole about four feet high, having a cross-piece perhaps two feet long.

The police captain laughed shortly.

"That's the perch where the old gentleman kept the parrot chained that he got about three months ago. The only thing to which he's been seen to speak in years. The only thing that spoke to him in a social way."

"Where is it?"

"Must have got flustered by the rumpus and flown away. Nothing been seen of it. I suppose it'll be found in the woods. Can't escape notice. Green parrots with red bodies and long tails aren't just too plentiful as native birds. A bad-tempered old beast it was, with not a good word for anyone, but the old gentleman seemed to enjoy it. To have the bird sit on the steps and yell out 'Go to the devil' at everyone that passed pleased him. Those were his sentiments, only he couldn't express 'em so loud and clear. Kept the parrot as much for that as anything else, I guess."

I looked about blankly. Certainly there did not seem to be a great field for discoveries. The story was commonplace enough, as my informant had intimated.

"There's nothing else?" I asked, seeing that he stood waiting.

"Nothing that I know. Nothing that anyone knows. Everything possible was found out at the inquest."

"What time did the murder take place?"

"About nine o'clock on the evening of the thirteenth. You see, in going out, the thief didn't leave by the window, but by the front door. Being in a hurry, he forgot to shut it. Barney McKee, a neighbor, passing a little later, saw the door open, and noticed there was no light in the house—the candle had burnt itself out. He thought he would investigate. Then he came on the truth. What had happened couldn't have taken place more'n a few hours before. At least, that's what the doctor said."

I asked no more, because I thought of nothing further to ask. The next train would pass in half an hour. I was anxious to take it. I had kept the station conveyance, and in a quarter of an hour I was back on the platform, waiting for the whistle of the approaching engine.

Arrived in town, I at once reported at the office. Mr. Harbinger was at his desk.

"Nothing doing?" he said, looking at me as I approached.

"Nothing as far as I can see," I answered. "An ordinary murder and robbery."

I saw the disappointment in his face.

"Really—" he said slowly.

I could feel that he was not only disappointed, but surprised. In an eminent de-

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gree he possessed the marvellous "sixth sense" of the journalist. That no material had been discovered where he had expected to find it astonished him. I knew he trusted me and that he believed I had done all that could be done. Still, there was no denying the fact that he was not pleased.

"All right," he said shortly. "There's something in the murder of a man a hundred years old. I suppose I must have been considering that when I told you to go. I must have felt that if nothing else turned up something might be made of it."

"I think I could make something."

"Very well," he answered briefly.

As I passed into the street I felt dissatisfied with myself. Though I did not possess what almost amounted to the power of divination of Mr. Harbinger, I was not without a certain newspaper "flair." I was discontented. Was there anything I had overlooked? Could I have made more of the material at my disposal? I walked on thoughtfully, reviewing the situation.

There was nothing for it. I must go again to ask help where I had asked it before—and found it.

Now I started my career with the belief that the "feminine mind," when that mind belongs to a woman alive, sympathetic, and with all a woman's intuitive judgment, really reaches a clearer and swifter insight into many things than a man's slower intelligence. And certain proofs which I had personally received of this had left no further room for doubt. That in many instances I had been successful in investigations which I had undertaken, I knew was wholly owing to the feminine aid I had received. That I had made any advance with the first strange affair in which I was engaged—the peculiar mystery of the Retired Banker—was entirely, as I was aware, the result of such assistance. That I had not encountered defeat in the singular matter of the Stained Glass Window was only because I had had such help at the very moment when I was about to give up in despair.

I had been astounded when I had first discovered in one who would apparently be least likely to possess such powers, an exceptional gift of discernment—a remarkable faculty for instinctive analysis and deduction. That the methods were peculiar and her own did not interfere with success. I was often amazed by the results, and yet when I received an explanation, I found that the process by which they had been reached was always reasonable enough.

Hermia Wyatt lived with her somewhat old-fashioned aunt in a pretty little apartment on a cross-street not far from the Park. With her limited means her habitation was necessarily high up, but the brightness and the wide outlook seemed only to make her abiding-place the more fitting for her. She had a small income of her own, as I knew, but the greater part of her money was made by painting miniatures. That they were marvellous in their delicate strength, equalling fully the most perfect of the past, all critics admitted. The fame of her work was very great and she was known in Europe as well as in this country.

As I sank into the soft, cushioned corner in the little drawing-room, I looked about. Such a quiet, peaceful, sunny nest. I felt the strangeness of coming to such a place with such matters as the case in hand, as I had often felt it before.

I did not have to wait long before Hermia Wyatt herself appeared. With her slim, girlish figure and delicate face she seemed even younger than she really was.

"Yes?" she said, standing before me, her hands folded and her bright eyes bent upon me.

"Something of the old sort," I answered. "A snarl to be untangled."

"Oh, you men!" she cried with pretty impatience. "Of course you can't untangle anything. Did you ever see one with a skein of yarn? A woman can always get at the thread of a thing."

"I believe you," I answered.

Then I told her, as I always did, exactly and with great particularity, what had happened. When I had finished, she sat for a moment in silence as she always did in like circumstances. Then she sprang up and began to move backward and forward. I had found that she often did this. I knew it to be a sign that she was interested.

"And you see nothing peculiar?" she asked.

"No," I answered doubtfully.

She knitted her smooth, low brow as she paused for a moment.

"There is much to consider," she said decidedly.

"You think there is more, then, than appears. What is it?"

"I don't know yet. I am thinking," she went on as she resumed her walk.

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I had found out that at such times I had best remain silent and wait.

"You have noticed," she said slowly, "that sometimes I do not exactly understand at the time how I know things, though I can explain afterward. But in this instance I can explain before. I want you, however, to try something before I do so. And I also wish to say this. There is a certain order in everything. Any unusual or violent action is a disturbance. It's just like throwing a stone into a pool of water. There are waves and ripples which can be seen, and which go on widening and extending. Is there a newspaper at Greenfield?"

"The neighborhood is really a thickly settled suburb. A number of small local papers are published thereabouts. One in Greenfield, and others in neighboring places."

"Get all of them for me for the last week," Hermia commanded.

And that was all she would say. I sent the newspapers to her on the following morning. The same afternoon I received a despatch from her, asking me to come at five.

I found Hermia seated beside the little tea-table. As soon as I saw her I knew that she had—or thought she had—discovered something.

"I want you to go to Highview at once."

"Where's that?"

"It's the village next to Greenfield."

"I can learn something there?"

"I am not sure," she answered. "There are several possibilities. I send you to investigate the first. If I am mistaken, there are other ways open. I have carefully read over the newspapers you sent me. I have noticed two or three things which may or may not be of value. One, I think, should receive our attention first. Read that."

She held out a newspaper-sheet with a short, marked article:

RECKLESS AUTOMOBILING

The menace that the automobile is becoming to the community has been again exemplified. A car driven at a terrific speed passed through Highview about ten o'clock last night. Michael Casey, on his way home, was knocked down and severely bruised, though not seriously injured. He reports that the machine was upon him before he was aware of its approach. The lack of responsibility which the owners of such conveyances feel toward the public is shown by the fact that the only notice taken of his mishap was a harsh, mocking laugh and taunting speech thrown after him from the automobile. Something must be done. . . .

I looked at Hermia inquiringly.

"This newspaper appeared on the 14th. Hiram Kirgate was killed on the night of the 13th. I want you," she said positively, "to go and see Mr. Michael Casey."

"I don't understand," I began.

"Never mind," she said impatiently; "we'll see about this first."

I was aware that she was excited and that she had taken command of the case as she had done of others. Again I wondered at the strength and determination of one so slight and delicate. She was like one of those marvellous small watches—in strength and certainty of action as accurate and unfailing as the largest and most ponderous mechanism.

"There is another thing at Llewellyn—" She paused. "But that is so far away, and I may be mistaken."

"I feel like a cub reporter," I said, "going to look up an automobile accident."

"But you want to discover the truth——"

"If there is anything, I'd like to know it. I am on the case and hate to be beaten. I know Mr. Harbinger is dissatisfied."

"There is something," she declared positively. "I feel it."

When Hermia declares she feels anything, I do not hesitate. I have found that the part of wisdom is to do what she directs.

"The only question," she continued, "is how large an area of disturbance should be considered. There is *something*, *somewhere* that indicates *anything* that has happened *anywhere*—but one cannot be expected to look everywhere in all the world. In this case I have taken twenty miles as the limit. We have pulled our mental drag-net over the space. Go and find Mr. Michael Casey. We shall see what we have caught."

I will confess that when I stood before the door of her apartment at exactly the same hour on the following day, my state of mind was a surprise to myself. I had expected to come, it is true, but I had thought of coming to triumph a little over Hermia Wyatt, who had so often triumphed over me. I expected to report that I had "drawn blank," and now, if one may be mentally hang-dogged, I stood there in that condition.

"Well?" she asked quickly as I entered.

I smiled and nodded my head.

"I see you have found something," she cried. "There! I was right the first time. I like that."

"As unfailingly as always," I answered. "How did you know?"

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"THERE'S WHERE THE OLD MAN WAS KILLED," THE CAPTAIN EXPLAINED.

"Go on," she said quickly. "I will explain afterward anything that you do not understand."

"I went," I began, "to Highview this morning. I had no difficulty in finding Michael Casey. He lives in a very respectable little cottage. His wife had taken care of him. I found him entirely recovered—recovered in all except his temper. That—always rather excitable, I imagine—was entirely as bad as ever. 'Oi don't care for their runnin' me down,' he declared. 'That might have happened along with anyone. But it's their aggrevatin' jeers and insults that gits me. I'm as tough as ony wan an' a tumble don't hurt me, but to have 'em laugh at me as they hits me and ride away with injurious words before I has a chance to hit 'em back is more than me natur' can stan'.' Naturally, I asked him what had happened. 'Why,' he said, 'I was crossin' the street, when the first thing I knew with a screech of a fiend the thing was on me, and while I was lyin' on me back comes a laugh, and I hear clear as possible in an unearthly tone the opprobrious words: "Go to the devil."'"

I paused, looking at Hermia.

"Very well," she said.

"Of course, I could think of only one thing. There might be nothing but a coincidence; still, the similarity between the words spoken by the parrot and what was said to the old Irishman——"

"That is it," Hermia interrupted. "At once when you told me what you did, I noticed the one peculiar circumstance in the case. In such a matter what is best is to consider the distinguishing feature. Here the disappearance of the parrot was the significant incident."

"But it naturally might escape, as it was probably frightened by the disturbance——"

"Not with the spring-door."

I rapped my forehead sharply with my knuckles.

"You told me that it shut instantly. No one would have taken the time or care to prop it open. The door must have been like the lid of a trap. Nothing could have got out unless it was purposely held open. Therefore I felt that the parrot must have been carried out. Besides, the parrot was fastened to its perch. A piece of chain would have been there if it had broken away."

I was silent.



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"According to my theory, the next thing to be done was to discover anything unusual that might have happened in the vicinity. I searched the newspapers—the first and easiest means of information. I saw the notice of the automobile accident.

"But that was ordinary enough."

"No," Hermia answered. "There were exceptional conditions. No matter how careless anyone may be with an automobile it is unusual for the chauffeur to laugh at his own recklessness—much less jeer, after any accident. Of course, I considered that the driver might have been drunk. But there was another consideration—more peculiar and even more important. The account spoke of the 'harsh' voice in which the words had been spoken."

"Truly," I said.

"That made me think," she continued, "and I sent you where I did. Now we find that the words used were the words most frequently spoken by the old man's parrot. We can only conclude one thing. A parrot in anger and excitement will often use expressions which he has been taught. They have no meaning for him and form merely a cry. In the confusion in the automobile as it ran over the man, the parrot became excited and called out what it did."

"And the person who visited Hiram Kirgate's cottage, when he left, took the bird with him."

"I can only believe that."

"But why," I began, "should a murderer take with him anything so extraordinary as a large green parrot?"

"At first that seems incredible, but there must be circumstances of which we do not know. Yes, there are facts of which we are ignorant. I think I almost see——"

She sat with her chin in her hands gazing before her.

"You wish to find the murderer?" she asked.

"I do. And," I went on, "you think the way to do it is to discover the occupant of the automobile."

"YOU MAY CALL IT MY WOMAN'S INSTINCT. I *KNOW* I AM RIGHT."

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"We believe the parrot was in the automobile at the time of the accident. A parrot disappeared from Hiram Kirgate's house. There cannot be two parrots; that would be quite impossible. You must find the automobile. Did you ask Michael Casey if he saw the number?"

"Yes," I answered more confidently. "When I heard the words I was at once struck by them. I felt we might want to learn about the automobile. I asked. Casey said he did not see any number. He said he looked—that there was an electric light near by and if there had been a number he should have seen it. He is an intelligent man and what he declares I am sure is true."

"That," she said, "is another significant fact. Anyone who did not wish to be discovered in travelling that way would remove the number. We must find the automobile."

"But why—?" I began, as I thought of another point.

"I can't talk any more about it," she said, dismissing the subject as she often did when she had come to a conclusion. "You must find the automobile. The very fact that it did not have a number will help you. Then we shall see."

As sometimes happens, when one expects to encounter the greatest difficulties, one finds one's path surprisingly easy. I obtained the largest and fullest map possible of the neighborhood. Already I had learned from Casey in which direction the machine was headed—due north. A main road led in that direction which passed through Prestonville, a small outlying village, and then kept on until reaching a neighborhood of isolated country residences. Before Prestonville, however, a branch road started off from the main way. The automobile might have turned there, but I thought I should try the village first as offering greater opportunities for obtaining information. I concluded to begin with the village constable. The night of the accident, though dark, had been fine and I hoped that he might have been awake. I found him easily, and at once put my questions.

"Yes," he said readily. "I seen two automobiles—toward ten o'clock. One I noticed particular."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because it had no number and I was going to report it."

I became interested at once.

"You would have some difficulty in finding out to whom it belonged."

"Not at all," he answered. "I know it well. A big red machine. Belongs to Mr. Bosworth, over at Llewellyn Park."

Llewellyn! I had heard the name before. Where, I could not at the instant remember.

"Can you direct me there?" I demanded.

"Sure," he said. "Straight for about five miles until you come to a lot of new houses with fancy fences before them and fancy grounds around them. Then anyone can tell you."

Thinking it might be useful in my expedition, I had taken a bicycle with me. A short time brought me to a region which I decided had recently been "improved." Good parkways lay between the shaded and electric-lighted walks. I could see numerous large and even stately residences through the trees. A butcher passing in his cart readily told me where to find the Bosworth house. The building was one of the largest of those I had seen—placed farther back, in a more extensive property. There was a small lodge. I saw, however, that the cottage was not occupied, and wheeled through the open gate. I had to make my way some distance before I reached the entrance-door. I had come so far without very much thought of what I should do. Now I must decide upon a course to follow. My life had led me to form the habit of making quick decisions. I dismounted and rang the bell.

"Is Mr. Bosworth in?" I asked.

"Mr. J. C. Bosworth or Mr. James Bosworth?" asked the man. "Mr. J. C. Bosworth is not at all well and cannot see anyone."

Naturally I did not hesitate.

"I wish to see Mr. James Bosworth," I replied.

The servant ushered me into the wide hall, then into a large, cool library. In a few minutes a young man entered. He was about thirty. Not tall, but broad-shouldered and strong. I was at once attracted by his appearance. I liked his frank, open face—which I saw, however, was careworn to an unusual degree.

Being convinced that he had never heard of me, "My name is Elwood," I said, as he stood looking at me.

"Yes?" he said questioningly.

"I have come upon a little matter. On the night of the 13th," I went on, determined to make a shot at it, "in passing in an automobile through Highview, you ran over a man."

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I noticed that his countenance became overcast. I fancied I saw a quick change from anxiety to distinct perturbation—even terror.

"Yes—no," he answered quickly. "You are a lawyer, come about claims for damages?"

"You must have expected that you might be held responsible," I answered, non-committally.

"Yes," he replied as he dropped into a chair. "Sit down. You look like a pretty good fellow. I feel impelled to trust you."

"I shall be glad to do what I can for you," I said heartily, for I felt a growing sympathy with the young man.

"I think the best way will be to tell you the thing—as far as I know it. I have not had anyone with whom I can talk. It's something of a relief to speak."

"You may say anything you please," I responded. "I can assure you that I am not as yet in any way engaged against you."

"Very well," he hurried on. "The truth of the matter is that my father was in the automobile and alone. I learned that he went out that night—that he came back unexpectedly. I had better tell you that though my father has always been considered a man of large wealth, his affairs of late have become very much involved. Indeed, as everyone is aware, he has been on the verge of ruin. His distress of mind has been great. I fear that it has affected his reason."

I expressed the commiseration I felt.

"I have seen many signs of it and for some time—though they might have been readily mistaken for indications of preoccupation and care. Indeed, I myself have only been led to attach importance to them owing to new developments. Of late my father has been very restless—absenting himself from home frequently. But since the night of the 13th he has shut himself up—refusing to see anyone. Day and night he remains secluded, and not even I have had a word with him. I have tried to speak to him in order to induce him to see a physician, but to all my entreaties he only answers, through the locked doors of his apartments, that he does not wish to be disturbed. Occasionally I have thought I heard strange sounds, but in this I may be mistaken. He has his meals brought to him and placed outside the door. From the appearance of the dishes when he returns them, I know that he is hardly eating at all."

"You have reason to be troubled," I said.

"You will understand that I do not wish him to be annoyed—do not wish to have him distressed by any such matter as a claim for damages. He has enough to disturb him. I have enough to torment me. I shall be glad if any arrangement can be quickly made—though, as I say, our affairs are in a bad way and ready money is scarce. However, I believe that my father is partially insane. If this is so, there will be no chance to recover anything. It will be best for the claimant to take something now and be satisfied with it."

"Mr. Bosworth," I said, "if it will be any relief to you, I will tell you at once that I have no connection with any such claim."

He stared at me.

"What then—?" he began.

"I do not think I can tell you what brings me—not at present. In a way I came here under false pretence. But as I said before, I wish to do all that I can for you. You said you felt impelled to trust me. I feel that I am not mistaken in you—that you are worthy of all confidence. There is a great mistake somewhere. I shall endeavor to find out where and what it is."

"A mistake?"

"There is something here to be understood."

"Do you refer—?" he began.

"You had better tell me everything."

"I mean," he hurried on, "in connection with the manner in which the house is watched. I am convinced that for the last few days men have been lurking about the place for some purpose."

"That is another fact of importance."

"You know what it means?" he demanded anxiously.

"That is to be found out as well as the rest, and *shall* be found out."

He besought me to tell him what I hinted at—what I intended to do. I was sorry, for I saw that I had only added to an anxiety which already was great. But I could not say anything. To tell him what I suspected would only have caused him further distress. And what did I suspect? What did I think? I was not sure. All I felt was that I must lay the facts which I had discovered before Hermia Wyatt as soon as possible.

When I entered her apartment that evening, one lamp was burning low under its shade. The room was pleasingly dim and restfully quiet. Hermia sat by a little table, some sewing in her hand. I could see from her eyes that she eagerly awaited what I had to

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TWO MEN WERE STRIVING TO HOLD AND QUIET AN ELDERLY MAN WHO STRUGGLED VIOLENTLY.

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say. I began at once, as usual, to give the fullest account of what had happened.

"What do you think?" I asked at the conclusion of my story.

As often was the case, she did not answer for some moments.

"Llewellyn Park," she said. "You remember I spoke of that."

"That was how I knew the name," I exclaimed with sudden recollection.

"I saw that Mr. Bosworth, the millionaire, was ill, and since the 13th had not seen anyone. It was unusual. I should have thought it worth investigation if there had not been something more marked. However, we have been led to the same end——"

"What do you think?" I repeated.

"What do *you* think?" she said, and as I did not answer, she went on: "There is only one thing to think. The easiest way to reach a conclusion is by the process of elimination. Take away all the circumstances common to all cases—find the one circumstance peculiar to the particular case. In this instance the significant thing is the parrot."

"Yes," I said. "We agreed on that before."

"Apply the method again," she continued. "Take away all that is common to all birds, remember the characteristics of the particular bird as contrasted with all others. Of what do you think first in connection with a parrot?"

"That it talks," I answered readily.

"Very well," she said with finality.

"But——" I began.

"Possibly there are other reasons why the parrot should have been stolen, but the fact that it can talk at once suggests a reason why someone might desire to possess it—a cause for what has happened."

"Surely," I urged, "a parrot is not intelligent. It could not tell anyone anything."

"No," she admitted. "But it might have been taught to say something that someone might want to hear."

I was startled by what she said.

"You think that in that way a secret might be learned. But what?"

"I do not know," she replied quickly. "We have not the facts from which to form a judgment. Only as a working hypothesis I think we may decide that someone wished to obtain possession of the parrot in order to learn something."

"You believe the parrot was taken by the elder Bosworth."

"Yes."

"Then he must be——"

"No," she said hurriedly as I paused. "We cannot tell that yet. We must not decide hastily from appearances. So much is possible. We know that the parrot is connected with the murder. We have a reason—I am sure the right one—to explain why the parrot was taken."

"Then, added to the mystery of the Centenarian we have a new one, the mystery of the Green Parrot."

"Yes, and I am sure that only with the discovery of the truth about the parrot shall we find out the truth about the murder. Don't you see?" she hurried on. "All agrees with the theory. Mr. Bosworth shuts himself up since the 13th. Would not this be what he would do if he were trying to make the parrot talk? Young Mr. Bosworth says that he believes that he heard unusual sounds. The parrot again."

"You almost convince me," I replied.

"What else can one think? You," she went on, "must see this young Mr. Bosworth. You must help him. I am sure that he is troubled—and is worthy of help. This is one of the cases in which I am not obliged to argue nor deduce. I *feel* it. You may call it my woman's instinct. I *know* I am right."

I did not need to seek young Bosworth as Hermia Wyatt directed. The next morning I received a telegram from him.

"Could you come to see me? Come for dinner this evening, if you will, at eight."

From that moment events succeeded one another rapidly and the end arrived with surprising suddenness.

Eight o'clock found me again at Llewellyn Park. I saw that my youthful friend was apparently more anxious than he had been. The careworn aspect of his good-looking face had increased. Indeed, his broad shoulders even appeared to be a little bowed by his burden. Though I might have been mistaken, I thought that he was slightly bent, as a man is bent by age.

"Strange," he said, as we sat at the well-appointed dinner-table, after a very correct butler had at last left the room. "Very strange that I should feel so free with you—so secure, after meeting you in this very unusual way. But I do—and if I have followed my impulse you must not be surprised. Perhaps we artistic people follow an impulse more readily than others. I did not tell you that I have been in Paris, studying art. I have been away four years. I am entirely

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alone in this country, as I told you—that is to say, I have been away so long that I have no friends here. However, there is one—" I saw another look come into his eyes. "We met in Italy. At once I loved her, and at once I told her. We became engaged. She was returning to America. I was to follow her—indeed, the desire to be with her was my reason for coming back so unexpectedly. Our engagement was to be announced. As I thought my father rich, I believed that there would be no difficulties. Now that I find him on the verge of ruin—discover that I may be penniless—I do not know what to do."

I expressed my sincere sympathy.

"I appear to be surrounded with complications and mysteries. My father's inexplicable conduct—the unquestionable fact that his house is watched——"

At that moment I heard a sudden dull noise. My host heard it also and sprang to his feet.

"What's that?" he said excitedly.

The one sound was succeeded by a tumult. The disturbance, I perceived, was upstairs.

"My father's rooms!" Bosworth cried as he rushed from the table. "Come."

I followed him—across the hall, up the broad stairs—down another hall. We stood before a closed door. The sound of a struggle was plainly audible. Above the confusion rose a discordant cry—harsh and piercing. Bosworth tried the door. It was locked. He did not hesitate. In a moment his shoulder was against it. The barrier cracked and shook. I, too, threw myself against it. Instantly our united weight bore it down. We sprang into the room.

Two men were striving to hold and quiet an elderly man, who struggled violently. Another man was endeavoring to secure a large green parrot which, chained by the leg to a high, heavy chair, was wildly flapping its powerful wings and uttering discordant shrieks. For Bosworth to free his father was the work of a moment. One assailant he threw aside—so stunned that he was powerless. The other he quickly secured.

"Get him!" cried Bosworth, pointing to the third man. My old foot-ball tactics helped me then as has often been the case. Under the force of my attack, the man spun round and fell heavily. As he dropped he released the parrot. The bird, raising itself in flight as high as the chain permitted, uttered an unearthly scream.

"Stars and Stripes! Stars and Stripes!" came the cry with ear-splitting force.

As I paused involuntarily, I saw the elder Bosworth stagger to his feet. He was gazing wildly before him—but I could see sudden joy in the distorted countenance.

"The mine! The mine!" he called, as he fell forward in a dead faint.

. . . . . .

Hermia Wyatt sat with her elbow on her knee and her chin resting in the hollow of her small hand—a favorite attitude.

"Now explain all to me," she commanded.

"I will tell you as briefly as I possibly can," I replied. "The Bosworth money originally came from mines. The elder Bosworth was the discoverer and owner of several immensely paying properties which lately failed. He came East and established himself in Wall Street. With the running out of the mines and losses in business, he became involved in many difficulties. Long ago he had what is called 'grub-staked' a miner called Nate Dawson, an old partner of his. This man spent a number of years in prospecting. Finally, about six months ago, Mr. Bosworth received a letter from Dawson. In it he said that he had discovered a mine of immense richness and was about to start East to see Bosworth about it. That it was one which had been worked and abandoned, but that the property was really of great value. He went on to say that he did not give the name of the mine for the reason, to use his own words, that 'though I put perfect confidence in the gentleman which indites this letter, it ain't nowise right to throw temptation in people's way.' Dawson mentioned that he was sorry for one thing as it was. In his long, lonely journeys a parrot had been his only companion, and his only amusement had been to teach the bird to talk. He said: 'There's no partners so good. No arguments. No back talk—nothing. If anything's said, it's what originated from you yourself, an' you've no kick comin'. But before I knew the value of the lode, I taught the bird one evening the name of the mine, havin' nothing else as a subject of conversation. Now I've kinder boasted of what I've found, and if anyone heard the name it might put them on. I have to keep the bird most careful. I feel perhaps I ought to wring its neck, but I've had the old devil thirty years, and I can't bring myself to do it. However, Polly ain't mostly talking about that.'

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"Before he could answer the letter, Bosworth had a telegram from Dawson in St. Louis saying that on his way East he was detained by illness. Then he heard nothing. Going to St. Louis, he discovered that Dawson had died. He had been out of his mind at the last, and had been taken care of by a man with whom he had formed a friendship shortly after reaching St. Louis, but who had disappeared immediately after Dawson's death. Dawson had left nothing, and the only clew as to the mine which Bosworth could have was through the parrot.

"He discovered that everything the old man had was left to a relative in the East. He spent months in trying to discover who this person was. At length he learned that Hiram Kirgate, the centenarian, was the man. He tried to get Kirgate, who knew nothing of the parrot's peculiarities, to part with the bird. Kirgate, however, had taken a fancy to the parrot, and, miser though he was, would not sell it. Mr. Bosworth moved to Llewellyn Park to be near Kirgate. He went perseveringly to work to obtain possession of Kirgate's new pet—raising the price from day to day. He knew that if he could only find out the name, he could buy the mine for almost nothing, and if it should prove of value, as he was sure that it would, he could save himself from ruin. At length he offered such a sum to Kirgate that the old man consented to part with the bird. Mr. Bosworth's mind was certainly affected by his difficulties. He always made a secret of where he was going, and always went in an automobile. In some way in his disturbed mental state he held the idea that using the automobile without a number would add to his security.

"Others were, however, upon the same mission as himself. When Dawson was ill in St. Louis, in his delirium he told the man who was taking care of him all that he had written Bosworth. This man, a criminal, with his picture in the Rogues' Gallery, afterward repeated Dawson's words to a cleverer rogue, who determined to obtain possession of the bird and discover the name of the mine. He managed to learn what had become of the parrot, and with confederates he watched Kirgate's house, hoping to steal the bird which he had not the money to buy.

"On the evening when Mr. Bosworth finally obtained possession of the parrot and carried it off with him, the gang broke into Kirgate's cottage to take the bird which they could get in no other way. They found it gone. They discovered, however, the money which Bosworth had paid. In a struggle Kirgate was killed. This last has been learned through the confession which one of the men has since made."

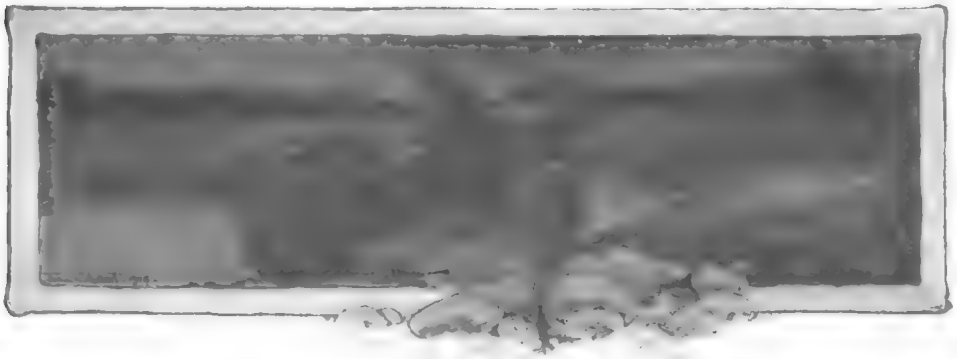
"I see," said Hermia, nodding her head.

"Mr. Bosworth, as soon as he had obtained possession of the bird, shut himself up with it—hoping to hear the name that would mean so much to him. The gang of thieves in the meantime surrounded his house seeking for a chance to break in. They knew that he had been trying to get the parrot, and understood that he had it. The night I was there an entrance was made from the roof of the veranda. Young Bosworth and I arrived in time. In the confusion the bird uttered at last the words for which Mr. Bosworth had been waiting. Curiously enough, the mine was one which he had formerly owned and sold at a loss."

"And the Bosworths will be rich again," said Hermia. "And young Mr. Bosworth can marry the girl to whom he is engaged."

"Yes."

"That," concluded Hermia decidedly, "is the best and most important of all."



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# Experiences of a Nursery Governess

By MARTHA S. BENSLEY

## I

How is the American child brought up? It's an interesting question. Foreigners declare that young Americans are over-indulged and that their parents have no control over them; that their mothers are too devoted to making social or intellectual careers for themselves to give their offspring proper care, and that the fathers are immersed in business. Teachers attribute to parental ignorance and carelessness much of the slovenliness, stupidity and misbehavior exhibited by their pupils. Yet we know of hundreds of healthy and well-conducted children whose courtesy, obedience, and love of home testify to a solicitous up-bringing; and among the young Americans of our own acquaintance stepping into life, the average of good manners, intelligence, and amenableness is as high if not higher than in German, English, and French families. To find out some definite particulars about this most important problem, the attitude of American parents to their children, we set about an investigation resembling that of Miss Van Vorst, conducted for us among factory women; or that of Miss Lillian Pettengill, who recorded in this magazine her experiences during a year spent as a servant girl. Miss Martha Bensley, a young woman of excellent education and sound intelligence, who had served as a teacher in Chicago schools, was commissioned to seek service as a nursery governess, obtaining positions in the ordinary way through employment agencies, and performing her duties with no hint of ulterior purpose. She was instructed to study the children of the families she found herself among, the manner in which they were being reared, how they were treated, the influence of different traits and temperaments in parents upon growing children, and other facts and conditions bearing on the problem. In her investigations Miss Bensley has spent brief periods in many homes West and East, and has met fathers and mothers and children of the most varied types and degrees in the social scale. She has been the household drudge in some places, and an important member of the family in others. Her experiences are valuable, and having humor and the gift of graphic writing she has described them in a diverting way. We believe our readers will find much entertainment in Miss Bensley's adventures, and we recommend the series not only to the mothers, but also to that much-abused person—the American father.—THE EDITORS.

FOR three years I have taught the daughters of the rich in a private school. My pupils have all been on about the same level financially, but there the resemblance has ended. That there should be wide differences in temperament was to be expected, but these were as nothing compared with the differences in their breeding. The social distinctions amongst the families of these girls bore no relation to the differences in their behavior. Indeed, my most distinguished pupil, the daughter of an eminent physician, at fourteen would go into fits of temper in which she would throw her books on the floor and trample on them. Moreover, in many cases where the parents of two children seemed on the same social plane, the children themselves might have belonged to different stages of civilization. One day I asked the little daughter of a prominent club-woman and charming hostess to open the window near which she was seated. The delicate chin lifted and the eyelids drooped. "There are servants to take care of the windows, I will not do their work," she said. Next her was the daughter of a wealthy merchant. She had the manners and courtesy of a princess, and made up for a certain slowness in grasping her lessons by a remarkable quickness in providing for the comfort and convenience of others. On this occasion, before I could recover from my astonishment, she had sprung to the window and opened it.

It was the constant recurrence of such incidents as these that with every day of my work has made me realize more fully the tremendous importance of home influence in the child's life, and the fearful odds against the school when, instead of co-operating with, it must take up arms against, the home. The school has at most five of the twelve waking hours of the child, on five of the seven days of the week, for forty of the fifty-two weeks of the year: or a little more than one-fourth of his waking time.

In these circumstances it is useless to expect the school to make the child. According to the consensus of modern scientific opinion, that environment is the most potent factor in the development of character, the home, the child's chief environment, must be chiefly responsible for his character. In



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consequence, any rational interest in the character of the coming generation must involve an interest in and concern for his home training.

Considering such experiences with children as these to which I have referred, one naturally inquires, what are the particular types of home influence which produce such different types of children? What are the general relations of American parents to their children?

### THE OBJECT OF THE INVESTIGATION

As regards the children of the rich, there did not seem to be any question that their physical wants would be adequately attended to; that they would be clothed, fed, washed, and dressed with proper care, regularity, and frequency. Beyond that, what is their treatment? Are they playthings, incumbrances, or companions? The mother of wealth usually delegates her natural duties to others. How completely does she relinquish oversight of the moulding of her children's characters? Does she see to it that her substitute is a worthy one, that the mind which is to direct her children's is trained and sane; that the character which must help to form theirs is refined, strong, and pure? Only by becoming a part of the domestic machine, could I find out.

It was to answer such questions as these—in short, to study child environment—that I entered a number of homes as Anna Clark, nursery governess. The number of homes in which I lived was of course limited, and, necessarily, my experience included the observation of no families in which a nurse-maid or nursery governess was not employed.

I believe, however, that aside from mere surface differences, these homes which I shall describe in this series, are representative of—as far as the relation of parents and children is concerned—most of the types of American households, whether on the East Side of New York, on Western farms, in small towns, or on the Lake Shore Drive in Chicago. These are simply observations—things which I saw with my own eyes, and heard with my own ears—true in everything but actual names.

In the character of Anna Clark, I took the Young Woman's Christian Association as a base of operations toward securing a place where I might begin observation. No one could be kinder or more considerate than the intelligent and educated women who had charge of the establishment and its various activities; but this was not true of the girls and women boarding in the house. By them I was socially ostracized. They were mostly stenographers, book-keepers, clerks, and women in various employments who all considered themselves business women, and though some of them received but five dollars a week, they felt above one on the border-land of domestic service. During my whole stay, not one of them made the slightest effort to be courteous in any way, and all the advances that I made were met with cold looks and monosyllables. I wore poorer clothes than they, and was what they considered a servant; and even the girls who took turns running the elevator for their room-rent or who waited on the tables for their dinners, thought me far beneath them.

The advertisement which I had inserted in the paper was discovered one evening by a pretty stenographer in the reading-room. She read it through to a friend beside her. "Why, that's here, ain't it? I wonder they have people like that stopping at this place; I shouldn't think the girls would like it. It's just the same as a nurse-maid!"

I felt even then that the opinions of these girls threw some light—indirectly, to be sure—on the problem I had set myself. For certainly the attitude of the mother toward the person to whom she intrusts her children is significant of her attitude toward the children themselves. And though I understood the prejudice common among such girls as these against women engaged in any way in personal service, it seemed likely that their tendency to regard a nursery governess as a mere menial was in some degree due to what they actually knew of the mothers' own estimate of her.

The various interviews I had before finally settling did not alter this conclusion. Although the mothers I met belonged to several different types, no one of them seemed properly to appreciate the importance of the governess's position as a substitute-mother.

### INTERVIEW NUMBER ONE

My first call, in answer to an advertisement, was on one Mrs. Barcas. As I waited in the hall, a sweet voice called over the banisters: "Annie, Annie, ask her to step up here." I stepped up there. In the pretty sunlit nursery into which I was ushered, I found a young mother in a pink kimono, with a fine baby about a year old.

"Be seated," she said, and went on with her duties, paying no heed to me. When the

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young man was finally engaged with his bottle, she began to tell me what a fine child he was. At length she paused and looked me over attentively. Then she resumed the account of the perfections of her various children, and of this one in particular.

During a pause in the maternal rhapsody, I asked what she required of her nursery governess.

"Well," was the answer, "she sleeps in the room with baby and attends to him in the night; but then (hastily) that's nothing to do, for he usually sleeps till six o'clock. He's such a good child!" For some moments she again dilated on his virtues. "The other children go to bed at seven," she went on, "and have their baths in the morning. My little girl can take hers almost by herself. She is such a sweet child!" And once more she abandoned the subject of the governess's duties, this time to set forth the charms of her daughter. "There is the mending to do each week; but that is not much; they are so nice about their clothes! The baby must be fed every three hours, and he has his naps at eleven and three o'clock. They go out to walk after lunch, and I think from what she tells me, that the nurse must always be standing still while people admire baby."

All this time she had not asked me one question about what I had done or could do, and I began to wonder if my carefully rehearsed account of myself would be wanted. At last, in the midst of a rapture over little Charles's eyes, she inquired: "What do you usually wear when you are in a place?" Hesitating, I answered: "A dark dress, and an apron if I need it." She replied that she required a black dress and a white apron, and that she furnished the aprons.

The only thing about which she was really concerned was that I should be willing to wear the uniform. The only question she had asked was in regard to my dress, and all she had told of my duties was in answer to my own questions. Left to herself, she would merely have praised her children.

Before I found a position I had interviews with several women like Mrs. Barcas—women who think that their children are so charming and so good that it is the greatest pleasure in the world to take care of them. I cannot help wondering why such mothers do not care for their offspring themselves. If it is a thing to give one unmitigated joy, I am amazed at their self-denial. I was not sorry that I did not find a place with any of these ardent mothers—their type was so obvious at one interview, as to offer little inducement to further observation. None of them asked for my references, nor indeed did anyone make of me any more important demand than Mrs. Barcas's. They were more or less blindly affectionate mothers, with no intelligent appreciation of their responsibility, devoted enough to the children to rave over them, but too weak-willed and shallow really to train them. Such women have done the best of which they are capable for their children in bequeathing them sunny dispositions.

### A NEGLECTFUL MOTHER

My next interview was with a woman in the suburbs who had answered my advertisement.

Her home was on a grass-grown street without a sidewalk. The grounds were unkempt, and the mulatto girl who opened the door was quite in keeping with her surroundings, a sort of sample of what I should find inside. Disorder and confusion were everywhere; old playing-cards and broken toys strewed the floors; nothing seemed to be of the proper kind or shape or in the right place, and there was a smell of damp, of old clothes, and of frying.

An untidy-looking child came running in, threw her hat on the floor, and dropped her coat in the doorway. The mother took this so much as a matter of course that she did not even suggest their being picked up, and did not notice that she had to remove a book, some paper, and two building-blocks from a chair before she could find a seat.

She did not ask my name, character, nor reference, but she was most anxious to intrust the three children to my care. It was a question of getting someone—anyone—to relieve her of them. She was unable to employ both a nursery governess and a cook, and frankly acknowledged that she preferred to get the meals rather than look after her children. Obviously she never had looked after them; her neglect was of the lowest type, extending even to their persons; it was the neglect of total indifference. She was indeed only physically a mother. Mrs. Barcas's children would have little more training than this woman's, but they would at least have a mother's love and the example of a bright, sweet personality and neat surroundings.

After many disappointments the secretary of the Young Woman's Christian Association

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telephoned for me to a woman who had asked her to find a governess some months before. It appeared upon investigation that Mrs. Flower was not satisfied with the "person" who was with her at the time, and would be glad to see and talk with me. She came and looked me over at noon, and brought a list from which she catechised me.

French was the chief and most important requisite; I was to chatter French on all possible occasions. There were a great number of questions. Was I fond of horses, not afraid of them? Had I been brought up with them? That was good, for Alice liked to go out in her pony-cart every day. Was I active? I was, indeed! Could I walk well? I could. How about sewing? Quite satisfactory. Mending? Certainly.

### ALL WORK AND NO PLAY

This was to be the routine of my work: Rise at half-past six, called by the cook; breakfast at seven, with the cook; take Alice to school after, if possible, twenty minutes' piano practice; talk French to her all the way; while she was at school, do the chamber-work and care for Mrs. Flower's mother, who had partially lost her mind; bring Alice from school; oversee the rest of her practice; help her with her lessons; play with her; help her make candy—dwelt on as an important thing; see that she got enough out-door exercise; pay especial attention to details of etiquette; take care of the two dogs; be a responsible "person" in the house at all times; put Alice to bed at eight; sit near her till she was asleep; do anything that might be left over from the day's duties; if the master and mistress were out, sit up till they returned; repeat this process indefinitely.

With Mrs. Flower there was no lack of requirements; she did not leave me in the slightest doubt as to what she wanted, though in every case but one my answers to her questions, without the corroboration of a reference, were quite sufficient. The exception was French; she wanted me to talk with Alice's French teacher to make sure that my accent was good; my character went unchallenged, uninvestigated. In return for this work she was willing to pay twenty dollars a month, and I was to eat with the servants.

Mrs. Flower was at least interested in some material phases of her daughter's welfare. She impressed me as a certain type of ambitious mother—too much concerned in her own affairs to enter into close personal relations with the girl, but exacting in the matter of social accomplishments. But since she wished to secure the combination in one of French governess, chambermaid, and nurse, I had to forego the pleasure of studying her.

A family that had been advertising for a German governess to take care of three little girls had not succeeded in finding what they wanted, and I received a message saying that Mrs. Martin would like to see me the next day before noon.

Three little girls were more nearly what I was looking for than one child, a feeble-minded woman, and two dogs, so I called at the time set.

Mrs. Martin received me in bed. She was a pretty woman, nervous, and somewhat of an invalid, and her three daughters were respectively eight, nine, and ten years old. She wanted someone to have entire charge of them from the time they were dressed in the morning till they were put to bed at night. The governess was to share the room of the youngest, eat with the family, and have other equally valuable privileges. Mrs. Martin explained to me that her children were all most extraordinary; that their abilities were of no common order.

"We are such a nervous family," she said; "Mr. Martin had nervous prostration two years ago, and I am just on the verge of it now, so it is no wonder that the children are all nerves. I must have someone who will not irritate or worry them, and who will not be made nervous by them. You look healthy; are you? You do not have headaches? You are of a phlegmatic disposition?" All these questions I was able to answer satisfactorily. She did not ask me where I had been, she did not care to see my reference, nor to know what I had done. She took my misleading statement that I was "experienced" without a question.

I was definitely engaged to undertake the care of three children of whom I knew only the names, and that their mother said they were precocious and nervous.

### ENTIRE CHARGE OF THREE LITTLE GIRLS

The next day I stood on Mrs. Martin's door-step, accompanied by the Law of Love as by a friend, hoping that like a guardian angel it would hover over the nursery during my stay. I had rarely in school resorted to violence in maintaining order, and cherished

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a belief that I should never have to do so with children over whom I had complete control. Affection and tact, I believed, would conquer any child.

Two curly heads and four inquiring eyes appeared through the glass doors, and an excited shout: "Here she is! She's come!" greeted me. They were pretty as dream children, these two, Margaret and Laura. Their big eyes were gray-blue, their chins were delicate and pointed, soft brown curls hung on their shoulders, and each had a huge scarlet bow over her left eye. At the head of the stairs I was met by Ethel, the eldest. It seemed that they decided immediately that we were friends, for before I had taken off my hat they began showing me their belongings.

### DAILY LIFE IN THE MARTIN FAMILY

Mr. Martin came home for the one-o'clock dinner, and I approached the table with some forebodings. In regard to the children's table manners Mrs. Martin had said: "All corrections will be left to you; I don't want to think about it at all. Do not let the least mistake pass without speaking of it." Had I done as she wished, I should have monopolized the conversation.

The whole family attended to the obvious business of the meal. No word was said of the slightest benefit to the children; no topic was broached of the least general interest; nothing happened that would lead the children to think that their parents had any advantage over them except size.

The children spent all the afternoon out-of-doors, and as soon as supper was over I began putting them to bed. When they were asleep at last, I sat down in the room which I shared with the youngest to take account of stock. The Law of Love was doing nicely in spite of the fact that it had received several blows; but the only thing that the children could have gained from the day's experience was a slight toughening of the muscles.

The mother did not rise for breakfast, and I hoped their father's paper would prevent his noticing the children's curls, which showed that my education in the matter of hair-dressing had been sadly neglected. When Mrs. Martin saw them later in the day, she evidently disapproved of my efforts, for that night as I was putting them to bed she gave me a lesson in how to do up curls on rags. This was the only instruction she ever gave me in regard to her children.

### THE MATERNAL ATTITUDE TOWARDS EDUCATION

Mrs. Martin's statement that her children were too delicate for the confinement of school did not satisfy me. I was not surprised to find that they had been entered at a number of schools, and in every case had left after some sort of disturbance.

Their mother did not seem to know anything about their studies. "There," she said, "are the books Fräulein used. You can find out all about it by looking at them."

"What do you want them to study?" I inquired.

"Oh, whatever they ought—just see that they do the right things—you can tell; only don't let them overwork."

Her trust in my judgment was wholly unjustified by any knowledge she had of me.

I had a few moments with the little German Fräulein, my predecessor, and by her, too, I was referred to the books. Her English was so very limited and imperfect, that I wondered how the children could have understood her instructions. Afterward it became evident that they had not.

On looking over the books which were to tell me so much, I found as antiquated a collection as could well be imagined; few of them were worth using. Mrs. Martin gladly bought whatever I suggested in the way of equipment. As far as money went, she was most generous, for she wanted to be able to neglect her children with a clear conscience.

### I TAKE STOCK OF MY CHARGES' MENTAL ACQUIREMENTS

Being anxious to arrange their lessons, I captured my youngest charge one morning at nine and incarcerated her in the library. There we pursued the fascinating history of "Nell and Jip." The pointing finger moved slowly, and there was an apparent period after each word. To her, reading was but the successive production of different sounds without regard to any meaning that might be hidden in them. She could not tell me the simplest story after she had read it, and she mispronounced words in reading with which she had no trouble when speaking. She could not seem to realize that spoken and written language are the same thing.

Staggering through the alphabet, she came to a number of barriers and promptly skipped to "x" by way of finishing in style. Begin-

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ning with the multiplication-table, I was glad to find that here at least there was nothing to undo, because nothing had been done.

Margaret was even worse, frequently adding stubbornness to ignorance. One day she came rushing in half an hour late, remarking that she wasn't late, and the clock was wrong, and she had run all the way home, and it was all my fault anyway. Being in a state of armed resistance to knowledge in general, she was decidedly unruly and insolent.

The poor Law of Love got some body-blows during the next half-hour. When I asked Margaret anything that she did not know (and it was difficult to avoid it), her usual reply was: "I don't know, and I don't want to know, and I won't try, so there, now!" or perhaps: "I don't know and you have to tell me, that's what you're here for."

Ethel was several degrees better than Margaret. But the children all regarded their lessons as a punishment; they thought that they learned for my benefit only, and their mother encouraged, as she had created, this mental attitude. "Come, Ethel," said she one day, "try and get all your lessons to-morrow so as to please Miss Clark."

Mrs. Martin's maternal attitude in regard to the children's studies combined a chronic amazement at the brilliance of her offspring with a very low expectation of what they could perform. She told me one day that if Margaret, aged nine, was able to repeat the multiplication-table by spring, she should be satisfied. She was amazed and delighted the first time that Laura, eight years old, brought her a correctly written alphabet. "Why, Laura Martin, did you do this? All by yourself? Why, this is wonderful! Much better than I thought you could do." The child, feeling that she had accomplished more than was expected of her, let her attention wander for the next few days, and I was privately instructed not to hurry her. Indeed, this warning almost invariably followed the least advance on the part of any one of the children, Mrs. Martin always showing a real, but quite unnecessary anxiety about her daughters' health.

### APPEARANCE VERSUS ACCOMPLISHMENTS

Their personal appearance was the only other thing about them in which Mrs. Martin took a really vital interest. If they could not read, she did not mind as long as their hair was properly curled. That their manners were bad beyond description was overlooked as long as their shoes were well blacked; and my skill as a teacher could not compare in importance with my ability to tie their hair-ribbons in the right way.

In short, Mrs. Martin's ideal of her children seemed to be that their hair, shoes, and dress should be immaculate; that they should be as healthy as possible; and that they should be carefully guarded against knowing too much. Her ideal for herself as a mother, was to see as little of them as possible; her responsibilities ending in providing them with food, clothes, rooms furnished more extravagantly than sensibly, and a governess. She seldom gave them any directions whatever, and never relied on her authority as their mother to enforce obedience. Occasionally she used the plea of her own ill-health to induce them to do as she wished. One day when I was keeping Margaret in-doors, and Mrs. Martin happened to pass the nursery-door, the child protested against her imprisonment.

"Now, Margaret, why can't you do as Miss Clark tells you? It makes me so nervous to have you act badly! I have a headache now and I shall be quite ill if you keep on. Do you want to make me sick in bed?" This sort of plea generally subdued Margaret, but could hardly give her a just conception of the rights of parents to expect obedience from their children.

### ABROGATION OF THE LAW OF LOVE

Naturally, it was of no use for me to try to persuade these children into anything that they did not choose to do. The Law of Love had to be laid on the table indefinitely. Their one rule of conduct seemed to be: "Do as you choose unless someone who is larger and stronger than you makes you do otherwise." Establishing authority over them was like breaking wild horses to harness. Every buckle and strap was a fresh insult, and a torture against which they kicked with all their might.

The characters and dispositions of these three little girls differed as much as their appearance. The parental neglect, being about the same with them all, had nevertheless produced quite dissimilar results. It had not had as much time to act on Laura as on the others, and so she was a trifle easier to deal with. She was naughty not for the pleasure of naughtiness, but simply as a means to gaining her end; and as that method had apparently

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succeeded before my arrival, I could not blame her for still trying it. She did not need to have the same thing proved to her twice, and in time I think I could have established my authority on all possible points, although she was always breaking out in a new place.

With Margaret the storms were more frequent, less violent, and punishment made no impression at all. They were of a different character, too; it seemed that she was naughty for the mere pleasure of it. One morning when I was ready to brush her curls, I asked her to hand me her brush, and the answer came like a flash: "I won't, get it yourself. You're here to wait on me; I'm not going to wait on you."

It had never been brought to their attention that they ought to be courteous to anyone, even to their parents; in fact, they did not know that they were insolent. I once reproved Ethel for her rudeness, and her eyes opened in surprise as she replied: "Why, that's a story, Miss Clark! I'm not rude at all! I said 'please' only this morning."

### WHERE THE BLAME LAY

I have taught classes of Poles and Bohemians in the settlements and helped with an Irish children's picnic; there are spoiled children in the households of my friends; but never have I found such a lack of everything that should distinguish civilized children from savages as in this family. These pretty girls were little wild animals, with the animal's susceptibility to kindness left out. They were more impertinent than words can show. They would some time have the control of wealth, and they were on the road to make the worst possible use of it. They were more ignorant and backward than the children of the slums, and the training of their whole lives must be undone before they could even be started in the right direction.

Yet the longer I stayed with these children the less blame I was disposed to lay on their shoulders. They were affectionate and fond of each other, and I rarely had to settle disputes among them. They were also as fond of their parents as they were permitted to be. They had never been governed, and therefore regarded whoever attempted such a thing as their natural enemy. The nurse, Katy, who had been with them the year before, had evidently given in to all their whims for the sake of peace, and had allowed them an amazing freedom of epithet. As for Fräulein, she had not understood their English nor they hers, and she had lacked force of every kind to cope with them.

They were hardly acquainted with their parents. Mrs. Martin seldom appeared at breakfast or supper, and at these meals Mr. Martin was absorbed in his paper while I presided. The only time the family were all together was at dinner, and what little conversation there was then, was entirely between Mr. and Mrs. Martin. Except at the dinner-hour, she saw them only in emergencies; her advertisement had stated the exact fact: "Wanted, a governess, to take entire charge of three little girls."

### WHY COMPETENT WOMEN DO NOT ENGAGE AS NURSERY GOVERNESSES

If these parents could not keep their daughters in a good school, and a governess proved absolutely necessary, they should have selected her with more care than they did me. The right woman for this work could not be hired for eight dollars a week, her board and half a room. Their chauffeur was paid a hundred dollars a month, and he had only the care of a machine; their governess was paid thirty-two dollars and her board, and had entire charge of the three little girls, body, mind, and soul. The one was a trained mechanic; the other position required more qualifications than I, a college woman and a teacher of considerable experience, could boast.

My work began at seven o'clock, the time I called Laura, and lasted till about nine in the evening. During this time there was not a moment of rest, not even a respite at meals. In spite of the pleasant things connected with the situation, no woman of sufficient ability to discharge its duties would undertake the work (unless from motives of pure philanthropy), except for a larger salary than she could get in another occupation.

The parents' lack of appreciation of this fact was no less a manifestation of their neglect of the children than their constant refusal to have them about. And yet I am very sure that both these parents would have been astounded and very angry if told that they neglected their children. They gave them everything that their hearts could prompt, their brains devise, and their purse afford, except the one thing needful—themselves.

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# The Baseball God

By HUGH PENDEXTER

Illustrated by E. W. Kemble

THIS yarn was the result of an invitation I once extended to the strolling actor, Campbell, to attend the final game of the season between the Chicagos and New Yorks.

"Don't ask me," he replied shortly, as we sat in my room and I lazily tried to figure out some averages. "It's a far cry from New York to the stamping ground of the Mundrucu Indians in the Blue Hen Valley of the Madeira in Brazil, and yet those savages cured me of all liking for the sport. I never pass a vacant lot and see the kids tossing ball but what I shiver, and yet in my knicker-bocker days I was fond of the game. But there was a time when a hit meant two lives and the bleachers were determined that that hit should be made. Never willingly will I look on two nines crossing bats. And the funny part of it all is, a common water-fowl down on a tributary of the Madeira was to blame for the whole mix-up. To this day I detest chickens, and I'll wager Tiberius never sees a gallinaceous biped but what his brown eyes collect in twinkling points and his hand seeks a weapon."

"Who was Tiberius?" I asked. "Circus showman, my boss, and the best ever," he responded—then paused and seemed to see pictures in the tobacco-smoke. "What were you doing in Brazil?" I at last prompted. "Circus or show?"

"Neither," he replied, collecting himself with a start. "Diamonds. We'd put in a season on the Continent as advance agents for one of the big circuses, and while in London Tiberius got interested in the gold-fields of Minas Geraes and Bahia, in Brazil. He had always had a hankering to try his luck in South Africa, but after reading of the hundreds of thousands of dollars in gold and the forty thousand carats of diamonds that are exported yearly from the Brazilian fields, he changed his mind and jumped a steamer to Rio Janeiro. As I was his general utility man, understudy, and other jokes, of course I went with him. In fact, I preferred Rio to Cape Town; it's nearer home.

"On the way over we got quite chummy with a young Portuguese who had been taking on an extra polish in England, and he told us much about the country. But he dispelled our visions of leaking into the diamond-fields, absorbing a scuttleful of bright-eyed gems, and cantering merrily back to port before anyone could ring in an alarm. He explained how the "filthy" was all tied up with English capital and that independent harvesters were frowned upon.



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"'After you're satisfied that your quest is impracticable, I'll propose something different,' he offered, as we neared port.

"But bless you, we didn't have to leave Rio to ascertain he'd doped out the situation correctly.

"'Our only show is to seek virgin pastures,' decided Tib, after we'd interviewed a dozen countrymen and learned from them how everything was nailed down.

"We found Santos—that was the young Portuguese's name—busy looking after his father's coffee interests, and told him we were listening. His proposition was that we should pursue our search for precious stones in his company up the Madeira, whither he was going to look after the rubber trade. He hadn't much faith in our ultimate success, but he told us that he'd often heard stories of clay puddings, with diamond plums, in the Blue Hen Valley in the Tarijara district. The only drawback, he explained, was the natives' unhappy reputation for eating each other. But odd ideas as to table etiquette, Tib declared, could never keep him from Nature's jewellery-shop.

"'My boy,' he said, after we'd returned to our hotel, 'I do not doubt but what these Mundrucu, or Blue Hen men, or whatever they're called, are crude in their tastes and will gladly devour their grandparents when the larder is low; but we won't plan on becoming chummy with them, and I guess we can turn the trick without figuring in a salad. While they are not a jovial, whole-souled people, they are, thank heavens, few in number. For see, the census returns show that in all the State of Amazonas, with its 732,250 square miles, the population is but two-tenths of a person per mile. That's what I call a scattered population. When you figure out the squaws and children, it would be queer if we couldn't easily dodge the remaining decimal fraction. We only need about one mile to browse in, and a fortune may be contained in one yard of earth.'

"I balked a bit, especially when I found out that Rio and the mouth of the Madeira are as far apart as New Orleans and Montreal. I tell you, sir, that made me respect the country. I was for jumping to New Orleans and picking up some plantation medleys for the New England trade.

"'Child,' pleaded Tib, 'just this one fling with fortune's dice. Young Santos was up there last year, and he'll get through all right this trip. Thousands travel up and down the Madeira each season and it's safer than Broadway. There's no danger until we branch off to the Blue Hen Valley. We won't carry a band with us—just sly in—and if things look rocky, we'll trip a merry morris back to the settlement. Do you think I would place your young life in hazard?' he concluded reproachfully, and then, probably remembering that he had done so about once a week for ten years, he added, 'that is, without saving it.'

"Two days later we started on our long jaunt with Santos.

"The trip to and up the Amazon was uneventful and exceedingly tedious, and both Tib and I were delighted when just before reaching the mouth of the Madeira we shifted over into a small craft propelled by five Moxos Indians and set off up a side-creek. Even here there was little to vary the monotony. The scenery was uniform. Immense stretches of stonewood, cinnamon, and bow-wood screened the river-banks. A casual glimpse of the aborigines demonstrated clearly that they hadn't received the latest styles. Every

"WITH FEARFUL CONTORTIONS HE WAVED HIS ARMS."

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time we met some of these beggars, Remigio, our captain of rowers, would sniff his squat nose and, glancing complacently at his bark shirt, growl: 'No christianos!' My courage was considerably weakened when he explained through Santos that the many side-streams which emptied themselves into the Madeira all flowed from a wholly unknown country. He also pointed out a sand-bar where the season before three Bolivians had been captured and carried off by the Indians. After that the dark, oily waters of each tributary, now and then washing down an empty Araras bark canoe, were to me fraught with some terrible menace.

"And while I was in the dumps Santos announced that the psychological moment had arrived at which to invade the Blue Hen Valley. The low, clear-cut cornices of the Blue Hen Mountains showed off to the right, and as the land separating us from them was an open plateau carpeted with a short, tough grass, Tib decided we should leave the winding river and cut straight across country.

"Santos promised that he would pick us up two weeks from date, on his way back from Jauca; and wringing his hand we packed up some fodder and trinkets and left him. We had no guns, as we had come to dig and run, not fight.

"Well, for three days we tramped steadily toward the mountains. On the morning of the fourth day the trouble began. Tib said he was tired of preserved meat and was going to bag one of the water-fowl that we found everywhere in great numbers.

"'I never saw a blue hen before, but they must be good eating,' he remarked, as he drove a rock into a flock and downed one.

"As he did this there was a fearful howl and a cloud of long reed arrows hurtled by us. Before we had time to clinch our nerve we were surrounded by twenty fierce-faced gentlemen, dressed carelessly in bone necklaces, bone ornaments, and girdles of red toucan feathers. They were further adorned with blue clay plastered about their flat mouths, and with red feathers which they wore in their ears and nostrils, as well as in their long black hair, and they easily looked like nightmares. Tib and I were ready at sight of them to believe them cannibals, and expected nothing better than to speedily find ourselves salted down for a rainy day.

"The president of the delegation had a little powwow with the other Trilbies and

". . . HE JUST GRITTED HIS TEETH AND SWUNG HIMSELF INTO THE AIR."

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then waved his spear, and we were hustled along toward the upper end of the valley, the brown beggars yowling some plaintive medley all the time. They carried the blue hen with them, and whenever their eyes caught a glimpse of it they beat their breasts and howled and whined in a perfectly ridiculous manner. A three-mile trot brought us to a bunch of low huts with palm-leaf roofs, and there the whole chorus tripped out to greet us. The squaws were much taken with Tib, I reckon because he was so plump; they kind of side-stepped me as being good only for a sandwich. But when the chairman held up the hen and threw a little Russian at them, their curiosity gave way to rage, and several expressed a kindly desire to hold an autopsy.

"'I guess, my boy, that when I heaved that rock and hit the bird I hit their gospel,' groaned Tib.

"And that was the lay-out. We'd unintentionally shattered their whole religious fabric when we gunned for roast fowl. They doped us out as unbelievers and wanted to free our spirits over a well-prepared hecatomb. Tib offered to pay for the biddy, but they didn't understand him, and an old hag began to sharpen a vulgar-looking knife and croon a bit of folk-lore song, in which the nasal tones predominated. We were shoved into a dirty hut of bark and hides and left to ourselves for the time being, though the building was surrounded by guards. The first thing Tib did was to discover a pretty palm-leaf basket in the corner. He examined it and found it contained a skull and some miscellaneous bones.

"'That settles it, my boy, they would eat the father of the drama. I thought grandma's necklace was formed of the crooked teeth of the water-pig, but I can see now the molars once belonged to neighboring tribesmen, perhaps relatives.'

"In spite of the horror of the situation, Tib managed to keep up his spirit. He admitted that it was a disgrace to be eaten by such ignoramuses and that he should always feel ashamed of himself. 'But cheer up,' he cried. 'Tiberius Smith has never been eaten yet and doesn't intend now to contribute himself for a pink tea. I'll try and think of something before the curtain goes up.'

"'If we could only cut and run to that stream and make a raft, or steal one of their canoes, we could float down to Borba; that is, if an alligator didn't get us,' I groaned.

"'I'm sorry I brought you,' observed Tib gravely. 'But let's to business. Here's our pack with fish-lines and hooks, some dried beef and general tommy-rot. And, oh, yes; here's six of those hand-bombs we use to explode at the evening performance of the circus. I thought we could use them to signal with if we got separated. Red, green, and yellow are the colors. Take three, but don't use one till I give the word.'

"'I reckon these people are the Mundrucu, all right,' I observed, pushing the basket with my foot.

"'I'm afraid they are,' sighed Tib. 'Head hunters. Did you ever stop to think what a queer fad that is?'

"'No,' I groaned, 'but I realize that you were away off in dividing these folks up into decimals. The population seems to be looking up.'

"'Census-takers are liars,' declared Tib. 'Or else they've rung in repeaters from another ward.'

"AS IF HE WERE ASHAMED OF HAVING DONE IT."

"'Those large, smooth, open places on the map aren't all English lawns,' I moaned.

"Then we sat dumbly and nursed our despair. At last Tib broke the dismal silence by crying: 'I wonder what those imps are up to?'

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"This last was called forth by a shrill shouting outside. We peeped through the narrow opening past our guards, and saw the heathens were playing a crude game of ball. It wasn't hand-ball, nor was it base-

"THEN I WOKE UP AND BEGAN TO ROOT."

ball. One tall pest hurled the sphere at a man with a club, and it was the duty of the latter to hit it. When he did, he ran, and whoever got the ball threw it back to the pitcher. I don't know what would have happened if the batter had missed. Tib said they'd eat him. The game reminded me of my youth and two-old-cat, and we couldn't help admiring the dexterity of the batter, who evidently was the chief of the tribe. No matter how swiftly the ball came he would give a jump away from it, or toward it, and bang! 'way down to the bleachers. I remembered that the North American Indians have been given to this form of sport from the time of the white man's first coming, and I suppose it is common to all the tribes below the equator.

"'Billy,' cried Tib, after we had watched their antics for some time, 'I'm going to make a grand-stand play. That rugged sprite of a pitcher ought to be released, or else sent to the bench. Old Cocoa has hit him for nineteen singles and eight home-runs inside of five minutes. I'm going to join the nine and show 'em how our boys can play.'

"'You throw a ball?' I gasped.

"'Can I?' and he smiled complacently. 'Why, in the days of straight pitching I pitched a game for the old Red Stockings when the score was one hundred and ninety to one hundred and forty. Close game, I tell you.'

"'The batter out there can cart away all the straight balls anyone can dish up to him,' I reminded him sadly.

"'But not curves,' grinned Tib.

"'You curve?' I murmured.

"'I do, my child,' he affirmed. 'Two years ago I wished to create a Ten Thousand Dollar Beauty's part in a little baseball drama I was to star in, and I played with a village nine all through the summer, just to get the atmosphere. And do you know, little one, I got onto the knack of tossing up grape-vines in a way that would make Cy Young look like a last year's rose-leaf. Now you stay here and watch me capture the cup.'

"Before the guards knew his intention he had picked up the skull and was out of the hut and walking gravely toward the old chief. The guards didn't like to leave me, and as Tib was moving toward the crowd they contented themselves with a college-yell of warning. When Tib walked up to the chief, and, placing the skull down for the home base and pushing His Ivories into proper position, motioned for him to stand ready to strike the ball, the old boy was stunned.

"But he came to after a bit and howled and banged his club on the ground and called out to his men. Instantly two rushed Tib down the field in front of the grinning base and gave him the ball, while the others stood on the side-lines with arrows drawn to the head on their long bows. Tib, with his back toward me, was now standing directly in front of me, and without turning his head cried out: 'Maybe it's good-by, Billy. The scalawags mean to shoot if I let Othello hit it.'

"In a flash I realized the meaning of the ready bowmen. Hiawatha was enraged at Tib's presumption and was going to have him punctured the minute the first hit was made. It was grewsome, I tell you. There was the

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old devil, gnashing his teeth and tapping the grisly skull in an ecstasy of impatience to smash the ball. There were the bowmen, all anxious to get the first chance at the pitcher. There was the old lady with the big knife, scurrying around, brightening up the fire and singing a cheery carol, happy at the prospects of having a stranger for supper. And last, there was Tib, short and comfortable, peeled down to his underwear, posed on one toe, carefully examining the ball.

"'Cheer up, Billy,' he called over his shoulder. 'The leather is almost as good as a league ball. Now learn how to throw an out-curve.'

"Then with fearful contortions he waved his arms, doubled up his fat form, and threw a ball that had all the promise of cutting the skull. My heart rose in my mouth, as the old chief smiled, closed his eyes with satisfaction, and swung for all he was worth. And he missed it.

"But so sure were the men that he was going to score that when he struck they all took a pot-shot at Tib. Fortunately he had anticipated this and had dropped to the ground. Two lines of reed arrows kissed each other in passing over him. Then he sprang to his feet, and the way he called down Old Cocoa and the bowmen would have done you good, sir, to have heard. And the chief was mad. He hopped a double hornpipe, smashed in the top of the skull, and then began on his men. You see, sir, his pride was hurt and he dressed 'em down beautifully. They were scared as bluebirds and all drew back and rested on their bows. Then Tib cried out to me: 'Now if I can get a fair shake, I'm going to pitch a thirteen-inning game. If I've got any friends on the side-lines, I'd like to hear their voices cheering, as it heartens me. Here goes a simple drop.'

"Bless you, it entirely took the crowd off their feet. The batter literally wallowed in the grass. When he saw that ball humming along as true as a die, he just gritted his teeth and swung himself into the air and came down with a crash.

"'Hooray,' I yelled in my excitement. 'Two strikes! No balls! Go it, Tibby!'

"Hang me, if that rascal didn't turn and, with one hand on his breast and the other at his back, make me a stage bow and blow me a kiss. A chocolate-drop returned the ball, and with a bellow of rage the batter pranced to wipe out his disgrace. It was a rising in-shoot, and from where I stood I should have diagnosed it as a corkscrew. After Tib delivered it he turned aside and put one hand up to his smirking mouth, as if he were ashamed of having done it. The ball ducked the club and brushed the old gentleman's jugular. A howl of amazement went up from all hands, and grandma dropped her knife and began to bump her head on the

"IT TOOK HIM SQUARE IN THE FOREHEAD."

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ground. The chief, too, looked a bit frightened.

"'Guess I've got a glass arm, eh?' cried Tib. 'That's pretty rotten, isn't it? Oh, yes.'

"The batter frowned at his club, muttered something that sounded like the key-board of a typewriter pronounced all together, and grabbed his nose-ring. Then he chatted away for a while to a bone ornament on his wrist and seemed to find some more courage.

"'He thinks he's big medicine now,' remarked Tib, rubbing the ball on his jeans. 'Just observe the erratic orbit of this new-fangled out. It's been called quite a teaser in the States. Dear old States! How I wish we were back there, living in Christian fraternity with Mike O'Daffy, the boodle alderman; and with Slitzenberger sending out for another pail of suds! Well, ready for Act III.; curtain!' And the new-fangled out was released. Unlike the others, it was thrown square at the batter's stomach. He did not budge, but with a grunt of satisfaction presented the flat side of his club and tried to bunt it. The ball swerved and passed two feet outside the plate. Well, Tib just sat down and laughed.

"If you could only have heard the old man swear! He threw down his club, cussed the niggers, cussed himself, and then took a fall out of the little bone god on his wrist. Then I woke up and began to root. I forgot the guards, and danced out in the open and gave a rowdy-dowdy-zip-boom-bah class-yell. In my more hopeful days I had few equals as a coach. I could see my joy-talk was putting new blood into Tib, and he kept bowing and scraping to imaginary grandstands. The chief didn't try to stop us. He just looked sullen and waited for us to get through. It was the Baseball god against the god of the Blue Hen, and he was quite a square old sport, once you forgot his gastronomic stunts. After I'd lost my wind and Tib had stopped mincing about in the p tcher's box, the chief rattled off a few eeny-meeny-miney-mo sentiments to his god and again swung back his club for another foozle. Dear, dear! He had never heard of curved pitching and of course he stood no show from the go-in.

"Tib then tossed up a ball so slow that I could have sworn a babe might have lambasted it. But such a curve! It loafed up to the plate and just as Mr. Hen exclaimed 'wow' with much satisfaction, it dropped a bit and wriggled by. Then I gave another college-yell, and Tib pinned on imaginary bouquets, while the chief took another whack at cussing. I guess he'd forgotten some of his ancestors in his previous efforts, for this time with concentrated mind he seemed to be dipping into the dry bones of the dim past, and he rattled the skeleton of every forbear as he tore down the macadam. When he arrived in the nineteenth century he was in rare fettle, and for pure form he had a circus boss beaten to a tender mush.

"But now I could see Tib was taking more time in sending the ball and every once in a while he doubled up his arm as if it ached.

> When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
> Flagons of home-brewed ale, . . .

he murmured.

"'Tired, old man?' I choked.

"'A little. I wish you knew how to curve 'em. But then, the other nine would probably kick if we changed batteries. Oh, I'm good for a few more.'

"The chief struck twice at the next one and barked his shins. He was so angry he bit his flat lips through till the blood oozed out and perfectly matched the hue of the toucan feathers in his fat nose. Then Tib settled down and pitched for our two lives. Slow ones, followed up by rifle-bullets; bow-legged ones, chased up by rainbows, and so on, always ringing in the changes just as the Hen thought he had doped out a winning combination. A wonderful love for my patron now filled my soul. He was pitching to save my life, and there was something infinitely encouraging in the way he cocked his head and smiled at me. Then I noticed the gray in his hair and remembered he was old enough to be my father. His face began to look drawn and his lips trembled, but they never lost their smile. I could give him none of my youthful strength, and it was very hard to stand there and watch him go it all alone.

"'Can you keep it up?' I stammered.

"'Hard work playing against nine men and the umpire,' he replied cheerfully, sending in one that was so full of ginger as almost to cause the batter's eyes to pop out of his head.

"The sun was sinking now and Tib motioned to it and signed for a rest. But old Beetle Brows howled out a negative reply and significantly pointed to the bowmen. Then he gave them some order and they straightened up.

"'Listen, Billy,' gasped Tib. 'When the night comes it will come all at once and in

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two seconds be as black as your immediate future. Be ready to cut down the grass to the river when I let him hit it.'

" 'They'll shoot the minute he hits,' I cried in anguish.

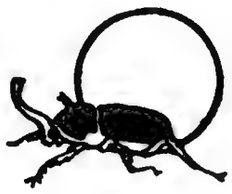
" My dear boy, they are going to shoot anyway. He's crooked. He's tipped 'em off to turn me into a pin-cushion when the sun-rays say good-night. But it's one of the bombs, not the ball, I'm going to let him hit. So be ready to place yours where they'll do the most good. Are you on?'

"I said I was, and just as the sun dipped, Tib prepared to throw an easy straight. Our lives this time depended entirely on the batter's making a hit. Straight, and not too swift, the hand-bomb, substituted for the bunch of leather, sped, and smash! The Blue Hens had made the first and only hit of the day. But such a hit! Bang! and a dozen colored balls of fire radiated about the batter's head. One or two arrows whimpered by, but the most of the gang had fallen on their faces.

"With a crazy yell, I drove my three bombs at the bowmen and saw each one explode. Tib let drive another at the chief, who sat stupefied on the home plate, and it took him square in the forehead. Then as the night fell like a blanket, we ran for the river. In passing the old woman, who lay prostrate by the fire, I saw in the evil glow something on her necklace glitter. Before I knew it I had wrenched it from off her throat.

"There was no pursuit. We blundered on through the darkness until we came to the river and found a canoe made of one broad piece of bark, laced up at either end in a sharp point. One night and a day we paddled on, with nothing to eat but raw fish. At times we were hemmed in by walls of metamorphic rock. Now we were tossed over rapids and only came through by luck. Again, the floating vegetation threatened to end our flight. And all through it the fear of the Blue Hen men was upon us, although Tib showed it not. At last we reached Vista Alegre, where Santos found us three weeks later. While waiting for him I discovered the necklace in my trousers pocket, and on examining it observed seven large diamonds mixed in with the horrid bone ornaments. Tib said, after we reached civilization and had shared up, that it was the best-paid game of ball he ever pitched.

"But it was a game I never wish to see again; for the medicine of the Blue Hen god was very strong."



# Inklings

By WILLIAM M. BLATT

THE names of the virtues were invented by rogues; good people did not know that they possessed them.

A rascal always flavors his villainy with a dash of some kind of virtue to make it palatable; a favorite adulterant is sincerity.

We can esteem those whom we have never loved, but not those whom we have loved and toward whom we have become indifferent.

Whenever a man consciously says a modest thing he wants to be contradicted; what other sensible object can he have in saying it?

There is nothing worse in a husband or wife than too much jealousy, except none at all.

We never use all the energy we summon to a task; part of it is stored up in the form of habit.

Give the most guilty time enough and he will convince himself that he was right.

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# Frenzied Finance

## The Story of AMALGAMATED

### By THOMAS W. LAWSON, of Boston

**This instalment is concerned with the further tribulations of Bay State Gas, how it fell into a Receiver's hands, and was rescued after an incredible struggle. We are introduced to three new characters and learn something more about financial morals and the cost of success. Incidentally the author tells of how the "System" expended five million dollars to change the votes of five doubtful States in the '96 election, and called the bribery patriotism. Addicks's plot to "hold up" the Receiver and the extraordinary scene in the Delaware court-room, where two dress-suit cases filled with money change hands under the Judge's eyes, form the most sensational passage so far in Mr. Lawson's story. In the department "Lawson and His Critics" the criticism of the great life insurance companies is continued. —THE EDITORS.**

#### CHAPTER XXII

##### PLUNDERED OF THE PLUNDER

SO extraordinary a happening as the disappearance of George H. Towle and Mr. Patch, you think, should have furnished a national sensation. And this is the first you have ever heard of it. Bear in mind that here for the first time the facts of this case are set forth in their proper relation and without the fear or favor that have hitherto prevented them from being understood. Beneath the placid surface of the river of life are swift eddies and deep-down quicksands. The casual observer on the banks sees but his own reflection in the waters, and only when the corpse of a too daring swimmer is borne by does he realize the fierce struggle of the undercurrents.

So it was in Boston after the adjournment of the Legislature. However bitter the feeling of the men who had sold themselves, and those others who had lost their all in the crash of stock values that had followed Whitney's defeat, their own complicity enforced silence and prevented outcry. It was given out that Geo. H. Towle and Mr. Patch, tired by their labors, had gone to the country for a brief sojourn. On their return there would be a settlement, and with these assurances, both legislators and lieutenants had, perforce, to be satisfied. Gradually, betrayers and the betrayed drifted back to their own homes and their erstwhile avocations and when the strange story of the disappearance and death of the chief actors came from over the seas, it fell on the heedless ears of men who had written off a loss and desired to forget the experience. A conspiracy of silence is easily organized among accomplices.

I myself was the greatest sufferer by the disaster. Banking on Whitney's assurance of success I had loaded up heavily with Bay State on my own account; and my customers, because of their faith in my predictions of a rise, had also bought heavily both of the gas stock and Dominion Coal. In my attempt to support the market when the first decline occurred, I further increased my holdings, and, at the final break, the thousands of shares purchased for my clients were left on my hands. So my loss was very large, many times greater than Whitney's. Like the others, I said nothing, crediting the expense to education, while Whitney silently tucked his emasculated charter into a crypt already fully furnished with other corporation derelicts, to await some fair opportunity of legislative or other resuscitation; for the instrument, shorn though it had been of its immediate availability, was by no means without real value. So he said to me, probably in view of prospective contingencies, perhaps with a sense of what his error had cost me, "Lawson, the Pipe Line Charter is worthless now, but if at any time in the future it becomes valuable, you or your company shall have half of it."



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If Henry M. Whitney had kept that promise, what a world of disaster and bitterness might have been averted. Generated in corruption, perhaps it is not strange that this charter has since been so fertile a breeder of dissension and ruin among all who have attempted to handle it. It may be accepted as an aphorism of finance that double-dealing is as dangerous to the dealer as to his victim. The tigerish conflicts that at intervals burst out in the financial world and like a cyclone spread dishonor and destruction broadcast, invariably are caused by some one man's treachery.

To return to my story. To all appearances the gas war was over. We bore the palm of victory, but looming up before us was the task of getting together the six millions which Rogers must have by November 1st. That paid, the companies became permanently ours. It was a period of unremitting effort, but the prospects of success were excellent. Addicks had got ready a new lot of Bay State stock, and I had prepared the public to take it. With the proceeds of this stock and the securities which Rogers would turn over to us, we should have money enough to meet our engagement, always provided no slip-up occurred. Since the May 1st settlement our relations with Rogers had been satisfactory—I should say, *my* relations—for he persistently kept Addicks and his crowd at a distance, refusing to have anything to do with them. But it's hard to keep a big pot boiling in the open without some intruder smelling the savor of your soup and sneaking up for a mouthful. Though secrecy had been solicitously preserved regarding the details of our bargain with the "Standard Oil" magnates, certain of the camp-followers of "Frenzied Finance" had nosed out the facts, and at the very moment when our position and prospects seemed most secure a trap was being set which, as after events will show, almost precipitated the destruction we had thus far managed to escape.

As the time of settlement drew near, it became necessary for me to have frequent conferences with Addicks and his directors, and we opened head-quarters at the Hoffman House in New York. It was my habit to come over for a short time every week, and then we got together, reported progress, and discussed future moves. It was at one of these gatherings, on Friday, October 16th, that the blow fell. I had come down on the midnight train from Boston and was brimming over with pleasant news and agreeable anticipations. The day and all other things seemed good to me. The air was crisp and the morning sun gleamed brightly on the red and yellow autumn tints of the trees in Madison Square. For a moment I stood on the corner beside the Naval monument watching the down-townward procession of cabs and coupés in which the spider aristocracy of finance makes its way to its webs in Wall Street and Lower Broadway. In the parlor of Addicks's suite at the Hoffman the directors were gathered when I entered, and with them was Parker Chandler, the Bay State's general counsel. We got down to business at once. I told them how well our affairs were moving in Boston and listened to the tidings they had to tell of progress elsewhere. We were all in the merry mood of success. The past was nothing but a bad dream; our thoughts were on the rich moments beyond November 1st when we should handle and know the real currency of our victory.

The telephone bell rang. Someone wanted Addicks quick.

Addicks stepped to the instrument. We all heard him say: "Hello." Then—"Is that you, Fred?" (Fred Keller was his personal secretary.) Then—"Yes, I hear you plainly. Repeat it." Then—a minute's wait while he listened. Then—"When will they get up there?" Then—"Send everyone home, lock up and go over to the house, and call me on my wire." All this in his ordinary, well-attuned, even voice, without the emphasis of a word to show that the subject was a hair more important than any of the hundred-and-one ordinary messages which went to make up a large part of his daily life. The talk was so commonplace that we were none of us interested enough to even stop our chatter.

Addicks stepped from the telephone and in a "bring-me-a-finger-bowl" tone of voice said: "Tom, come into the other room for a minute; I want a word with you."

He passed ahead of me through a small parlor into his bedroom. I followed. He went straight to the bureau, took something from a drawer, slipped it into his pocket, turned and dropped upon a lounge. But the fraction of a minute had elapsed since he had left the telephone, and I, being behind, had not seen his face. He looked at me. Could this gray ghost be the same man who had just before been smiling so contentedly at Parker Chandler's last story? His face was the color of a mouldy lead pipe and seared

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with strange lines and seams. The eyes that met mine were dim and glazed, lustreless and dead as a fish's eyes dragged from watery depths.

Courage is not character; it is temperamental. There is an impression that the man truly brave is he who can face sudden, unexpected misfortune or calamity without a tremor or a flicker to suggest his hurt. That is but a single phase and indicative of physical rather than moral qualities; or, perhaps, merely the callousness born of long exposure to danger. One of the bravest men I've ever known stood watching the ticker one day during a downward run. Suddenly I heard "My God, I'm ruined!" and he fell in a faint on the floor. And a certain bank officer, whom I knew to be an arrant coward, when arrested for stealing a million, smiled at the policeman who had tapped his shoulder and asked him for a cigarette. Addicks had not turned a hair as he hung up the telephone receiver, and here he was cowering in a mortal funk, abjectly hopeless.

"Lawson, the game's up," he said in a trembling voice. "That was Fred. He says Dwight Braman has had himself appointed receiver of Bay State; that he raided the Wilmington office immediately after he was appointed, broke open desks, and took all the papers he could find, and in an hour or so he will be in Philadelphia and in possession of all my books and papers. He has a court order for the bank accounts and the right to take charge of our funds."

"This is a startler," I said; "what are we going to do?"

"The trap is perfect, and I'm in it. They've caught me with every bar down. Before, when they attempted to get a receivership, things were ready for them—books and papers packed for Europe and cash in charge of an unserved officer prepared at the first word to start for Canada. But now, a few days before election, when if I don't throw a lot of money into Delaware for my henchmen, they'll turn on me like wolves—they've caught me napping. It's a plot sure—a receiver in possession, particularly Braman, and appointed in a way that shows deliberate calculation, proves it was done by someone who knows our situation to a 'T.' It means ruin for me and the company. You know I won't have a friend left on earth, and enemies now will rise up like snakes before a prairie fire."

It was indeed a stiff, tough turn, yet I was watching the man rather out of curiosity to note how he could take a reverse than out of sympathy. I don't believe there was another man on earth who, similarly placed, would not have aroused my pity; but Addicks—no man has pity for Addicks.

"Well," I repeated, "what are we going to do?"

He did not reply for a moment. I continued to look at him. The eyes still haunted me. I noted that the lines round the lids had deepened into furrows. He half raised himself from the lounge.

"I've said they would never get me, and they won't." Instinctively his hand sought the pocket into which he had dropped what he had taken from the dresser's drawer. Then I knew. The yellow streak showed plain at last. I had guessed from the start it was there.

The stock manipulator in common with the successful general must have the capacity to deal with the unexpected. The faculty to see a situation whole must be his, to focus instantly the lay of the land, the enemy's plans and strength, his own resources, the strategic possibilities of his position; and instantly, if necessity demands it, he must be ready with a new plan of campaign fitted to the first emergency. The more rapidly his mind works the safer are the interests he is guarding. But if he has not this capacity, he can never be a market manipulator.

For a moment I could not help admiring the devilish ingenuity of the trap that had been sprung on us. The state of affairs that Addicks revealed was about the worst imaginable. I had been on this particular war-path so long that my mind instinctively took up the task of examining the new situation. I saw November 1st—no money to pay Rogers; everything forfeited; Addicks in a nauseating scandal; and all those friends of mine who had put their funds into Bay State because of their confidence in my ability to win out slaughtered. No, it should not be if I could prevent it. Other storms we had met and weathered, why not this? Even if it were a tornado, we would "ride her out." Perhaps we should not be afloat when the rollers subsided, but at least we should be at rest—on the bottom. All this flashed through my mind in a second. I turned to Addicks, who, heaped up on his lounge, was staring into vacancy.

"Brace up, Addicks," I said. "We are not knocked out yet. At least let us find out what has struck us."

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I was some moments in arousing him from his condition of despair, but finally he pulled himself together, and we began to examine the situation. I had to agree with him that he was in a perfect trap. The cunning machinery he had rigged for just such an emergency, now that it was in hostile hands, was rather a source of danger than of safety. There was but one way out of the complication—we must undo this receivership and release our properties and funds before November 1st. Addicks, when he got his thinking loom running declared the receivership was all a "Standard Oil" plot to ruin him. I felt sure it was an independent operation, but there was no time for controversy.

The telephone bell rang again. It was Fred Keller, talking from Addicks's house. We soon had all the details of the raid. This is what had happened. Dwight Braman, a former Boston broker, now a New York capitalist and promoter, had suddenly appeared in Wilmington, Del., accompanied by Roger Foster, a New York attorney representing Wm. Buchanan, one of the original holders of Bay State Gas income bonds. He held $100,000. They had gone before Judge Wales, and pleading that the interest on the bonds was in default and that Addicks was dissipating the assets of the company, had succeeded in inducing the judge to appoint Braman receiver. The whole performance was put through with such marvellous rapidity that not one of Addicks's innumerable henchmen had a hint of it, and so no warning could be given in any direction. Braman, an adept in corporation try-outs, lost not a moment, for the instant his receivership appointment was signed he pounced down on the Delaware offices of the Bay State and seized everything they contained. He was waiting there for the first train to Philadelphia for the purpose of capturing the head offices of our corporation, which were located there, adjoining Addicks's private offices.

It was the moment for rapid action. We had an hour before Braman and Foster could reach Philadelphia, and one can do much in that time. Addicks instructed Fred Keller to rush the books of the company into a trunk, together with all the private papers in Addicks's safe, and to come at once to New York, where he would be beyond the jurisdiction of the court. We returned to the large parlor and hastily explained to the waiting directors what had occurred. Addicks instructed the Bay State secretary, who was present, to take the trunk upon its arrival and disappear. In the meantime the company's counsel advised that he and the other directors barricade themselves in their rooms at the Hoffman to frustrate any attempt to get legal service on them, for we well knew that Braman and Foster, as soon as they realized they were balked in Philadelphia, would go to the New York courts for additional powers—which afterward they did.

This line of defence having been fully organized I hurried down town to 26 Broadway. I felt certain that Mr. Rogers had nothing to do with the Braman-Foster affair, but to satisfy Addicks and make assurance doubly sure I determined to see him. After being with him for five minutes I knew I had not been deceived. Rogers agreed with me that the situation looked as though it had been made for his interest, for it left us absolutely at his mercy and in a way that represented the checkmating of Addicks at his own game. On the disadvantage side, however, were several weighty considerations. His acceptance of the opportunity would work such losses to the public and to my friends that, though the responsibility might be laid to Braman and Foster, I would fight so viciously that no one would be spared. Besides, between the Addicks scandal, and that other which we agreed must unquestionably lurk in the hasty appointment of the receiver, the whole affair must eventually be ventilated in court. It is always hard for Mr. Rogers to forego an advantage, but by this time he was tired of the wrangle and wanted peace, and moreover he did not relish the thought of court proceedings, so he admitted that my reasoning was good, and promised to do anything in his power to assist us.

## CHAPTER XXIII

### TWO GENTLEMEN OF FRENZIED FINANCE

The enemy did not leave us long in suspense. Next day Braman and Foster arrived in New York, bursting with a noble wrath at the failure of their coup in Philadelphia. An outrage had been worked upon them, upon the public, upon the majesty of the law. To hear their ravings one might have supposed them the evangels of Justice righteously denouncing a desecration of the sacred altar; or, that we had deprived them of an inalienable right they had possessed to

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our property. It would have been humorous if the conditions had been less tragic.

No defender of property right is so vociferous as the financier who, having appropriated his neighbor's goods, argues that possession constitutes legal ownership. On a country road I once almost rode over two hoboes, who were so busy wrangling with one another that they had not heard my approach. I gathered that one of them, having filched a collection of laundry from a farmer's backyard, had placed it in charge of his mate while he went off for a second helping, and had returned just in time to stop the latter from decamping with the swag. The talk the original purloiner was giving his ungrateful assistant was one of the best expositions of virtue and honesty I've ever listened to.

We met the following Monday and in reply to my request that we talk things over, Foster delivered himself of an exalted exposition of the rights of deluded stockholders, the majesty of the law, and the stern duties of Mr. Braman, who, for the time being, had departed his private self and until further notice existed only as a rigid arm of the court. Just as I had arrived at the conclusion that I had got into the wrong shop, Braman took up the lecture by informing me of things I already had made myself familiar with, to wit, how he had at different times occupied similar rôles in other corporations' affairs and how relentlessly he had exposed mismanagement and peculation. I suggested to him that in most such cases the receiverships seemed to have been dismissed in favor of the former managers. He waved his hands and replied that in this particular case there was absolutely no chance of control being returned to Addicks, who had so outrageously abused his trust; "although, of course (this as a sort of second thought) you know, Mr. Lawson, if Mr. Foster on behalf of his client should receive the amount of his claim and the proper fee, from whatever source, I should be powerless to prevent the dismissal of the receiver."

Braman and Foster were a delightful combination. As the talented Chimmie Fadden would say: "Dey knew de're biz from de mahogany to de ceilin' an' de ceilin' back to de mahogany." With their corporation mix-up records I was familiar, and after a few minutes' talk realized that it would be impossible to do anything with them until they had kicked up against one or two of the bricks Addicks was now with renewed energy preparing to cast into their pathway. I left with an agreement to see them the following day, and a parting reminder that all natural history showed that unpicked ripe plums were in great danger of being blown from the tree with every passing breeze.

I hurried back to Addicks. "It's the old game," said I; "they are on the box and have the lines, and know just how badly we need our coach, and it's only a case of how much 'inducement' we can stand."

I left him and went down to Rogers's office. I had not wasted time, but they had been there ahead of me.

"Lawson," said Rogers, "this time Addicks is up against it for sure, and phenomenal work will have to be done or his jig is over. Braman and Foster have been here and made a strong bid for a partnership with me, but I did as agreed and sent them away with a cold 'I'm in no way interested.'"

Foster and Braman secured an order from the New York courts to take possession of all property, money, papers, and books claimed by the company, and formally laid siege to Addicks's quarters in the Hoffman. There was considerable excitement for the guests and the newspapers. Doors were battered down, but the astute and slippery Addicks led them a merry chase until they caught him hiding in a freight elevator which he was using for a private staircase, only to find he had no books, papers, or money.

The week that ensued was full of trouble and incident for all concerned. Addicks led an expedition to Wilmington in an effort to get the court to release the receivership, but had his labor and the expense of his lawyers for his pains. Braman and Foster led us a weary dance with special hearings and demands of various kinds in the different courts, but by Tuesday night of the second week their ardor had cooled considerably and they were as puzzled how to let go of the bull they had captured as we were to find a way to make them.

Bright and early Wednesday morning Braman called on me, and when he threw his coat and hat into a chair he must have dropped his receivership cloak too, for after he had carefully closed the door and made sure we were without witness he said:

"If there's any business to be done in this matter it must be done quick."

I admitted no one could possibly appreciate this more than I—but what could be done? After bluffing for an hour and exchanging

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honest views for fifteen minutes we agreed that the situation stood thus:

If nothing were done before the coming Sunday, the 1st, the receivership would be permanent; the stock, which had fallen to $3 per share, would remain at that figure or go lower; my friends, the public and myself would be tremendous losers; all the past of Bay State, the doings of Addicks and Rogers, and the appointment of the receiver would come in for thorough investigation; an awful scandal would be aired in public; everyone would be covered more or less with mud; and no one could possibly be the gainer but "Standard Oil," for Braman agreed with me that the deal we had made with Rogers would probably stand in the courts.

On the other hand, if an arrangement could be arrived at by which we could have the receivership discharged, the company returned to its officers, or our equities preserved, all would be gainers by the move, for it would be proof positive that whatever the obstacles, we could overcome them, and the stock would go flying upward again.

After we had set out all the advantages, disadvantages, and possibilities of the situation, I bluntly plumped Braman with that inevitable question of all such "sit-downs": "What's the price?" And Braman as plumply and bluntly answered: "Buchanan, Foster's client, must have the face of his bonds and interest, $150,000, and we must have at least $150,000 for our trouble and expense."

My long experience in corporation affairs, and my intimate knowledge of the practices which the "System" with its votaries have made habitual was such that I was proof against shock from anything that could possibly turn up in even extraordinary financial deals, but I was just a bit staggered by the business-like way Braman demanded his $150,000 and the coolness with which he explained that he must divide their share with certain influential persons without whose hearty co-operation the tangling-up which had been so cleverly accomplished would have been impossible. He made no bones of showing me that once "we gave up" it would only be a matter of the number of minutes required to get details fixed before everything would be as it was before he had interfered. I dwelt upon the possibilities of the judge not following orders to the letter and the minute, but he only smiled and answered: "Leave all that to us; if we don't make good as agreed, we get no pay." He was fully alive to the dangers of the game, and he impressed upon me he would take nobody's word for anything. With him and Foster nothing but money talked, and it must not be of the marked-bill kind either, meaning he would not take anything which could be tied up by injunctions and law-suits after the receiver had been dismissed. However, he would play fair. He would not ask us to pay on anything but the actual delivery of the goods. He also frankly told me that he had named the very low figure, $150,000, because he expected to invest what he received in Bay State Gas stock at $3 and, upon its jumping to $10 or $20, to make half a million.

But this is outrageous, you say. You call the performance I have described by hard names! Surely our courts are not also the creatures of "frenzied finance"? you ask. I warn my readers that this narrative is no more than a record of events occurring within my own knowledge, and that dark and vicious as the pictures seem they are photographs of actual happenings. Nor should the public conclude that the dishonor and dishonesty revealed in connection with Bay State Gas is exceptional. On the contrary, such doings are the rule in the affairs of great financial corporations. Into the rigging and launching of almost every big financial operation in the United States during the last twenty years, double-dealing, sharp practice, and jobbery have entered; and, what is more, the men interested have participated in and profited thereby. To correct a popular fallacy I want to say that I am not referring here simply to moral derelictions but to actual legal crimes. If the details of the great reorganization and trustification deals put through since 1885 could be laid bare, eight out of ten of our most successful stock-jobbing financiers would be in a fair way to get into State or federal prisons. They do such things better in England. During the past ten years three "frenzied financiers" have practiced their legerdemain in London—Ernest Hooley, Barney Barnato, and Whitaker Wright. The first is bankrupt and discredited; Barney Barnato jumped into the ocean at the height of his career, and Whitaker Wright, after numerous attempts to escape, was hauled up before an English judge and jury, promptly convicted and sentenced, and committed suicide by poison before leaving the court-room. I will agree at any time to set down from memory the names of a score of eminent American financiers, at this

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writing in full enjoyment of the envy and respect of their countrymen and the luxury purchased by their many millions, whose crimes, moral and legal, committed in the accumulation of these millions, if fully exposed, would make the performances of Wright and Barnato seem like petty larceny in comparison. But freedom and equality, as guaranteed us by the Declaration of Independence, have recently been capitalized, and "freedom" now means immunity from legal interference for financiers, while the latest acceptance of "equality" is that all victims of special privilege are treated alike by those who control and exercise such privilege. If the judges and the public prosecutors of these United States were equal to the sworn duties of their sacred offices, this "freedom" would have been confined long ago, and throughout this broad land there would be jails full of "frenzied financiers" who had imagined themselves licensed to rob the public.

But to return to Bay State Gas: "Braman," I said, "we see the situation through the same glasses, but before deciding as to prices let us see where the coin to back them up is to come from. Until the receivership is dismissed not a cent can come from the Bay State treasury, so that eliminates Addicks. I, personally, am in such shape because of this same receivership that I can do nothing. So, as usual, it comes down to the man with unlimited money—Rogers. The question is, how to get Rogers to advance so large a sum in such a ticklish business? He does not want to get mixed up in a matter in which any one man's treachery might mean State's prison."

"Somebody's word ought to be good," he commenced.

"Only two men's words would be of any avail," I interrupted—"yours and Addicks's, and you have just made it clear that in this case neither would be worth the breath expended in pledging it."

## CHAPTER XXIV

### BUYING A BUNCH OF STATES

I left Braman and went down to Mr. Rogers. After a careful canvass of the situation it was settled that the only way out was for Rogers to furnish the money to release the receivership, in consideration of which accommodation, Addicks should forfeit the old Boston companies to him through Bay State's failure to comply with the terms of the May contract which matured the following Monday. Rogers would administer these companies in trust, applying their earnings to the liquidation of the bonds, and after these latter had been paid off, would turn them back to the Bay State Company for the benefit of its stock; or he would release the companies to us whenever we could raise the money to redeem them. Thus Rogers would make sure of the amount of his original investment, the million dollars profit the May 1st deal permitted him, while I should have secured for my friends and the public the amount of their investment in the property and a good profit for the stockholders to boot. To secure Addicks's consent to this arrangement was the difficulty, and there was but one condition that would induce him to give way—his terrible plight in case the receivership became permanent.

Having reached this point the next problem was how to get the money. Rogers refused absolutely to be a party to any payment that could be traced back to him. He canvassed the sources of hazard: first, through treachery on the part of Foster, Braman, or Addicks, he might be accused of bribing a court officer, the receiver; Addicks might blackmail him by charging him with conspiracy, or a conspiracy charge might be brought by Bay State stockholders, and he be held for tremendous damages. He refused to put himself into any such trap. I put forward a dozen ways to meet the emergency, but he would have none of them. Finally he suggested a method which was certainly perfect of its kind. He began by letting me into the secret that the chances of a McKinley victory in the election the following week looked pretty bad, and that the latest canvass of the States showed that unless something radical were done, Bryan would surely win. Hanna had called into consultation half a dozen of the biggest financiers in Wall Street, and it was decided to turn at least five of the doubtful States. To do this a fund of $5,000,000 had been raised under Rogers's direction, to be turned over to Mark Hanna and McKinley's cousin, Osborne, through John Moore, the Wall Street broker, who was acting as Rogers's representative in collecting the money. It would be legitimate for the National Committee to pay out money to carry Delaware, and he, Rogers, would arrange it

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that the coin to satisfy Braman and Foster should come through this channel. Thus he would be completely protected.

"Lawson," said Mr. Rogers, looking at me with intense and deadly seriousness, his voice charged with conviction, "if Bryan's elected, there will be such a panic in this country as the world has never seen, and with his money ideas and the crazy-headed radicals he will call to Washington to administer the nation's affairs, business will surely be destroyed and the working people suffer untold misery. You know we all hate to do what Uncle Mark says is necessary, but it's a case of some of us sacrificing something for the country's good. Bryan's election would set our country back a century, and I believe it's the sacred duty of every honest American to do what he can to save his land from such a calamity."

The "System's" conscience has its own quaint logic—the logic of self-interest—and this is how it reasoned: "The election of Bryan would disturb our control of American institutions, therefore American institutions would be destroyed by Bryan's election. On us, 'the System,' devolves the sacred if expensive duty of saving the nation, and, however abhorrent to our fine moral sense, patriotism compels us to spend millions in bribing and corrupting the electorate so that virtue, 'Standard Oil,' and J. P. Morgan may continue the good work of caring for the public's interests as their own."

As I listened to Rogers's exordium on the duties of a citizen in an emergency, I remembered the "Standard Oil" code—"Everything for God (our God); God (our God) in everything." It was so essentially "Standard Oil," this willingness to commit even that greatest wrong, subverting the will of the people in the exercise of their highest function—the election of a president—but only that good (their good) might come of it. It was no more than selfish greed tricked out in the noble trappings of morality, an infamous crime disguised as patriotism. Doubtless, the excellent, God-fearing, law-abiding citizens of the doubtful States who read this and learn how the "System" defeated their will at the polls, will cry: "Monstrous! Can such things be in America?" and then will resume their interrupted occupation of "letting well enough alone." However, this is aside from my story.

Having clearly set forth the political situation through which we should be saved, Mr. Rogers proceeded to map out my own programme. First, I must perfect an alibi for him by going to Foster and Braman, and impressing them that he was absolutely out of the affair, and must under no circumstances be brought into it; next, I must convince Addicks to the same effect, and in addition tell him that Mr. Rogers had angrily refused to get into the mix-up; that I should then hold myself in readiness to meet John Moore and Hanna or Osborne as soon as an appointment could be arranged. That afternoon I got the word and went to 26 Broadway, and from there Mr. Rogers and I went over to John Moore's office, slipping in the private door from the rear street.

"John," said Mr. Rogers, "I am going to turn this matter over to you and Lawson, and I am to have nothing further to do with it. What you two agree to will be satisfactory to me, and remember, both of you, every dollar that is paid is paid by the National Committee, but after it's all settled, and if there is no slip-up, I will look to Lawson for whatever is expended. Is it understood?"

We agreed that it was, and Rogers left us.

John Moore deserves more than a mere passing mention here, for he was at this time a distinguished Wall Street character and one of the ablest practitioners of finance in the country. During the last fifteen years of his life, Moore was party to more confidential financial jobs and deals than all other contemporaneous financiers, and he handled them with great skill and high art. Big, jolly, generous, a royal eater and drinker, an associate of the rich, the friend of the poor, a many-time millionaire, who a few years before had been logging-it on the rivers of Maine, his native State, John Moore well deserved his "Street" name, "Prince John." His firm, Moore & Schley, transacted an immense brokerage business, and numbered among its clients great capitalists and bankers all over the country. Especially were Moore & Schley famed for their discretion, and the highest proof of confidence reposed in the firm was the fact that it did the bulk of the stock speculating for what is known as "the Washington contingent." This is, perhaps, the most peculiar and delicate business that comes to "the Street." A big Wall Street house opens a Washington office and organizes an elaborate system of special wires, wires from which there can be no possibility of leakage. It is then ready for the patronage of members of Congress, United States Senators and national officials, whose honorable positions make them

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the custodians of national secrets of great commercial value. If, for instance, a new law is to be passed which must favorably affect a given stock, legislators who are on "the inside" often buy thousands of shares to reap the profit of the rise in value incumbent on its passage. Or perhaps there is to go through a law which will interfere with the special privilege of another stock and reduce its price. Those in possession of advance information "go short" of that stock (sell for future delivery) to profit by the drop. There are many other opportunities the Washington "insider" of speculative turn may use to advantage. For instance, if a high official of the Government were about to issue a proclamation against a foreign nation, and should desire secretly to make a million or so out of the panic he knew must follow the announcement, he would cast about him for a broker who would preserve this sacred confidence. It would invariably be through the Moore firm that his secretary or confidential man would do the short selling. There are also operations of lobbyists who, to affect important legislation for this great interest or the other, buy or sell stock for the benefit of legislators whose votes they desire to influence. Extreme caution is demanded in the execution of such orders, or all hands might by some slip-up find themselves wearing striped suits.

Such a contingency seemed imminent some years ago when the Sugar Trust was before the United States Senate for some legislation it required to bolster up its monopoly. Its agents had either been less diligent than usual in disguising the raw bribery they were perpetrating, or this particular Senate was too brazen to take the usual precautions to hide its greed from the world. In any case, so great an outcry was made in the press of the country that some sacrifice to the people's wrath was called for—one of those familiar sacrifices which at intervals of ten or fifteen years in this republic, our rulers make to the great god Integrity. So an investigation was organized, and a Senatorial inquisition had before it eminent sugar capitalists and many other distinguished gentlemen who could by no possibility shed light on the transactions, and then, realizing that a show of earnestness, at least, was demanded, it was agreed that some member of Moore & Schley's firm must go on the witness-stand, and, on refusing to tell what senators had speculated in sugar, must be sent to jail. This grandstand play, it was calculated, and rightly, would so hold the attention of the American people that when the committee concluded its investigation with the usual loud acclaim of duty well done, its Draconian punishment of the unsubmissive broker would act as another ten years' stay against outcry.

When this stratagem was decided on, John Moore announced that he as head of the firm should be the sacrifice. But the representatives of the "System" and the Senate firmly refused to assign him that rôle, and instead, to his grief and anger, nominated for jail the associate member who had charge of Moore & Schley's Washington business, whom they declared the logical victim. During the thirty days that his friend and partner spent behind the bars John Moore's hair whitened more than in all the years before, and from that time until his death he refused firmly to take part in his old line of work, or was ever again his old jovial self.

## CHAPTER XXV

### ATHLETICS OF FINANCE

Entirely apart from his relationship with Mr. Rogers it was a great help in this Bay State emergency to have the aid of a man of John Moore's breadth of vim and wide knowledge of men and affairs. Freely and frankly I explained our situation to him with its innumerable complications until he had mastered its intricacies. A tough job he pronounced our proposition, and he was the authority on the subject. After our talk was ended he called in Osborne, who had evidently already been talked to. He said to Osborne:

"I've been over Addicks's affairs with Lawson, and there is no question in my mind and that of other friends of the party that he should have what is necessary to carry Delaware. You had better have the committee ready to put in between $350,000 and $400,000 if we call for it. I will see that it is kept down as low as possible."

Osborne then spoke his piece and replied that the committee would do what was decided best, and asked me to send Addicks 'round next day to explain just how he was pushing things in Delaware. All this was play-acting for the benefit of Rogers's alibi. The next thing on my programme was to persuade Addicks to relinquish his hold on the old Boston gas companies, and this was my most

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difficult task. I left Moore, who agreed to hold himself in readiness at any hour to consult on and approve such settlement as I could arrange, and energetically began on the Delaware financier. It was a trying ordeal. As soon as Addicks saw I had something to work on he began to demur and object. If he could not have things his way, he would do nothing. He knew that I had joined a conspiracy to ruin him; that I was in league with Rogers, who was in league with Braman and Foster, and that all were banded together to take all he had away from him. In the course of that two hours' wrestle I was tempted several times to throw up the whole affair, and there were some bitter and savage word-passages that left both of us heated. I could do nothing with him; he must hear from Rogers personally. Finally I got the "Standard Oil" wire, and Rogers talked so plainly and coldly as partially to sober him, but ended by agreeing to have his counsel talk things over with Addicks, which was a distinct concession. A little later Rogers's representative was at the Hoffman and he and Addicks had it hot and heavy. After about fifteen minutes of conference they had wellnigh come to blows. However, the hot exchanges had begun to tell. Addicks grew saner, but he insisted on seeing Foster and Braman. I warned him that he was fast getting our affairs into such shape that no one could patch them up, but to no avail. He must meet his enemies face to face if only to ram into their teeth that they were scoundrels. Finally, I got Braman on the telephone and explained that I was doing my best to quiet a crazy man, who would consent to nothing until after he had seen him and Foster and told them what thieves they were. I heard Braman chuckle. He said: "Bring him along to Foster's house at 10.30," and added: "It wouldn't be a bad idea to have an ambulance along, too." That indicated another complication, for Braman has the reputation on "the Street" of being more eager to face a wild man on a rampage than a sick one with both arms tied, while Foster, although a little bit of a fellow, was never known to cross out of the way of trouble. I slipped word down to Moore at the Waldorf to follow along to Foster's place in a cab.

There are several "Spite Houses" in New York. Foster's home was one of them. It is a narrow strip of a brownstone dwelling at 79 West 54th Street, built to express the enmity of one property owner for his neighbor who refused to pay an extortionate price for the land. It is about the width of a front door, and inside there's just about room to move round. It was a queer background for the scene enacted there that night.

Promptly at 10.30 Addicks and I were at the door, and by 10.32 the tunnel-like walls of the "Spite House" resounded with as illuminated a verbal interchange of billingsgate biographies as I have ever listened to. At 10.35 I covered Addicks in a hasty but quite successful retreat which he beat to our cab. Thence to the Hoffman House, where I summoned Parker Chandler to aid in the calming of his raving associate. The next two hours were of the pulse-jumping, vein-tearing kind incidental to "frenzied finance," but they were not without avail, for Addicks finally agreed that he might consent to "something" provided the Bay State equities in the Boston companies were so preserved that he could eventually get them back into his hands by repayment to Rogers or by the redemption of bonds.

Having got so far, I again went after Braman and Foster, who were at the Hotel Cambridge. We repaired to the Metropolitan Club, which was then in the old A. T. Stewart marble palace on the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue, for further conference. I shall never forget that session. It was then past midnight, but the three of us battled with our nasty problem, now good-naturedly, now bitterly. At times it looked hopeless because of this obstinate demand or that steadfast refusal. It must have been at least three o'clock in the morning when I left them and stepped into the Waldorf for a moment to relieve Moore's vigil. Then back again to the Hoffman, where Addicks, Chandler, and some Bay State directors were nodding. By this time I was in no mood to say more than that I'd be over in the morning, and that Addicks should go early to the National Committee's headquarters and explain the desperation of conditions in Delaware to Hanna, Osborne, and their associates. At last I was free to return to the Brunswick for a few hours' rest.

In the country, cock-crow is the signal to be up and doing. In the city, the signal to be up and to do is a hoarse, metallic roar that would drown a million country cock-crows if each particular cock were as big as the mythical rooster of antiquity and could crow in proportion to his size. My readers, who dwell on the hills and in dales and wheat-

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fields, and who are unfamiliar with the wild, wierd early morning din of the city may not know that the metropolitan cock-crow is made up of the jingle and jangle of a million tin milk cans jolted over a million blocks of stone to the tune of thousands of steel-shod feet, the shrill cries of an army of butcher and baker boys and the groans and the moans of countless troubled and tortured human souls. Cock-crow in the country means, "Awake to another day of life." Cock-crow in the city is a signal for the slaves of Mammon to arise to another interval of fleet and pursuit.

The great city cock was just getting ready to send forth his hoarse cry as I went to bed, and he was still on his roost a few hours later, when I awoke. I looked from my window of the Brunswick across the Square, now flooded with the pure sunlight of early morning, and all the kinks and quirks and hobgoblins which the rush and irritation of yesterday had generated seemed to have vanished, and I could not suppress a smile at the thought of the night before, when this battle—this puny, insignificant battle for a few dirty dollars—had almost raised feelings I now knew too well should only be aroused by real battles, battles in which noble principles were involved, and I felt better able to fight what I had thought, the night before, was going to be a hard fight.

"Pshaw!" said I, as I looked away and beyond the park to the grand battle-fields of my better imagination, "What will it matter a hundred years hence what name appears against victor or vanquished in the archives of fame or the records of infamy when the student reads, "A. D. 1896, Bay State Gas-'Standard Oil' war," for I saw that among the countless real deeds there would be no room for any record to mark the existence of any Gas or Dollar war.

With these thoughts still in mind I sat down to breakfast with Parker Chandler, and as I listened to his cheerful gossip of yesterday, I inwardly "resolved" that whatever the result of the day's effort, I would take it with a smile.

Thursday was another period of strenuous struggle and unceasing effort. I began early, and every moment was taken up with arguments, wrangles, pleadings! Chandler had agreed to see that Addicks kept his appointment with the National Committee and that a quorum of Bay State directors should be on hand in the Hoffman so that we could get quick action on any proposition that came up. This arranged I hurried over to see Moore, then down for a last word with Rogers. Addicks came next for a spell; from him to Braman and Foster; back to Moore; more interviews with lawyers and round the circle again. It seemed as though it were impossible to arrive at any agreement that some one of the principals interested would not kick over. At four o'clock Friday morning John Moore and myself ceased our labors for the day, both of us wellnigh exhausted. With all our efforts many of the vital points to our agreement were still in the air. A few hours' sleep and we were back at our task, and by six o'clock that fateful Friday night the last obstacle had been overcome and the deal was completed.

There remained now the tremendous business of putting all the arrangements concluded into execution, and what a task it was! A multitude of legal documents had to be drawn up and executed, first by Rogers and then by the Bay State board of directors and officers. It was a pile of work, but not a second was lost, and by 11.20 that night we were ready for the third act, which was to be performed simultaneously by different sets of actors in Boston and Wilmington. For this our forces were split. With the directors of the Boston corporations, Chandler, and Rogers's attorney to supervise the legal end of next day's transaction, I left on a special car attached to the midnight train for Boston; while Addicks and the Bay State directors set forth on another midnight train for Wilmington, Del., to be followed in the early morning by my New York partner, John Moore's partner, Braman, Foster, and more counsel representing Rogers. This contingent was to carry the money.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### THE CIRCLING OF THE VULTURES

I don't believe there ever was before or since a financial operation in which so many things, each of vital importance, had to be done simultaneously.

Before I took the train for Boston, just after the last deed had been signed, Braman, Foster, and I had come to a complete understanding in regard to the manner in which the court proceedings the following morning should be conducted. It was understood that no one

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should take another's word for anything, and consequently that no money should pass until specific performance of all the required conditions. Immediately on the release of the receivership, Foster and Braman were to be paid their "fee," and they asked that the $175,000 cash coming to them should be arranged in separate piles of bills. The two packages containing Foster's and part of Buchanan's, and Braman's $50,000 were to be in the custody of John Moore's representative and my partner, who, with Rogers's counsel and Addicks, had been assigned to represent Bay State in the court.

What would happen after the transfer of these several amounts was outside my jurisdiction. Addicks did not confide to me his own scheme of revenge, but of Braman and Foster's purposes I had a clear idea. As Braman had explained, the great winning of his adventure should be made in the stock plunge he and Foster contemplated in Bay State Gas stock, then selling at 3½ to 4; but lest there be some slip-up in court, "buy" orders to their brokers were contingent on the word "go!" from Wilmington. To get this off at the right moment a clerk was taken along, whose only part in the play was to telephone this word "go!" They expected thus to make at least half a million.

Addicks's intentions were less exalted but much more direct. As I afterward learned, he had conceived a plan whereby without danger to himself he could punish Braman and Foster for the wrong they had done Bay State, and at the same time meet his election expenses at no cost to his own pocket. In the course of his electioneering campaign in Delaware, conducted as all the world knows how, Addicks had gathered to his cause as tough and rascally a set of "heelers" as ever waylaid aged woman or lame man on the highway. A lieutenant who had been despatched to Delaware early Friday afternoon, when it had become evident that we would get things settled up, gathered the sturdiest members of this precious troop together and solemnly told them that a serious hitch had occurred in Addicks's game and that it looked as though, owing to the receivership, there would be no "stuff" to put in circulation this year. The men responsible for this outrage were to be in Wilmington on the following day and from the appearance of things would get the money Addicks had destined for his followers. He understood they were to receive it in cash, too —$175,000—cash that really belonged to Addicks, who had intended it for his good friends in Delaware. The thugs, properly indignant at the wrong that had been done "the Boss," dispersed rapidly to discuss the information among themselves. That night a group of leaders got together and figured out a little plan of campaign to frustrate the robbery of their beloved master. Court proceedings to release the receivership could not take long, and they calculated that the train schedule would detain Braman and Foster at least two hours in Wilmington after the adjournment. What more easy than the organizing of a little scuffle on the station platform or on the street and in the rush—well, many things happen in a rush. This simple procedure commended itself to all concerned, and that night there was much rejoicing among the Addicks camp-followers at the pleasant things that should be "pulled off" at the flim-flamming bee next day.

All these things were in the air when court opened in Wilmington that eventful Saturday morning. A special telephone line had been run and arrangements made for a clear wire right into the directors' office in the headquarters of the Gas Light Company in Boston. At the telephone in Wilmington sat my partner ready to communicate to me the exact course of the proceedings, so I could simultaneously make the agreed transfers of our companies to Rogers. I knew my partner's voice; he knew mine. We, too, were taking no chances.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### COURT CORRUPTION AND COIN

The closing scene of this most significant drama was enacted before Judge Wales on that eventful Saturday morning in the Wilmington Circuit Court-room. There was nothing in the cold formality of the proceeding to indicate that here was the *dénouement* of a serio-comedy in which greed and ambition had clashed in a battle for millions, nor in the amiable indifference of the men who got within the enclosed space below the judge's desk, to suggest the murderous passions and fierce hatreds raging beneath the surface of the prevailing calm.

The *dramatis personæ* were gathered in little groups representing the separate interests—Addicks and some of his lieutenants, my partner at the telephone, John Moore's

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partner and Rogers's counsel with their heads together; Braman and Foster nearer the judge, their eyes wandering toward two dress-suit cases piled before John Moore's partner, which, it was understood, contained the money. At a glance it was impossible to tell the one containing Buchanan's share from the other laden with the receivership loot, but each was tagged, and it was evident that possibilities of a mix-up had been carefully guarded against. Behind Braman was his clerk, and in the rear of the court-room sat as many of Addicks's thugs as could squeeze into the narrow space reserved for spectators. They, too, eyed the dress-suit cases avidly, for the information had been passed around that these innocent receptacles contained the "stuff," of which the "Boss" was about to be robbed.

Court came to order. Foster rose, announced that the claims of his client had been satisfied, and made a formal motion to dismiss the receivership. Judge Wales formally consented, and as the clerk of the court was entering the dismissal in his minute-book my partner telephoned the facts to me. I sent back the word that my directors were resigning—had resigned—that Rogers's directors were being elected—had been elected—that the Boston gas companies were now transferred to Rogers. My partner whispered my words to John Moore's partner and Rogers's counsel. At once the two dress-suit cases, each loaded with currency, were slipped to Braman and Foster. Simultaneously the messenger who was to telephone to their broker rose and quickly left the court-room. A brief time longer was consumed in signing receipts, certificates, and other legal papers, and then the performance was over. Addicks rose and went out among his henchmen in the rear, who eagerly surrounded him. In the bustle Braman and Foster, each with his own booty, fled.

Let us see what was happening at the Boston end of the wire while all this dumb show was being enacted in the Wilmington Court House. My directors and officials were lined up against the walls of the directors' room in the Boston Gas Light Company's office like so many members of young John D. Rockefeller's Sunday-school class, inasmuch as they were prepared to listen, sing, or shout "Amen!" at any time they received the nod of the class-leader. In an adjoining room Rogers's counsel had a similar line-up, with the difference that mine were about to shed the crowns which the others were waiting to receive, and which would transform them from humble business-men into royal gas-kings. Through the open wire I was in such close touch with the scene in the Wilmington court-room that I was almost sure I heard the subdued weeping of the blindfolded Lady of the Scales on the bills which occupied such a prominent part in the disreputable proceedings. Nothing now could impede the course of events, so I concluded to take Time by the headgear and secure what Bay State stock was in the market before Braman and Foster got in their work. So, over another wire, which was at my elbow, I gave the word "go!" to my own brokers in Boston and New York, and when a few minutes later they told me they were securing thousands of shares, and the stock was climbing toward 10, I could not repress an inward chuckle at the thought that the money we had so reluctantly parted with would only spread over one-half or one-third the surface it was originally intended to cover.

It was all over in a few minutes, and when my partner said: "It's done," and "By Jove, there go Dwight Braman and Roger Foster on the dead run with a dress-suit case apiece!" I held my sides as Parker Chandler in his inimitable way bawled: "Tom, let's leave our straw hats on the pegs, for we'll probably be back next spring, figuring out how to pump air enough through the gas-measuring meters to pay for that money we've just loaned Braman and Foster for a day or two."

Chandler is a cynic. He is six feet four, weighs 300 pounds, has a heart, tongue, and brain in proportion, and is known throughout clubdom as an expert on the inner-man. All six-feet-four, 300-pound, club raconteur, inner-men experts are cynics.

Braman and Foster, as I have observed before, knew their business. The danger to which $175,000 in currency would be exposed, in a territory controlled by Addicks, had appealed to their cautious instincts, and once outside the court-room they literally took to their heels and ran for a corner of the railway yard, where awaiting them was a special car and engine. They jumped aboard, yelling to the engineer: "Let her go." In the meantime eager-eyed ruffians searched the streets and hung round the hotels, looking for two men with dress-suit cases. A hundred of them were on the station platform, awaiting the departure of the regular train. Ten minutes

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before leaving-time one of the henchmen appeared among the gang, and passed round the word that the gents and the "stuff" had got off by a special, and it was no use waiting any longer. Later that afternoon, Addicks, to use his own words, in one of his rendezvous, "dealt out his own good money in place of that he had hoped would take care of the people's rights."

It was a fierce session of the Stock Exchange that Saturday morning. Shortly before closing time a new set of brokers were frantically grabbing for Bay State stock round 10, and Monday morning, when all the world knew that the receivership had been lifted and our company was itself again, the same crowd continued to buy fiercely. To these eager purchasers I resold all that I had previously gathered, and enough short besides, to compensate me for some of the losses I had previously suffered, for this latter I was enabled to repurchase at half price, when news came that another suit had begun against Bay State. This so shattered the nerves of Braman and Foster that they retired, having made up their minds that they did not know quite as much about one end of frenzied finance as they did about the other. However, nothing came of the suit in question, for it was evident when the transfer of the Boston gas companies to Rogers's control became known, that the Bay State Gas receivership business had at last run out its long run.

My readers will not object if I again call their attention to the inevitable workings of the law of compensation. The losses occasioned by the market action of Bay State stock in these four days so mixed up Braman and Foster in their financial accounts that later they were sued by their client, Buchanan, who in court stated that he in turn was so confused as to what was done in connection with this business that he really knew less after it was over than before the suits were brought. But one thing was indelibly impressed upon his mind—that his bonds had disappeared in the whirl and he had not received anything for them. I think this suit is still pending.

Here ends the first part of my story of Frenzied Finance. The incidents in the career of Bay State Gas, brutal as they must seem to men and women unversed in the methods of corporation manipulations, are mild in comparison with the recital of lawlessness and greed that is to follow. When I began this narrative, I foresaw that the facts I had to lay before my readers would seem incredible if I did not first familiarize them with the ways of frenzied finance and its votaries. It is well enough for the few who know, or think they know, finance and stocks —and what an infinitely small minority they are as against the millions whose sole knowledge of the subject is confined to the losses and sufferings entailed upon them through the knavery and double-dealing of so-called financiers—it is well enough for these few to reproach me with telling old stories and demand that I give them the crimes of Amalgamated, which are the only things they want of me. But to such critics I desire to say here that this story is not written for or at them. It is not important to me or to them that they should read what I have to say. My purpose is to educate the people of this country to the fraud and rapacity rampant in the world of finance. I propose to bring home to them the peril of their situation, for if some check is not put on the practices through which the "System," with devilish ingenuity, is riveting its clutches, first, on the money of the country in national and savings banks and insurance companies, and then on the channels of transportation, the great bulk of our people will be reduced to a condition of serfdom.

No reader or critic has regretted more than I that it has been necessary to consume seven issues of the magazine in thus preparing the way for a proper understanding of the crimes to which I am now coming.

The second part of the story, commencing with the next number, will be devoted to the inception and creation of the Amalgamated Copper Company. If I have succeeded in awakening my readers to a sense of the dangers by which they are encompassed, the forthcoming chapters, with their sickening burden of double-dealing, brutality, and defiance of the law, will not fall upon heedless or indifferent ears. Then I can truly say to my critics that what they conceived a detriment was my object, and that, therefore, their loss has been my gain.

Continued on page 65 of the ***Advertising Section*** of this issue.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE: Owing to the great demand, we have been obliged to reprint the earlier chapters of "Frenzied Finance" in pamphlet form. Sent for twenty-five cents, or free upon request with a dollar for a year's subscription.

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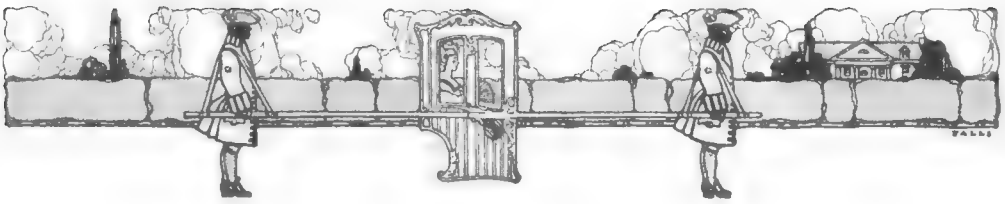

# Southern Society and Its Leaders

By ANNULET ANDREWS

IN a review of the society of the South and the elements that go to make it up, I cannot begin conscientiously with the statement that people are alike the world over. To me people—even well-bred people who wear frocks and bonnets stamped with the same names, who speak in modulated tones as all well-bred people do, who have good manners, good educations, good bank accounts, and good blood, all the adjuncts necessary for social purposes—to me these people all have the stamp somewhere upon them of their upbringing and the clime from which they came. It would be extremely stupid if they did not. Southern society in such circumstances would resemble the Southern plays wherein one type has done duty for generations, though it may be stated that the composite voice of the best Southern people would not in the least resemble the nasal drawl, with its illiterate pronunciation, which is accredited along with a slouch hat, a broadcloth suit, and top-boots, to the "down South" hero of the Southern drama. There are dozens of different dialects in the South, and by these may one discover the native place of the most cultivated people, with as much ease as the French ear discerns the best bred *dame du Midi* by her soft, long-drawn-out voice, and differentiates between the nasal notes of northern France and the bird-like twitterings of the native Parisian. Kentucky and Tennessee take on a tinge of the West in their r's and o's. The Virginian and Bostonian of the best class speak much alike, but by the Virginian's peculiar pronunciation of "car" is the native state revealed. There is little difference in the accent of the people of the different middle Southern states save in the coast cities. Charleston and Savannah people have a pronunciation peculiarly their own. They talk rapidly, and the patois in the lower classes is almost unintelligible.

There are differences, too, in the appearance of Southern women, due to climate and locality; due also to their upbringing. In New Orleans, for instance, the Creole girl is almost as restricted as her Parisian sister, and can scarcely be accounted an American at all.

It is true that the new life of the South is eliminating these differences to some extent. In the old days Southern women were refined and cultured, but they were home-keeping people. As a rule the daughters of good families received their education from governesses, under the paternal roof. Nowadays many Southern girls are educated in the North or abroad, though in the matter of American finishing schools the South is still in a large measure faithful to Baltimore, and the majority of Southern girls of smart society who are educated outside of their own states are sent to one of the famous schools in Maryland. This excellent foundation is supplemented usually by a year or more in Europe, where the girl naturally assimilates the *chic* appearance and the coquetry of the French woman. Nevertheless, the discerning can usually find traits which reveal a Southern woman's native state, under all her foreign polish.

Southern cities themselves vary greatly from one another in their character. Atlanta, by reason of its growth, its progress, its newness, has been called the Chicago of the South. It is different from any other Southern city in nearly all respects. It is the city of the New South, brilliant, independent, initiative. It is the biggest city of



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its size in the universe; its scandals, its enterprises, its entertainments are all on a colossal scale. It is always to the fore, always in evidence. If something sensational happens in another city, Atlanta is sure to go it one better by producing a sensation more startling. Just as society has been dulled and contracted by the selfishness and egotism of many other cities, so has society expanded and blossomed in Atlanta, through the unselfishness and breadth of its leaders. Atlanta is the Gate City of the South, and the gates stand open. Streams of new people pour in constantly and are absorbed into the city's life. These newcomers take their places according to their individual merits and tastes. The clubs, of course, have the accepted standards for membership, and the stranger to be admitted must bring proper credentials, but social Atlanta makes no great point of pedigrees. This is paradoxical, since the majority of the founders of its social fabric are men and women of most aristocratic birth. The president of the Capital City Club, Major Livingston Mims, embodies in his personality those qualities which made the Old South's reputation for gallantry, picturesqueness and fine lineage, and yet he is the most progressive and democratic of men. He has lived up to the times and taken on the spirit of the New South.

In the loyalty of Atlanta people to Atlanta lies the city's power for social growth. They love their city and live for it, work for it, entertain for it. Society accepts newcomers on their own merits, it is true, but these newcomers must have merits. Any newcomer, no matter how much money she has, how well she dresses or entertains, makes herself unpopular the instant she shows herself the least bit of a snob. She then learns, to her chagrin, that Atlanta's generosity is a case of *noblesse oblige;* and if she cannot be one in spirit with the well-bred, unpretentious leaders of the smart set, if she wishes to close her doors against other newcomers and form an exclusive circle of her own, her social position is radically injured.

The Capital City Club of Atlanta stands out among its *genre* as exceptional. Eminently a man's club of the conservative, heavyweight sort, it has opened its doors wider to women than any other club of its kind in America. The club-house, standing at the gateway of aristocratic Peachtree, is handsome and spacious. Several years ago there was added a ball-room which is one of the most beautiful in the country. There is a restaurant for ladies to which club members may take their women-folk, or where the latter, married or single, may entertain other women in any way or at any time they desire. This example, as has been demonstrated by experience, might well be followed by many other men's clubs at present less generous to the fair sex. The restaurant is entered by a winding, picturesque balcony at the left of the club-house, and is a thing apart from the main building. The south veranda and restaurant belong to the women, and not one of them would think of intruding beyond, into the holy of holies of masculine clubdom.

There is no fox-hunting and little riding in Atlanta's smart set, but a great deal of driving and coaching. The Horse Show, given in the autumn, opens the season brilliantly, and serves to usher in the months of lavish entertaining for which Atlanta is noted. It attracts society people from all the Southern cities, and from the view-point of dress and beauty is one of the most notable of its kind in America. During the Show the quaintly picturesque Piedmont Driving Club is very much the centre of things.

In every respect Atlanta is progressive. Many of its social leaders take an active interest in club life, reforms, and the broader educational movements with which progressive women are everywhere identified these days. Mrs. Joseph Thompson, whose beauty and charming personality are so well known in Southern society, and whose country place, Brookwood, is a social hub for Atlanta's smart set, held the responsible office of president of the Women's Department of the Cotton States at the International Exposition of a few years ago. Mrs. W. B. Lowe, another brilliant social leader, held for two terms the office of president of the Federation of Women's Clubs of the United States. Mrs. J. K. Ottley, prominent in those educational movements which have for their purpose the solution of some of the South's most serious problems, is another woman whose brain and time are divided between smart society and the serious side of woman's work.

Mrs. James Warren English, Jr., is eminently a social leader in the younger set, a clever and *chic* woman, who makes a career, and a very brilliant one, in society. In any list of those who are recognized leaders in Atlanta's social life, especial prominence would be given Mrs. Clark Howell, wife of

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the editor of *The Atlanta Constitution*. Others socially prominent are Mrs. Edward C. Peters, Mrs. William Inman, Mrs. John Grant, Mrs. Robert Maddox, Mrs. W. H. Kiser, Mrs. Wilmer Moore, Mrs. H. M. Atkinson, and Mrs. Robert J. Lowry—or rather Captain and Mrs. Lowry, for the two are always associated in the minds of Southern society; their coaching parties and their many delightful and lavish ways of entertaining, and above all their personalities, have made them among the most popular people in the South. Mrs. Clark Howell, who as Miss Comer was a great belle in Southern society, is one of the few native Savannah women who have assimilated with the social life of Atlanta. She is a woman of strong personality and great charm and beauty, and her social position is a dignified and distinguished one.

Atlanta and Savannah are, from a social standpoint, as diametrically opposite as Jack Sprat and his wife. Let the stranger within the gates of Savannah come with a broad smile, a full purse, and a genial desire to amuse and be amused, yet if he bring not with him a family-tree upon which the Savannah aristocrats can hang their faith, he might just as well give his dollars over for paving-stones. Birth is everything, and with it all things are accepted. You may work for a living and wear a five-year-old bonnet, if only you have blue blood. Nothing else counts. There are, moreover, certain rules one must hearken to before being allowed the freedom of the city—strange rules, indeed, are these to the untrammelled girl of Atlanta; for whereas there she is free to regard the denizens of the Capital City Club reading their newspapers on the colonnade, and even to eat and drink in proximity to their retreat, she may not even lift her modest eyes to the balcony of Savannah's Oglethorpe Club, which overhangs one of the broad thoroughfares of the down-town section. This is manifestly quite unfair, since the men from their lofty perch may look down upon feminine shoppers without even a haughty "How dare you, sir!" from the eyes of the oppressed. If it be a breach of social decorum to gaze at the club portico, it is social anarchy and high treason for any woman of position to be seen walking, in the light of day and the upholding consciousness of her own honesty, upon any street along "The Bay," the cotton district of the city. It is dirty and smells of oyster-shells down there, so no woman would wilfully seek it as a promenade, but the more progressive and free women of broader environment rather resent the fact that they cannot with decorum walk on any street they choose.

These be some of Savannah's narrownesses and restrictions, more than made up for by the beauty of the city, the simple manners, the unpretentious hospitality of the people in her smart set to such newcomers as are admitted to its circle. Like Philadelphia, Savannah has intermarried much. Everybody is more or less related to everybody else. The Elliotts, the Schleys, the Lawtons, the Cummings, the Gordons, the Habershams are all connected with one another in some way. Mrs. Willie Gordon may be mentioned as one of the social leaders, and besides her Southern affiliations she has the distinction of having been the first white child born in Chicago. Mrs. Alexander R. Lawton is another leading woman of Savannah society; she was the daughter of the late Bishop Beckwith of the Episcopalian diocese of Georgia. There is much riding and driving in Savannah, the principal drive being the great white shell road shaded by live oaks that leads to the club-house at Thunderbolt, where there are famous fish dinners. Walking is also, strange to say, a fad in this semi-tropical city. Bull Street is the city's Mall, and along its walks and in its statue-ornamented squares one may see all the younger portion of society between four and six in the afternoon, for it is an outdoor city. In the season there is of course the usual round of formal dinners, but in the autumn and spring the entertaining is continuous but informal. This easy, open-air life on the proper street perhaps makes up to the Savannah girl for the restrictions about the bay and the club. Savannah has always been more in touch with foreign life and its social elements than most Southern cities. Being a coast city it is brought in contact with European countries through its foreign trade, and a number of Savannah women have made brilliant foreign marriages.

New Orleans stands by itself among the cities of the South, and, indeed, is *sui generis* among American towns. The old Creole set declares now that the life which made it once worthy to be called the Little Paris is fast fading away, as the result of the inevitable absorption of the Latin by the Anglo-Saxon; but to the outsider the city is still wonderfully picturesque, poetic, and foreign. The Mardi

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Gras will in itself give New Orleans a peculiar distinction long after the complete merging of Latin and American. Meanwhile, we still have the Creole and the Anglo-Saxon types distinct in smart society. But the latter are marrying and rearing semi-French children to a future appreciation of the *café bouilli* and *bouille-abaisse* of the famous quaint French restaurants. As long as these remain, even though people may speak English and eat cold joints outside their sacred walls, New Orleans will retain her individuality.

There is nothing similar to the festal week of Mardi Gras in any other city in America. It is a time for brilliant social entertaining in addition to the receptions and balls of the several Mardi Gras clubs. Of the large balls, that of Proteus is the most brilliant and exclusive. This ball means more to the Creole *débutante* than can any ball to another young

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BARONESS VON STERNBERG, WIFE OF THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR, FORMERLY MISS LANGHAM, OF LOUISVILLE.

*Photograph by Hoffman, Savannah, Ga.*

MRS. CLARKE HOWELL, OF ATLANTA.

American bud. While other girls are often already little women of the world before they "come out" formally, the Creole girl is a social infant. To her, man is the great mystery. Add to this unknown quantity fancy costumes, lights, flowers, favors, music, a ball-room floor swaying with brilliant masked figures, and the heart of a girl throbbing above it all with excitement, expectancy, anxious nervousness. The girl—along with other girls and their chaperons—sits in the balcony overhanging the ball-room. From this balcony the maskers choose their dancing partners; and the Creole girl may descend when she is beckoned by a masked knight! Like a princess in a fairy tale, she may go down alone to her cavalier and dance with him. In a box apart from the rest, hung

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with rich draperies, sits the Queen of the Carnival, with her maids of honor and cavaliers. Many of the reigning women of New Orleans society have been queens of the carnival.

Smart society in New Orleans lives much out-of-doors, hunting, fishing, and boating. There are country clubs and yacht clubs. Sunday is a gala day with smart people, a day of rest and recreation, and society is seen to great advantage on Sunday evenings at the French opera. This permanent opera is another distinctive social feature. It has existed for many years, and all the leading people in society take boxes for the season. The stars and the entire companies are, like the wardrobes of smart New Orleans women, imported from Paris.

New Orleans has no one distinctive social leader, but there are many brilliant and attractive women who may be mentioned as social lights. Madame Hugues de la Vergne, a woman of great charm and beauty, is one of the leaders in the old Creole society, as is Madame Laroussini. Miss Arthemise Baldwin, recently married to Mr. Ottmann, of New York, was one of the leading belles and beauties. She was queen of the carnival last year. The daughter of a Boston father and a Creole mother, she represents both the old and the new social *régimes*. In the St. Charles Avenue set, Mrs. Frank Hayne, wife of the millionaire cotton operator, is a social star. She entertains with great lavishness and brilliance, and has a most charming personality. Mrs. Charles Payne Fenner, Mrs. P. F. Pescud, and Mrs. William Dixon, all former queens of the carnival, are socially prominent.

Mrs. Emmanuel Senn is a most interesting figure in the social life both of New Orleans and Chicago. As Miss Alys Laroussini she was one of the noted queens of the carnival. An Italian on one side and pure Creole on the other, she has the beauty of both races, and in addition a marvellous voice, which would have insured fame as a singer had her lines been cast in professional life. She claims both the Western metropolis and the South as home, and spends half of each winter in her native city.

MADAME HUGUES DE LA VERGNE, OF NEW ORLEANS.

The Tennesseean has often been styled the Yankee of the South, and with good reason in the light of the canny money-making qualities of Tennessee men in general and of such well-known Tennesseeans in particular as the Inmans, Swanns, Lowrys, Wilsons, and many others who figure in the financial world. The acute financial cleverness which characterizes Tennessee men finds expression in her women in an unusual breadth and intellectuality. The smart women of Tennessee society, though feminine, fond of gayety and dress and all that constitutes the ornamental aspect of life, seem also to develop the intellectual side to an unusual degree. Naturally quick-witted, original, and mentally independent, they have added to these gifts the grace of much culture—an unpedantic, delightful sort of culture that illuminates but never bores. I say advisedly that Tennessee women are, as a class, intellectually independent, for there is much difference between independence of thought and of action. The typical society leader of Tennessee is a broad-minded woman, conventional in dress and conduct. Nashville is one of the oldest and most conservative cities in the South. Its society is established, wealthy, lavish in its hospitality, but never ostentatious. Many members of Nashville's smart set spend most of their time in the country, there being more handsome country places in the vicinity of Tennessee's capital than about any other

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*Photograph by Wilson, Macon, Ga.*

MRS. DE LANCEY KOUNTZ, FORMERLY MISS MARTHA JOHNSTON, OF MACON, GA.

Southern city. Belle Meade and Oak Hill, the historic country seats of the Jackson and Washington families respectively, are the best known perhaps, but every year adds to the out-of-town colony. To one unacquainted with the South it may be surprising to learn that Nashville can boast of more fancy horses and of finer hunting even than Louisville. Nashville women hunt as fearlessly as their English cousins and, to paraphrase Kipling, they "have real foxes to hunt for and never come croppers at all." Their hunting club has no *papier maché* riding to hounds, for the anise-bag is an unknown quantity and a Nashville horsewoman feels her ambition unattained until she has won the brush. The great ball of the season is the Hermitage Club ball, which occurs on Jackson Day, the eighth of January. This is attended by members of smart society from other cities, and it is to Nashville what the St. Cecilia ball is to Charleston, and the Mardi Gras balls to New Orleans.

There are a number of women in Nashville who stand forth prominently as social leaders. Mrs. George Washington is one of the great beauties of the state. As Miss Woods she was a national belle, and in her married life she is noted for her delightful hospitality, her smart toilets and beauty, but above all for her winning charm of manner. Mrs. Matt Gardner, who was Miss Sadie Polk Fall, the great-granddaughter of President Polk, is a woman of unusual beauty and fascination. Mrs. Joseph Washington, a Virginian by birth, is distinguished and handsome. Her social tact and charm made her a distinctive factor in Washington society during her husband's long service as a member of Congress. Mrs. Van Leer Kirkman was the president of the woman's department of the Tennessee Centennial Exposition, and gave that position the same social prestige that Mrs. Joseph Thompson conferred upon it in Atlanta.

Memphis is a delightful city socially. The people are wealthy, hospitable, and aristocratic. Mar-

*Photograph by Burr McIntosh, New York.*

MRS. GEORGE WASHINGTON, OF NASHVILLE, TENN.

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ried people lead society, and it is their boast that they have never had a scandal. The first great event of the Memphis season is the race-meet at Billings Park, and the last, the running races at the Country Club. The latter occur in the Easter season, and during the three weeks of racing, society lunches and dines at the club. The Tennessee Club, which ranks with the Capital City of Atlanta, gives two large balls and two cotillons during the winter.

Among the Memphis women of wealth and good birth who entertain brilliantly and are distinctive social figures, Mrs. P. P. Van Vleet is perhaps the best known. Her country home, Chetowah, is a beautiful mansion about which Memphis society centres. Mrs. James Robinson, Mrs. Robert Cooper, and Mrs. Edward Carey are leading women; and among the younger set Mrs. Dan Grant, Mrs. Lee Mallory and Mrs. Jack Edrington are perhaps the smartest and most popular.

Louisville has much of the dash and brilliancy of Nashville, but is less conventional. The men and women who make it up are good to look upon, full of animal spirits, and understand the meaning of the joy of living. The Louisville girl might be designated as the woman on horseback, for she rides at all times and seasons. I have often heard Kentucky women likened to English women, but there is no similarity between them save good complexions and a passion for riding. The Kentucky woman, if she must be compared to a foreigner at all, is much more like a splendid Viennese of the *haut ton* than like any other European. Born and bred, as it were, in the blue grass, and a child of nature in her love for athletics and the open, there is about the high-bred Kentucky type a voluptuous physical splendor, exotic in its suggestion. I have seen girls riding along the white roads in the blue-grass region who, in their bearing, their masses of bright hair, their clear-cut and haughty features, suggested sumptuous princesses in mediæval legends far more than the buxom pastoral type one would naturally associate with blue grass and clover.

*Photograph by London, Atlanta, Ga.*

MRS. JOSEPH THOMPSON, OF ATLANTA.

The smart set of Louisville has a deal of hunting and racing and entertaining in the season. The most notable ball is that of the Satellites of Mercury. This is presided over by a queen who is chosen from among the reigning beauties of the season. Enid Yandell, the well-known sculptor, was the queen upon one occasion, and Miss Elise Castleman is considered to have been the most beautiful of all the beautiful women who have worn the crown at these balls.

There are a great many fine country places not only near Louisville but all through Kentucky. Some are modern, but many still kept up in splendid style are historical homes of the ante-bellum days. The war did not devastate Kentucky, so old traditions and old homes remain fresh and free from sinister memories. The people have had for over a century an existence of peace and plenty in the finest climate and most beautiful country in America. It is no wonder, therefore, that Kentucky society has flourished joyously under such conditions. The Castleman sisters, Mrs. Hone, of New York and Miss Elise Castleman, have always been considered the leading lights of Louisville in a broad sense, for while a number of other women have as much local prominence none is so well known in cosmopolitan society. Alice Castleman, now Mrs. Hone, is the Southern beauty whom Mr. Astor made the vogue in New York society, and her sister, recently married to C. Elmer Railey, the noted horseman, has also been a belle in Gotham's smart set. Mrs. Edward Fergu-

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MRS. C. ELMER RAILEY, FORMERLY MISS ELISE CASTLEMAN, OF LOUISVILLE.

Charleston is a delightful and interesting old Southern city socially, noted for its elegant, if quaint, fashion of living, its good blood, and social conservatism. The chaperon, to whom American society is again turning, has always been a factor in Charleston society, as she has been in New Orleans and Savannah. Yet Charleston, like the elegant old Grandmama in the "Impressions of Ambrosine," is not without her piquant past. In the early days, when society was mainly made up of Huguenot families, French customs and French wit abounded on "The Battery," Charleston's social Rialto, and delicious stories are still told of a charmer of that time, one Madame Pettigrew, who received the belles and beaux of her day in a pink boudoir and a bed hung with silk in *couleur de rose*. It is rumored that, like Mrs. Skewton, she sank into her eternal sleep in a pink *peignoir* with a *bon mot* on her lips. Among the clever and aristocratic women of to-day who sustain Charleston's social prestige are Mrs. Sallie Calhoun Simonds, Mrs. Augustin Smythe, Mrs. John Simonds, and Mrs. Andrew Simonds.

son is one of the wealthy and beautiful women of Louisville who are socially prominent. Mrs. Culbertson, Mrs. Rowland Whitney, Mrs. Arthur Langham, and Mrs. Bruce Haldeman are leaders.

Mrs. Sallie Calhoun Simonds occupies a similar position in Charleston to that of Mrs. Jack Gardner in Boston. She is a *grande dame*, a patroness of art and letters, a woman of great personal magnetism and social tact. Her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Andrew Simonds, is a cosmopolitan socially, yet is brilliantly identified with Charleston society, and is its leading factor among the younger set. She was Miss Daisy Breaux, of New Orleans, a coquettish beauty with a puissant wit and great tact and fascination of manner. She built a picturesque new house in the heart of Charleston's Faubourg. There she set up her lares and penates, and conservative society flocked about her and enjoyed her *bons mots*. They had been suppressed for generations, and it gave them delightful little thrills to hearken to opinions from Mrs. Simonds's clever lips that none of them had ever dared formulate, even in the inner sanctuaries of their minds. Mrs. Simonds became the vogue; she is still the vogue. She went ahead and did what she wanted before anyone had time to check her. The dear old conservative folk left behind in the running could only gasp and exclaim: "Did you ever!" The

*Photograph by Hemeier & Clark, Richmond.*

MRS. MINNIE ALLISON AND SON, OF RICHMOND, VA.

*Photograph by The Falk Studio, New York.*

MRS. ARTHUR LANGHAM, OF LOUISVILLE.

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things she did were all good for Charleston, but a conservative town is like an obstinate invalid. It objects to being done for. Mrs. Simonds was the moving spirit at the Charleston Exposition, and when President Roosevelt paid his visit there, her home was the only private residence at which he called.

*Photograph by Hfsted, New York.*

MRS. JAMES BROWN POTTER, FORMERLY MISS MAY HANDY, OF RICHMOND, VA.

Some months ago, I asked a friend just from Richmond whom he had seen there.

He answered: "Miss Handy."

"But other people. You saw other people," I insisted.

"No, just Miss Handy," he replied.

Now this seems extreme, because there are many beautiful and socially prominent women in Richmond, yet, from the standpoint of leadership my friend's view was reasonable, because Miss Handy, recently married to James Brown Potter, of New York, has been for years the pride and social toast of her native city. Her beauty is incomparable. It is a beauty that penetrates to the soul. She is exquisite in mind and character.

Richmond is a lovely old city; it abounds in dignified homes, and mahogany furniture, and mint juleps, and men with nice profiles and courtly manners. To the Southerner it is always the city of Thomas Nelson Page, and you want to be polite in it because everybody you meet is polite and smiling, and makes you think well of yourself and the world in general. Business for the men who figure in society finishes early in the afternoon, consequently the women fare well. They have men to drive and golf with in suitable weather, and men actually come to afternoon tea; real men, not the sawdust afternoon-tea men. The Country Club is the goal of fashionable folk in pleasant weather, and the usual round of receptions and balls fills the winter season. One of the distinctive features of Richmond social life is the dress parade after church on Sunday, when fashion and beauty are to be seen in fine array on picturesque Franklin Street.

Mrs. Minnie Allison, a young widow, is one of the most sought-after women in Richmond society, and is distinctly a leader, though she is not a Virginian by birth.

Mrs. Floyd Hughes, *née* Miss Virgie Brock, of Richmond, is a typical Virginian. She was one of the Greenbriar White belles before her marriage, and as a matron has continued her social life brilliantly in Richmond society.

Among the beautiful Southern women who have recently married in the North is Mrs. De Lancy Kountz, who was Miss Martha Johnston, of Macon. Her mother was a Miss Wilson, and she is thereby connected with the Vanderbilts, the Goelets of New York, and Lady Herbert, wife of the late British Ambassador to the United States.

*Photograph by W. J. Root, Chicago*

MRS. EMMANUEL SENN, OF CHICAGO, FORMERLY MISS ALYS LAROUSSINI, OF NEW ORLEANS.

Mrs. McEwen Johnston is perhaps the most prominent figure in Macon's younger married set, and she is also associated with the smart sets of New York and Washington. Among other women of prominence in Macon may be mentioned Mrs. George Duncan, Mrs. William Felton,

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Mrs. Minter Wimberly, and Mrs. Wortham.

There is, indeed, little difference in the things society people do in the South and elsewhere. Southern people, however, have a universal gift for informal entertaining. It is their inheritance, and perhaps Southern women in the aggregate entertain informally with more grace and ease than any other Americans. The South is socially behind-hand in one particular only. Divorce is not as yet a social menace. There are scandals, unhappy marriages, but, as a whole, these may be accounted as exceptional; and when the state of Hymen is difficult, the general tendency is to live unhappily though married, rather than to resort to the divorce courts.

Southern society is conservative in all of its fundamental principles, yet freer in many minor respects than society elsewhere. Southern people have little surface seriousness, and to people reared in colder climates they may at times seem unduly irresponsible. The unmarried people have a freer life. Chaperons in most Southern cities are deemed necessary only for functions. There is a great deal of playing at sentiment. Engagements are entered into and broken more lightly than in the North, but this sort of preliminary skirmishing may account for the fidelity in the final choice. Southern society girls do not "go in" for things. They are fond of dress and all the ornamental and luxurious accessories of life, yet they are clever to a remarkable degree in practical, domestic accomplishments. Their homes are well ordered, they understand cooking, and, if not practical chefs themselves, they can, through knowing just how things ought to be done, train the rawest servants. They are exponents, if not of the life of the old days, of its training and precepts; for while we hear from the elders of the South much lamentation over the downfall of "old families," it remains a fact to-day that the men and women who lead Southern society are the descendants of those men and women who led it in ante-bellum days.

*Photograph by Histed, New York.*

MRS. ANDREW SIMONDS, OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

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# INTIMATE PORTRAITS

Men and Women Who are Doing Interesting Things

*Photograph by Burrell & Co., Brockton, Mass.*

WILLIAM L. DOUGLAS.

The victory of William L. Douglas, Democrat, who ran for Governor in Massachusetts, was the most spectacular and one of the most significant features of the fall elections. His career as doffer boy, prairie-schooner driver, shoemaker and millionaire manufacturer won for him large pluralities in the manufacturing centres. Unprecedented features marked his campaign. The State of Massachusetts was literally placarded with posters bearing his war cry, "Reciprocity—No Protection to the Trusts." On the stump he effectively resorted to a system of object-lessons to enforce his points, and throughout he employed that vigorous and scientific system of advertising which he understands so well. As a result he swept by 35,710 votes the hidebound Republican State of Massachusetts, Roosevelt at the same time carrying it by an 86,279 plurality.



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*Photograph by J. E. Curtiss, Madison, Wisconsin.*

ROBERT M. LA FOLLETTE.

Three men who triumphed conspicuously in the fall elections are significant of a new development in American politics: they stand for the common interests of all of us as against the special interests of a few. The first of these is Governor La Follette of Wisconsin. He found that to represent the people meant to fight the System, so he fought the System. He has fought it for sixteen years. He was beaten twice for the nomination of his party for Governor. Money, corruption beat him. Then he won the nomination and was elected, but his measures were beaten in the Legislature by corruption. He reorganized the party and now is entering upon a third term with the party, the Legislature and the people of the state pledged to his policy.

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JOSEPH W. FOLK.

The second of our trio is "that man Folk" of Missouri. La Follette discovered the System in Congress. Folk discovered it in the boodle operations of the municipal legislature of St. Louis. La Follette started his fight in the politics of his party. Folk followed the facts into court, convicted bribers and bribe-takers, met reversals in the state courts, and—to finish his work—leaped into politics. He raised the issue, boodle vs. anti-boodle, and went as the Democratic nominee for Governor before the whole people. And the whole people elected Folk on fundamentally the same platform as that of the Republican La Follette.

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*Photograph by The Root Studios, Chicago.*

CHARLES S. DENEEN.

The reformers and newspapers of Chicago, having set out to clean up their town, found as Folk did in St. Louis, that the corrupted state was against a reforming city. They had to have the state. So they asked the Republican party to nominate for Governor, Charles S. Deneen, who had shown as State's Attorney a realization of the decisive force of public opinion in Illinois politics. The System opposed him; but public opinion won. Deneen was overwhelmingly elected. Thus we have three politicians setting out as Governors, deliberately, definitely to gain promotion from the people by serving the interest of the people.

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FRANK W. HIGGINS.

One of the surprises of the 8th of November was the election of the Hon. Frank W. Higgins to the governorship of New York State. He had been fiercely attacked as the docile creature of the Republican Machine, which was regarded by many Republicans as both corrupt and ruthless, and there was a prevalent expectation that he might be defeated on a split ticket. In the course of a bitter campaign he was able to convince a majority of the people that he was neither subordinate nor untrustworthy, and he was elected by a handsome plurality. Mr. Higgins is a business man of wide experience. He entered politics in 1893 as a State Senator. He steps through the lieutenant-governorship to the highest office in the state.

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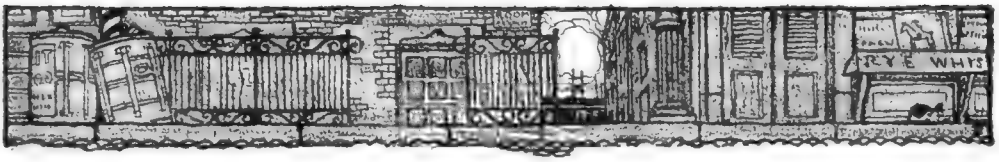


# Six Weeks in Beggardom

## In an Attempt to Solve the Question, "Shall We Give to Beggars?"

By THEODORE WATERS

Illustrated with Photographs

II

I STOPPED working the missions eventually, because many nights spent in them and the certainty of being able to spend many more proved to me beyond doubt that nimble-witted wayfarers live upon their bounty almost indefinitely, and that an honest wayfarer is welcome to live upon them until he strikes the job of which supposedly he is in search. I think it can therefore be stated decisively that if the man on the street be not able to collect one cent of the passer-by, it does not follow that he will starve. I did not, and the time spent by me in the test was sufficiently long to have caused me much suffering had the necessities of life been denied me.

Having looked at the conditions from the

*Photographed for Everybody's Magazine by A. Wentworth Scott.*

A MENDICANT OF THE "WHEEZER" CLASS, SO-CALLED BECAUSE OF THE BROKEN-WINDED INSTRUMENT CARRIED.



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*Photograph by H. McMichael, New York.*
THE AUTHOR IN ONE OF HIS SEVERAL DISGUISES.

standpoint of the man who does not beg, I then set out to investigate the life of the man on the street to whom money is given by the charitably inclined. In order to do this I had myself made up as a professional mendicant. I wore the same old suit of hand-me-downs, but my left arm was now hung in a sling and the odor of iodoform clung about me like the breath of a hospital.

Once on my way along this line of inquiry, it was as though I had stepped into another world. I could not seek the shelter of any institution without exposing the sham of my bandaged arm. I could not, naturally, seek my friends; indeed, I dreaded meeting with one. I was not acquainted with any real beggars to whom I could turn for company, although I saw several as I trudged along. Pedestrians shunned me as they passed, hurrying through the zone of that pestiferous smell and beyond sight of my thumb which, painted in the semblance of gangrene, was not good to look upon. I was indeed alone in the crowd. Yet although it was necessary that I collect a sufficient amount of money to see me through the night, it was hours before I actually begged; in the first place because I was soon spotted by one of the mendicant squad of the Charity Organization Society, who followed me for over an hour before, with much doubling up and down and around, I was able to shake him from the trail; in the second place because, when the opportunity arrived at last, I could not for a long while force myself to utter the stereotyped appeal which I had formulated in advance.

*Photographed for Everybody's Magazine by A. Wentworth Scott.*
A "FLOPPER," WHO HAS BEEN RECLAIMED AND NOW SELLS PAPERS.

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I walked along beside a man here, a woman there, but somehow the words would not come. At last on the corner of Second Avenue and Fourteenth Street I leaned against a railing and to the first man that passed me I managed to blurt out hurriedly the words:

*Courtesy of the Charity Organization Society.*

A FAKE WIDOW, WHO TOLD A STORY BASED ON THE SLOCUM DISASTER.

"Can you help a fellow that needs it?"

He walked on without answering and I actually began to feel relieved when suddenly he stopped, felt in his pocket, came back, thrust something into my hand, and walked off. I was so surprised that I dropped the coin, which rolled into the gutter. I went and picked it up. It was a dime: my first touch. I had an impulsive desire to rush after that man and give him back his money, but under the circumstances such an action was impossible.

After that I did not again verbally solicit aid. It was not necessary. I remembered the experience of Edmond About, who once stood with his face concealed and his hand out in a prominent street in Paris. I went over to Stuyvesant Park and sat cross-legged by the iron fence with my hat in front of me. The first woman that came along dropped a cent into the hat. The first man dropped a nickel. Other men and other women came and dropped small coins, mostly pennies. Five minutes never passed without at least one contribution from somebody. The women gave more, and more often than the men. I made no appeal, only I was careful to take each coin from the hat as it was thrown in, leaving always one or two cents in sight to plead for me in the light of total worldly wealth. After an hour had passed I went into the park and counted my spoil. I had collected $1.17.

*Courtesy of the Charity Organization Society.*

THE FRENCHMAN WHO INTRODUCED "CRUST-THROWING" IN THIS COUNTRY.

*Courtesy of the Charity Organization Society.*

A FREQUENTER OF BUSINESS OFFICES, OF THE CLASS THE YEGGS CALL "HIGH-HEELS."

I was now in the condition of the man to

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*Courtesy of the Charity Organization Society.*

"PEKIN EDDIE," ONE OF THE MOST EXPERT YEGG MEN IN THE WORLD, WHO HAS BEGGED EVEN IN CHINA.

*Photographed for Everybody's Magazine by A. Wentworth Scott.*

A WORTHY BLIND MAN, WHO STANDS AT FOURTEENTH STREET AND SIXTH AVENUE, HONESTLY TRYING TO SUPPORT HIS FAMILY.

whom money had been given, and as such it behooved me to find a place to sleep that night. I was too ragged to go to a decent hotel. I could not go to a mission. I might go to a cheap lodging-house, but the circumstance of my sham bandage might prove embarrassing in that event. Of course, I could have taken off the bandage and thrown it away, but that was not in keeping with the spirit of

*Courtesy of the Charity Organization Society.*

A BEGGARS' LODGING HOUSE ON HAMILTON STREET.

the investigation. While I thought it out, I naturally wandered Boweryward, and there in a cheap dive I found a way out of the difficulty.

In the lower Bowery near Chatham Square are perhaps a dozen resorts, the bulk of whose trade is derived from the revenue of New York's begging population. These places are licensed bar-rooms kept for the most part by ex-crooks, who have, as they say, "made good," or by scoundrels as bad, who have managed to evade the law so entirely that they have never been convicted. You will never find an honest beggar in one of these places, that is, one of the genuinely unfortunate class. Every man and woman beggar in these places is a professional in the strictest sense of the word. They are in the business not because of inability to pursue another calling, but because it offers them larger returns than they would receive from any other, and

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because there is in begging the fascinating element of chance, which, once it lays hold of men or women possessing an iota of the gambling instinct, never again sets them free. There is an axiom on the Row, "once a beggar, always a beggar."

Be that as it may, the back rooms of these Bowery dives are usually thronged with these people. They sit at the tables treating one another to whiskey and beer bought of the philanthrophy vouchsafed them on the streets. In some of the places pianos may be heard jangling rank accompaniments to popular melodies which, as in certain resorts in the Tenderloin, are sung by the waiters who find time to render such entertainment between drinks. In appearance the habitués of these places are not very different from those of less questionable resorts. You would never suppose them to be beggars sitting there enjoying themselves, for, as intimated in the fore part of this article, the maladies or the paraphernalia used by them in their daily calling are usually cast aside when the day's work is done, and they appear in ordinary garb at their pleasure resorts.

The habitués of the various places intermingle more or less, but there are certain individual characteristics to be observed among them. For instance, one place seems to cater to a gang of fake sailors, clever rogues in uniform who collect money from the passer-by on the pretense of having been left behind by a recently-departed battle-ship. Another place may be the nightly hang-out of begging letter-writers, those semi-educated impostors who ask money of the rich on all sorts of pleas. Still another place will be infested with sham paralytics, or floppers, or regular strong-arm men. And a fourth may be the rendezvous of yeggs or "pete" men: in other words, tramp safe-blowers, who hang out there and blow in their "white money" after a big haul of "stickers" from a country post-office.

These people have a vocabulary distinctively their own and a system for nicknaming each other based on personal appearance and on the city of their nativity. For instance, a man with black hair will be known as "Blackie," and if he hails from Boston he will be known universally among the beggars as "Boston Blackie." So there are "Boston Whities," "Buffalo Reds," etc. A young man or a boy is called a "kid." There are "kids" from every city in the Union. A negro is called a "shine." There is a "Baltimore Shine," "Washington Shine," etc. A man on crutches is called a "sticks" or a "peg." There is a "Boston Sticks," a "Philadelphia Peg," etc. A certain youth is called "Nixey Winger Kid," because he has no arms or "wings." Another is known as "North Adams Fingers," because that well describes the place of his birth and the fact that some of the fingers of his left hand have been amputated. One beggar is called "Broken Back" for obvious reasons. Another is called "the Human Dog," because of his repulsive appearance. A negro without legs who travels in a go-cart is known as "Florida Wheels." There is no limit to the combinations, and a tremendous geographical range is suggested. The beggars in the Bowery resorts come from every state in the Union.

In describing their possessions and their environment nicknames are also used. Thus a cent is known as an "Indian." Other coins are known as "white money." A detective is a "bull" and a policeman is a "bull in harness." A thief is a "gun" and a pick-pocket is a "dip." A gold watch is a "red kettle." Stamps are known as "stickers." Money is "cush." A horse-car is a "rattler." When a beggar is arrested he is said to "fall." The workhouse is known as the "band-house." The penitentiary is known as the "big house." A revolver is a "rod." A beggar who gives out cards on which are printed appealing bits of rhyme is known as a "throw out." One who sits cross-legged on the walk is known as a "flopper." One who holds you up on the sidewalk is known as a "strong arm." So it runs on with so many expressions covering so many figures of speech that one not familiar with their argot might listen to their talk for hours without catching the real meaning of the conversation.

Paris itself can hold no more striking modern counterpart of Victor Hugo's *Cour des Miracles* than is to be found in the lower Bowery. There are the "sundry tables placed at random" holding the glasses "flowing with liquor and beer" and surrounded by "faces empurpled by drink"; men in the act of "removing bandages from false wounds"; young rogues who have taken "lessons in epilepsy"; the "coarse laugh" and occasionally the "obscene song," all so vividly described in "Notre Dame de Paris." There are no Esmeraldas (there never were such and there never will be), but there are plenty of women of the opposite type. There are Quasimodos whose moral disfigurements compare favorably, or

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unfavorably, as you please, with the bodily ugliness of the immortal Pope of Fools. And until very lately the community had its king who ruled his subjects with as powerful a sceptre as was ever wielded by Clopin Trouillefou, albeit the system of government resembled that of a modern trust rather than that of mediæval gutterdom.

I was told the story of this beggar trust in one of the joints where its members used to foregather, and where I made the acquaintance of several of the clan who took me for what I purported to be, a newcomer to New York and a greenhorn in graft, but more than willing to become initiated in the art of pan-handling. My seeming depravity begot suspicion at the outset, and I fear I was looked upon as a "stool pigeon" of the police; but after I had taken a bed in a certain furnished-room house, and had begged openly for a day or two, I was accepted on faith. Then by dropping old acquaintances for new, as I passed from one dive to another, I gradually became one of a clique in whose company I at last began to breathe the real atmosphere of professional beggardom. It was only then, when confidence in me was established, that the beggar trust was referred to before me. And as this trust was the concrete expression of the modern beggar's attitude, I shall tell its story here.

Several years ago a one-legged youth named Kempton who had left a comfortable home to engage deliberately in begging, conceived the idea of organizing a community of interest among pan-handlers in the Park Row district. His plan bore the earmarks of considerable executive ability. He picked out strategic spots throughout the city and selected a man to beg in each. These men were always particularly well adapted to their posts, a blink (blind man) here, a crust-thrower there, a maimed youth somewhere else. Each neighborhood was supplied with the kind of beggar best suited to it: the shopping district with suppliants whose appeals were especially designed to excite the compassion of women, the lower business district with adroit rogues whose tales of woe were better calculated to work upon the sympathies of men. In order that the beggars might not be molested by the police, a look-out was appointed for each, and in order that the syndicate's interests might be conserved, Kempton employed roundsmen to observe how faithfully the beggars attended to business, and to collect hourly the earnings of each. In case of arrest each member of the band was assured of legal representation, to be paid for out of the earnings of the pool; and in order the better to insure the constancy of his fellow members, and to bring further profit to his personal pocket, Kempton usually required them to live in a furnished-room house kept by one Maria Largo, better known on the lower Bowery as Spanish Mamie, who had been the man's companion from early age.

The scheme thrived for many months, and at one time there were thirty men in the combination, which became a close corporation of profit and power. There is no knowing to what extent it might have expanded nor how influential it might have become at last had not the nature of the organization given it undue prominence, and caused it to fall directly under the ban of the mendicant squad. One by one the members were captured and sent to the Island, and in the end the gang was broken up.

Now this is the attitude of the professional beggar in crystallization. The trust no longer exists as a distinct entity, but the spirit of organization and enterprise that animated it still pervades the whole of professional beggardom. There are head men in the district as capable of handling the politics of begging as ever Kempton was, and as for the details of the syndicate's business, the average beggar himself is well able to attend to them. I have known beggars who made as high as $50 a week, men who employed a lookout at each end of the street, lived in well-kept rooms with women of their own kind, and went in on the side for blooded bull terriers, etc., and they were men who, generally speaking, compared well, grade for grade, with fifty-dollar men in more legitimate callings. It is a mark of strong capability when a man is able to plan a personal begging campaign in a manner to outwit the combination of forces which just now in New York City are arrayed against him. The feat has in it something of generalship and a great deal of the knowledge of human nature. Such men set out deliberately to pick the best begging post or route in the city; and having made the selection, proceed to invent the particular tale of woe which in their opinion will produce the maximum effect upon the tender susceptibilities of the district's inhabitants. There is nothing haphazard in the chance which throws them in the way of the most suitable crowds. Having selected the stage for the

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drama, and being manager as well as playwright, they proceed to dress the part in the habiliments or the malady most suited to it. Then they proceed to act it out.

As for the drama itself it is based upon the most correct psychological principles. Never is the mistake made of appealing to the reason—the emotions of the crowd only are attacked; there is always a complete human story in the pose. What, for instance, could be more compelling of sympathy than the spectacle of the bent old grayhead patiently and despairingly, as it seemed, grinding a wheezy old organ which he had tied into a broken-down baby-carriage? The suggestiveness of that perambulator, coupled with the wails of that organ, more forlorn than mortal child ever uttered, was worth dollars a day to the old fellow. It was art, reprehensible art, of course, but art, nevertheless. And the artist grew rich, for when investigated by the police he was found to be the owner of many houses in Hoboken.

What more emotional pose could be invented than that of one-eyed "Blinkie" Howard, who led a gang operating in Wall Street, and who used to sit on the walk, his hat in one hand, his glass eye in the other, asking for food? How insistent the one-legged youth who used to operate on 125th Street on busy nights! He would sit with his back to the only tree on the block, his one good leg stuck straight out across the sidewalk. Every one of the passing thousands was compelled to walk around that leg or else trip over it, in which latter event the sympathy of the crowd went all to the beggar. The trick was worth ten dollars at least on a Saturday night.

Again, could there be anything more likely to excite compassion than the crust-throwing trick? It was invented by a German beggar, named Lang, whose French disciple, Lemaire, practised it subsequently. I have seen a crust-thrower operating in Sixth Avenue. It was before the time of this investigation. He was a semi-well-dressed man who walked swiftly down through the crowds of shoppers. Suddenly he uttered a hoarse cry and darted out into the roadway, where, pouncing upon a crust of bread (which he had thrown there previously), he began gnawing it ravenously. He did not wait for sympathy. He walked rapidly away, but a number of women who saw the act ran after him and crowded one another for the privilege of giving him money.

THESE CARDS ARE USED BY NONE BUT PROFESSIONAL BEGGARS. IN THE SLANG OF THE YEGG-MEN THEY ARE CALLED "DOCKETS."

And there was Joseph Ryan, whose "monaker" (nickname) used to be "Illinois Kid" before it became "Chi Slim," a double-jointed "throw-out" of the pathological type, who has simulated paralysis, locomotor ataxia, club feet, etc., so successfully that more than one magistrate has refused to commit him. He was taught to "throw out" by a cripple he met in Hot Springs, Ark., and used to operate on Twenty-third Street, between Fourth and Sixth Avenues. Throwing himself into the semblance of a human bow-knot, he would crawl along the street, shaking from head to foot. No man with genuine palsy could have appeared worse, and it used to take him three hours, with frequent stops, to make the journey. He could keep it up no longer than that because the work was too hard. One day he was arrested after he had worked two hours, and over twenty-seven dollars, the day's graft, were found upon him by the police. The magistrate refused to commit him, on the ground that he was apparently in a dying condition. On a subsequent

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occasion he was taken to a police station and put in a cell. He was watched, and when exhaustion overcame him during the night it was seen that his limbs relaxed from their usual cramped position, and that he slept in peace and comfort. Then the magistrate committed him to the Island, where, erect and straight as any man, he was given the task of hauling a stone car.

There is emotion in the attitude of the beggar with the broken crutch; in the sight of the "black hood," who sits bowed and alone on the corner curbstone; in the tears of women of the "Crying Mabel" type, who weep over the supposed loss of a pocket-book containing twenty-three cents, "just after I came out of the hospital where I went to see me dyin' husband"; in the appeal of "Red-Eyed Whitey," who accosts you with: "Did you ever stop to think what it means to feel yourself goin' blind, mister?"—in the trick of John Farrell, who was caught last holiday-time carrying home a Christmas-tree "to his starving children"; in the dockets, those curious cards which beggars distribute, printed with rhyme, the inference from which is that the purchaser will have good luck, whereas the hard heart may himself one day become a cripple. There is no reason in all this, but there is emotion, plenty of it, and that is what the professional mostly deals in.

The very completeness, the perfect art of the professional tale of woe should be its undoing. Like the well-rounded excuse of the culprit, it is all thought out beforehand, and the public should know that so many perfect "plots" are without the bounds of probability. The professional is well aware of this, but he is also aware that the public likes its morsel of woe served well done. Does not the whole theatre-going public pay nightly to applaud just such well-rounded plots, in spite of the knowledge that in the drama of real life the dialogue and the incidents are seldom in sequence? In other words, the story of the genuine unfortunate is seldom entirely rounded, because it is a transcript of fact, whereas the professional, unhampered by the necessity for telling the truth, builds his tale as tales of fiction should be built, with the facts in the order most likely to produce the greatest possible emotional effect upon the mind.

There are the elements of a paradox in this, since it would seem that one should give to beggars in inverse ratio to the plausibility of their stories. Let me dispel this at once by saying that, from my experience, money should *never* be given to street beggars. It is impossible for the average person to discriminate off-hand between the genuinely needy and the professional pan-handler. I was neither the one nor the other, and yet my hat was readily filled. There are many overkind people who prefer to give to all rather than that one go hungry, and if there were no depots of immediate relief such as I have already described, this might prove a good rule. But in the existing conditions the possible consequences are too fraught with danger to the genuinely unfortunate for the practice to be continued by any right-thinking persons.

If you give the honest beggar money, what can he do with it? Well, he can buy food at a dozen places on or near the Bowery, where the price of a dinner ranges from three to ten cents. And he can sleep in one of as many lodging-houses where the price of his bunk will agree with the cost of his meal. If he be a victim of drink, there are saloons on the Bowery where, if he spend all his money therein, he will be entitled to sleep on the floor of the rear room. But by spending his money for a bunk he runs greater risk of contamination than if he asked it free of the dozen or more institutions which are upheld by private and public contribution. For in these latter, cleanliness is compulsory, whereas the applicant to an institution which accepts money for its lodgings can no more be compelled to bathe against his will than could a roomer at the Waldorf Astoria. In the Olive Tree Inn, which is a commendable institution on Twenty-third Street where a bed may be had for ten, fifteen, or twenty cents, the problem of keeping the house entirely clean is well-nigh gigantic, and even in the Mills House, on Bleecker Street, I once found it much more comfortable to sit up than to occupy the bed for the rest of the night. However, this is not true of the house as a whole.

But the real danger in giving the unfortunate money off-hand is that you may force him into the ranks of professional beggardom. However honest he may be in first intention, unless he have a definite goal before his eyes—and men who are down and out seldom have such—he will more than likely return to the same free fountain at which he so easily quaffed his initial thirst. There are many cases to prove this. I know of one man who until a year or two ago owned a profitable little fruit-shop in a side street far down town. One night, having locked up the shop and being ready to start home, he found himself

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by accident without money to pay his car-fare. He stopped a man on the street and asked him for five cents. He got it so easily that he determined next day to tell the story often and get many nickels. He did so, and the practice became so remunerative that despite his wife's pleadings and protests he sold the little shop and became a regular beggar.

Now there is no likelihood that this man will ever be anything else than a professional beggar, first, because the profits are large, and, second, because of the fascination that attends the practice. I have already mentioned the saying along the Row: "Once a beggar, always a beggar." It is as true of pan-handling as it is of Wall Street, or of horse-racing, or of any other great gambling game. And I must admit that I myself during that hour on Second Avenue, and afterward in company with the pans, learned to look forward to and to speculate upon the probable amount of each successive hand-out. There was more than mere amusement in sizing up the potentialities of each man as he approached. And once the craving for that sort of thing takes possession of a man, it never lets go.

There was little Ada M——, who hailed from Keokuk, Iowa, who used to work the better class of down-town offices with a tale of woe that would have drawn tears from a stone. Ada began life in the Middle West as the companion of a well-known yegg named Fagin. He had to force her to beg at first, driving her to it with kicks and blows. She became used to the business after a while and grew to like it. Nowadays she is prosperous and happy, the wife of a respectable man who knows nothing of her past. But she cannot resist the desire to make a clean-up occasionally, and only a short while ago she "fell" to the mendicant squad, one of whom caught her in the act of making a touch. She makes it a rule never to cease work for the day until she has collected at least $3.50.

Fred Allen, well known under the "monaker" of "British," was "throwing out" on the board-walk at Atlantic City one day when a former steel-trust president came along, and seeing the man's apparently pitiable condition, thrust his hand into his pocket and gave him all the money he had therein. When "British" counted the roll he found that it contained $360—the biggest hand-out on record. The news of it nearly disrupted the Row, and the tendency was not toward abandoning the profession. New recruits were made, however.

The problem of professional beggardom is one for the police, but even the police cannot solve it if the average citizen does not lend at least his passive assistance to the work. Three years ago the mendicant squad of the Charity Organization Society began its work under the direction of officer James Forbes, a man who has had long and thorough acquaintance with this branch of criminality. As a result of the work, Mr. Forbes and his men are not loved along the Row. "The town's been jimmied," says the pan-handler disgustedly, but unable to resist the fascination of the game he continues in it, and so runs constant risk of arrest. The new law, which makes it compulsory for the magistrates to give the convicted pan not less than six months, has somewhat depleted the Row and more than filled the workhouse. Fifteen hundred professionals have been sent over during the last three years. Every man known to be a pan-handler is photographed, measured according to the Bertillon system, and thoroughly investigated as to past records, so that on subsequent occasions his case may be laid before a magistrate for his guidance.

On the other hand, the honestly unfortunate man found begging on the streets is warned that he is transgressing the law. He is told where he may obtain lodging and meals pending his quest for work, just as I was referred to the house on Bleecker Street where I might have stayed indefinitely had I cared to do so. If he is blind, he is sent to a home for the sightless; if he is crippled, he is provided with some means of support, such as a news-stand, a number of which in New York are operated by crippled ex-pans.

This article is by no means a brief for the Charity Organization Society, but it is evident that it is only through some system of centralization such as this, whether operated by the municipality or by private subscription, that the beggar problem can be handled. It is all very well to talk of:

> "Organized charity scrimped and iced,
> In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ,"

but if the money that is given indiscriminately to professional beggars on the streets of New York could be distributed from a central fountain-head, there would be no such thing as an honest beggar left to complain.

The existence of the religious mission is in direct opposition to this idea, but those in charge are probably well aware of the fact,

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pleading ecclesiastical reasons for their existence. "We know perfectly well," they say in effect, "that these men are often hypocrites, living systematically on one mission after another under pretence of having experienced religion. But sooner or later the continual exhortation to which they are subjected has its effect and they are gathered to the fold. So of what account is it how many meals or lodgings we lose if at last we save their souls?"

Socially and civically, however, it is of tremendous account, since the incentive toward centralization is weakened instead of strengthened. Think what it would mean for the beggar problem if there were but one existing bureau of succor in each city, and if every person resolved to refer to it every beggar met upon the streets. The worthy beggar would be constrained to go there, and if the institution were held responsible to the municipality for his welfare, there would be no doubt that he would receive treatment adequate to his needs. On the other hand, the professional would be driven from the streets. I am aware that this may seem like an attempt to soothe an emotion by rule of three; but after all, the begging problem is too big for individual solving. Caring for a city's poor has become equivalent, in the magnitude of the task, to caring for a nation's army; and the day has gone by in this country when individual soldiers are expected to be quartered upon the bounty of individual citizens.

If your home town were in a state of siege and a soldier were to ask you for food, you would probably refer him to the municipal commissary or whoever else happened to be in charge of the distribution of rations. By so doing you would be sure that your military beggar would get not only his share, but no more than his share. And so in time of peace it becomes the duty of the citizen to refer the municipal beggar to the place provided for the general distribution of alms, and for exactly the same reasons that would make you refer the soldier to the general commissary.

# With Cap and Bells

By LOUIS A. ROBERTSON

WITH cap and bells, day after day,
The jester's jocund part I play;
Yes, "Motley is the only wear,"
The only fabric that will bear
Time's touch or turn Fate's frown away.

The wisest in the world are they—
Earth's laughter-loving ones—who stray
Along through life from year to year
With cap and bells.

A laugh—our sorrow can allay;
A sigh—our merriment can slay;
Give me the jest that's not a jeer,
Give me the smile that's not a sneer,
And you may crown me till I'm gray,
With cap and bells.

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# La Quemazon

## A Tale of the Southern Camp-fires

By WILLIAM BULFIN

Illustrated by Frederic Remington and Charles Sarka

"YES, SIRS, I STOLE HER FROM HER PARENTS, YEARS AGO, IN LUJAN."

THE night was moonless, starless, and dreary. The winter wind was cold and fierce, and it whistled as it rushed through the nude branches of the willow-trees around El Bandido *estancia*. Over the plains, out of the darkness, and from miles away to the west, came a faint glimmer, to which old Luis, in profane excitement, called the attention of the hands. He had seen it as he crossed from the sheds to the cook-house for his night-cap drink of *maté*, and had burst in upon our game of *escoba* with the news that the camp was on fire—that some unspeakable and accursed child of intensified infamy had thrown this misfortune upon us by his perversity, or that some unburied idiot had done it in his stupidity, but that, in any case, it was clear that a *quemazon* was coming toward us along the gale, and that there would be a picnic of Satan for us all presently, inasmuch as we should be called upon by the major-domo to go out and fight the fire.

The glow in the distance was so dim, and so new to the wonders of the wild outside camps was one outlander there, that in most defective Spanish a doubt was expressed as to the right of Luis to be so drastic in his forecast of our immediate future. Luis, in measureless scorn, poured out censure and contumely on the head of the inexperienced one, and swore that before the morrow all gringos in those latitudes should have opportunities of learning that a *quemazon* was nothing to joke about. The others agreed with him. It was no doubt a *quemazon*. But what of that? It was not coming in our direction. It was most likely going away from us. They advised Luis to buy spectacles, and also to take medicine for his nerves. But Luis was in no mood to permit contradiction. He wanted to know if he were a fool. No reply. He wanted to know if any señor would be disposed to state that he, Luis, was an infant? Silence. Did he know, or did he not know, anything of fires? Had he, or had he not, been dealing with *quemazones* before any of them were born? He was desirous of being informed where the pumpkins had grown which so many had stolen and made into heads for themselves. That fire was not six leagues away, and therefore it was not one league away from the wiring of El Bandido. Would any gentleman bet that it was not as he, Luis, said? No reply.

The major-domo, hearing the loud talk, came forth from his game of draughts with the book-keeper, under the impression that Luis had once more gone on the spree; but the moment his attention was called to the deepening flush in the sky, he hastily went up to the flat roof of the dwelling-house, from which he took a survey of the night. He was back among us again in a few minutes,



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and it was "boot and saddle" for every living being there with the exception of the cook.

We caught our horses, and made ready as soon as possible. All the men tied lassos on their riding-gear—also there was not a set of *boleadores* around the place, no matter how blue-mouldy or discarded, that was not hurriedly snatched from its nail or peg and tied under the sheepskin saddle-covers. A few, who had them, pulled on the heavy top-boots, the others sought their *botas de potro*, and tied them under their knees with the nicest care. Others took half-dried sheep-pelts and slung them behind their *bastos*. Frank Hennessy, the Irish-Argentine *capataz*, was fastening a coil of his best rawhide straps on his *recado* (camp-saddle) in the light which streamed through the cook-house door as I questioned him regarding the programme.

"What is it all about, Frank?" I said in the language of the stranger.

"We are going to put out that fire," he answered, as he pulled the thongs with his teeth to make his rawhide treasure secure in its place.

"Put out a fire with lassos and *boleadores* and sheepskins, and on horseback?" I said, with the sneer of the man who, being a green hand, knows not the magnitude of his ignorance.

Frank was a friendly soul; but the sneer at the local fire-brigade wounded his sentiments of patriotism, so he said, in Spanish:

"Everybody has his own way of killing flies, and Ireland is a long way beyond the camp-wires of El Bandido."

"But what am I to do with these two sheepskins they have given me?" I asked, for I wanted to know.

"Do what the rest of them do," he answered curtly, and then he sang out to the rest of the boys: "Come along, four or five of you, by the Santa Teresa wiring; there were a few hundred mares in that direction at nightfall."

With that he was in the saddle and away. A few of the hands rode after him. The rest followed the major-domo; and I rode with them, wondering at it all. "Mares, horses, lassos, sheepskins—and riding after a fire—this beats Banagher," I said to myself. I was still the superior person—the person who didn't understand. Hearing to my left the tempestuous language in which Luis passed comment upon contemporary affairs, I rode in his direction and asked after his health. He was bilious—at least that was the inference to be drawn from his reply.

"There are lunatics at large, yes, sir," said he, "individuals who should be tied up and gagged. They know not anything but to keep the mouth open as if to catch the flies, and to make at the people questions the most foolish."

We had cleared the *estancia* buildings, gates, trees, and enclosures by this time, and were now in the open camp, riding in the teeth of the wind. The water which the chilly blast brought into our eyes did not blind us to the change that had taken place away in front of us during the last half-hour. The flush had grown into a glare, which lay along the sky-line for an immense distance, and from the glare, as we galloped, tongues of flame shot up here and there, which seemed to lick the sky against which they quivered and blazed. There was no smoke-cloud, no column of fire, no torrent of flame streaming from on high toward the firmament. It was a long, wriggling, blazing serpent, which seemed to glow as its coils were dragged through the grass, over the plain, ever so far away—a serpent two or three miles long, crawling to its cave in the regions beyond the darkness of the night.

"Luis!" shouted the major-domo from his place in the van of the galloping crowd.

"Here I am, sir," said the veteran of Indian fights and gambling bouts and sprees innumerable.

"Ride away here to the right and take a few of the men with you. Round up all the mares you meet and bring them along. We'll meet you right at the tail end of the blaze. Have you heard?"

Yes, he had heard, and out of the night he had called four men by name. I was not among them; but it occurred to me to volunteer; and in the freedom conferred upon me by the Argentine Constitution and the mantle of darkness, I wheeled and rode to the right. I could see the five figures bobbing up and down and lurching along in the thick and cheerless gloom, Luis leading and swearing in fitful gusts at many men and things, but principally at the person or persons unknown who had started the fire. I wondered how they expected to find any mares, or how they expected to find anything in those pitchy regions of desolation. I wondered why the horses did not trip and

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"IT'S MAD VICENTA!"

stumble and roll over us in the hard tufts of coarse grass. I wondered where or how our ride should come to an end. I felt the helplessness of the ignorant facing the unknown. I lost the sense of location, so to speak. I could not tell whether we were going north or south, east or west. Night, night, night, around and over and under us; and six dim figures racing through it! There seemed to be very little romance in it at all, and I had gone to the outside camps to seek romance. I was not fulfilling my mission. I was merely acquiring experience—an occupation which is often dull and irksome and commonplace and unromantic.

"*Yegua—ye-e-gua* (mare)!" shouted Luis, about twenty lengths ahead.

"*Yegua, ye-e-e-gua!*" yelled the others, as they parted and rode at full speed into invisibility.

"*Yegua, ye-e-e-gua!*" I shouted myself, not knowing why, but simply following suit.

A volley of left-handed compliments smote upon my ear, and then the voice of Luis called me by name.

"Is that you?" he asked in his aggressive way. "Is that you?"

"It is, my Captain," I answered blithely.

"Of course it is! And what the blanked grandfather and grandmother of all unhallowed blanks are you doing here?"

"I am your servitor, my Colonel," I answered.

"Who told you to come here with me? Who sent for you?"

"Did you not do so, my Commandant?" I asked submissively.

"Do it? No, I would have called a cart-bullock sooner."

"Then, my General," I said, "I have volunteered, and you can go to Jericho. This is a free country, although I can't say that I see much of the freedom, nor of the country, nor of your most warlike and sympathetic self at this moment; but no matter. Wherever you are, will you smoke a cigarette and be polite to your inferior officers?"

"Keep near me, boy; keep near me!" he shouted back. "You'll have smoke and fire enough for the two of us soon. Keep near me, or near some of the others, unless you want to get lost and burned." Luis was not altogether unfriendly. He wanted to be to me more of a disciplinarian than an enemy. I was useful to him occasionally in helping him to put his dried hides to rights at the sheds, and my tobacco was always at his service.

"*Yegua*—hoigh! Come on, round up the mares—*ye-e-e-gua!*"

The mares were there, but I could not see them. I could, however, hear the gathering thunder of their hoofs, as we rolled the herd before us into a gallop.

And the horse under me whinnied and snorted and tugged at the reins in his effort to get his head free and race into the throng of his relations. Through the darkness swept the hoof-beats, growing louder and



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louder; and, now that we were facing once more toward the fire, there were fitful glimpses of tossing heads and manes between us and the flames. Then out of the blackness which lay on the earth, in the middle distance, a silhouetted figure of a horseman would leap up, and would be for an instant clearly seen against the glare; his whip-hand held aloft, his poncho, long hair, the end of his neckerchief, his horse's mane and tail, all flying in the wind, and fringing the weird apparition with streamers that showed, among other things, the reckless pace at which we were going.

The fire was now scarcely a mile away, and it was a magnificent spectacle. We swept along its front, its light dancing on the hunted drove of mares, and showing now quite clearly the figures of the pursuing horsemen. The smoke-clouds into which the flames disappeared hung low, and already we caught the smell of the burning grasses in the wind. The blaze was no longer like the tongue-prod of a snake in the grass of half an hour ago. There were swaying, tossing sheets of fire that were shaken out over the level plain, thrown outward and ever onward, crease on crease, and fold on fold, now falling low as if flapping to the lull of the breeze, now bulging upward and outward, as a gust of the blustering gale caught them and cracked them like whip-lashes. It was romance, after all. So I told myself, as I rode furiously to where there were about a score of horsemen galloping in circles round the mares. Frank Hennessy was there with the drive which he had collected on his circuit. The major-domo and all the rest of the hands were there, too, and the fire-brigade was ready for work.

We drove the mares toward the fire, not directly, but in a slanting direction, edging them nearer and nearer as we went. One man only rode between the drove and the fire, the rest of us were in front and behind. There were not less than a thousand animals in that drove, but in the semi-darkness there seemed to be myriads of them. The ground shook under their gallop, and the "*Yegua, yegua!*" of the horsemen in the outside darkness was scarcely audible above the thunder of the hoofs. Were we going to drive them through the fire? Frank Hennessy passed me at a gallop, and galloping after him I asked for enlightenment. He gave it to me in the language of the craft, into a working member of which the excitement had for the moment wholly transformed him.

"We're going to catch and kill three mares to begin with," he said, in Spanish, "and you had better stay back where you were and help to keep the drove from clearing out when the trouble begins. And look out that you don't get trampled down."

I wanted to know what the mares were to be killed for; I wanted to know how he was going to kill them; I wanted to know how to avoid being trampled down; and, like Midshipman Easy, I wanted some argument. But there was nothing further to be got out of Frank. He was all business. The devil-may-care manner in which he generally treated life and all its problems was left aside. His very voice was changed. Straight and slim and tall he rode, with the grim air which comes down on all born horsemen when they are knowingly galloping into a crisis, rigid save for the swivel-movement of the hip-joints and the play of the bridle-arm. I pulled back my horse, and as Frank left me he wheeled suddenly and dashed in among the mares. He carried the *boleadores* poised in his right hand, the coiled slack resting on his arm, and the hide-covered weights dangling at the ends of the twisted thongs on a level with his shoulder. As the shadows enveloped him, the balls whirled twice or thrice in the luminous air above him, and with a wild, exultant cheer he went to work. Just then Aniceto passed me at full speed, and for the first time since we had become acquainted he had no joke to throw at me. He, too, had changed. Like Frank, he had put on an air of business—and had for the moment shed, as it were, all the trivialities of life. He, too, carried the *boleadores* at the "ready" as he galloped headlong into the drove. Hearing a husky note of triumph to my rear, I turned and beheld the head and shoulders of Luis rising over the backs of the mares, just between me and the light. He was swinging the *boleadores* and stooping slightly forward, as if nicely measuring the distance or singling out the animal which he meant to attack.

Then the flying drove seemed to be struck three times in irregular but rapid succession, and not struck by a bouquet, nor a head of cabbage, but by an earthquake—by an explosive projectile as big as a house—by something, in fact, which broke up the order in which the mares were running, rent the ruck to pieces, and sent the terrified animals

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scampering in all directions. Well had Frank warned me to look out for myself, for during the next two minutes I was in deadly peril. All the mares in the world seemed to have some object in trying to run me down. They thundered past me in scores and hundreds. I was saved from a hoofy death by horse sense—that is, by the sense of the horse I was riding—because he turned and ran with the mares. There were squeals and shouts and whistles and other sounds mixed up with the roar of the stampede, and presently the mares turned once more in the direction of the fire. The men of El Bandido had not been born to and reared in the saddle for nothing.

As the drove wheeled, and as the animals were packed together again, I noticed that something was happening in the rear. Three mares were plunging and bucking and squealing. They were the three mares, of course, upon the hind legs of which the three specialists in the art had thrown and fastened the *boleadores*.

The specialists were now galloping each after his quarry, and in the firelight the long loops of their lassos twisted and whirled. Each of the three men did his work swiftly, skilfully, and gracefully. Within the next few minutes the three mares were lassoed, thrown down, and their throats cut. Each man, after throwing the loop over the mare's head, pulled it taut and galloped round her, until having meshed her legs in the lasso he pulled them from under her and laid her low. The well-trained horse then stood stock-still, keeping the strain on the lasso, while the rider dismounted, ran to the prostrate mare, and plunged his knife into her jugular. Three other men and the major-domo now came galloping in. They dismounted, and in the uncertain light slit the carcasses open from brisket to udder. They operated only with their knives; they had no saws nor hatchets to deal with the bones; and yet in a few slashes the long blades had done their work; for the men who used them knew every joint and cranny through which to cut, and could find it in the dark.

The carcasses of the mares had scarcely been slit open when the breath of the fire came down the wind, and a cloud of the black and pungent smoke filled our lungs for a moment. The blaze was scarcely four hundred yards away now. It had already swept through the camp wiring, and was tearing through a dense growth of tall *paja*, which accounted for the smoke. The heads were quickly cut off the carcasses; to each fore fetlock a lasso-end was tied; the carcasses were next turned over so that the open bowels and bare flesh lay on the grass; and then the horsemen started in pairs at a labored gallop, on a course semi-parallel to, but gently sloping away from, the on-coming blaze, each pair dragging between them by their lassos a blood-stained mass that five minutes previously had been a live mare. The weight of the dragging carcasses pressed down and lodged the bone-

"HER FATHER MADE LUJAN TOO HOT TO HOLD ME. WE WENT TO MERCEDES."

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dry grasses over which they passed, and as the intestinal fluids, the blood, and the juices of the flesh were ripped out by the contact with the earth, a damp barrier, the only one available, was thus drawn in front of the conflagration. The fire-brigade had gone to work!

They had started from the leeward skirt of the fire and disappeared into the rolling smoke-clouds, whipping their straining horses. The major-domo mounted and I followed him. We galloped to where the rest of the men had again succeeded in rounding up the mares, and then arrangements were made for supplementing the efforts of the improvised engines. Six of us were sent back to keep guard over the track which the carcasses had made in the grass. We rode forward cautiously. Strange as it appeared, the horses were not in the least afraid of the blaze, but the riders did not share their indifference. As we rode on our errand, my companions muffled their faces in their ponchos, and I followed their example. One of them explained to me as follows:

"When the fire reaches the belt of lodged and flesh-damped grass, the blaze will check and die. We have to keep the sparks from kindling it again if we can."

It was then I found out for what purpose we had brought the half-dried sheepskins with us. But I could recognize nothing romantic in the discovery. The heat became intense, but the horses did not stop. They snorted at the dust and smoke, and went forward not a whit more unwillingly than they would have faced a shower of cold rain. When within about thirty yards of the track left by the carcasses of the mares, we halted.

"One man takes his turn at holding the horses," said someone, "the rest of us get to work."

We dismounted, and one of us took charge of the six stout rawhide halters. The other five, each armed with a half-dried sheepskin and his face muffled in his poncho, waited for the blaze to check. Sure enough, when the fiery tongues touched the blood-stained grass they spluttered, flickered, and died. Then into the smoke and heat we rushed to deal with the sparks which the wind swept into the dried grass on our side of the track. Most of those sparks died as they fell, but some of them kindled in the tufts of *paja*, and we thrashed them out of existence. Sometimes a tongue of fire would cross the track, and then we had to ply our sheepskins with redoubled energy. The flames are no respecters of persons, and presumably we were not of much account. Anyhow, they took liberties with us. The ponchos fell away from our faces, and then those who wore beards had to put out fires of their own. Not having any beard to lose, I lost the few hairs with which my two-and-twenty years had covered my upper lip, but I was too busy to take account of their loss just then. Every ten or fifteen minutes one man would run out and give the man holding the horses a turn at the fire; and at the end of an hour six of the men who were rounding the mares came and relieved us. Then we who had been so unceremoniously shorn of our love-locks went to help in the rounding, while the leading detachment of the fire-brigade slaughtered mares at every one or two hundred yards, and went on with the work of laying that track of blood and mangled entrails across the two-mile front of the *quemazon*. There did not appear to be any poetry in it—no romance about it at all!

Up and down through the midnight we drove the mares, killed them in threes, fought the fire with their bowels, and beat out the sparks with the sheepskins. At one time we appeared to be getting the upper hand of the blaze, and then again the tide of the fight would flow against us, to ebb once more in a few minutes or mayhap in half an hour. At one time we were in a furnace surrounded by the heat; later on, when our turn came to round, we were out in the bitter cold of the night, shivering as we galloped in circles round the frightened animals. It was about four o'clock in the morning when I witnessed something that insists on getting itself told. It is a story in itself.

The fire had split itself in two, and the portions had taken slightly divergent ways. We left the rearward half to itself, and confined our efforts to stopping the march of the column that had suddenly thrown itself in a direction that menaced a broad area of *pajonal*, in which some of the clumps of grass were ten feet high. On the left and rearward verge of the dried-up lagoon which had bifurcated the fire, ran a thick growth of bone-dry grass, over which the wind swept the flames with ever-increasing rapidity; but

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"SHE WAS CARRIED OFF A CAPTIVE AT NINETEEN."

on our side—the right—the herbage was comparatively scarce, being confined to scattered tufts of grass, which, however, thickened as they receded from the loamy bed of the lagoon until they became the dense *pajonal* already referred to. If we could kill the fire before it left the thinly studded tufts near the marl, we might cheer. So Frank said, as he and Luis galloped past us, cinching a freshly opened carcass between them. I was going forward with a new batch of auxiliary firemen to put out the sparks which the wind might rekindle, when out of the darkness behind us came a long, piercing shriek or cry with something uncanny, as well as wild and unexpected, about it. We came to a halt and peered at one another in the half-light which came from the flame on the off side of the marl belt.

José, one of the toughest persons in the district, a veteran cattle-trooper from Carlota, swore a big oath, and then crossed himself:

"It's the Dead Cacique (chief)!" he said.

"It's Mad Vicenta!" said another.

"Who is the Dead Cacique, and who is Mad Vicenta?" I asked in some apprehension, as neither of the names was a promising one. I received no reply.

The shriek rose again, and this time nearer and longer than before, while mingled with it were the hoof-beats of a horse going at full gallop, and, without any doubt, approaching the place where we stood. We



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had scarcely time to leap aside when a rider, who had evidently seen us outlined against the fire, dashed at us and tried to ride us down. It was a woman. I could see her face and head quite plainly in the firelight as she tore through us. Her features were small and shrivelled, but her eyes were large and glaring. Her hair flew in the wind. Having failed to ride us down, she wheeled and charged us again, and that appalling shriek of hers smote our ears. As I sprang out of her way I had another glimpse of her. The scanty shreds of clothing which she wore could scarcely have been called garments. She rode manlike and bareback. As she wheeled to charge us for the third time, the shout of the men in front urging their horses to their work reached her. She pulled up and listened. The shouts were repeated. Then she laughed a terribly empty and mirthless laugh, and began to speak—not in Spanish, but in the quick, deep gutturals of some tribal language of the plains. She peered at us from where she sat on her horse, and seemed to ask questions of us. José, who had been among the *toldos* (villages) of the trans-frontier Indians, said something in reply, which had the effect of sending her away from us, shrieking as she went.

"Mount at once," said José, running back to where we had left our horses in charge of our comrade. "On horseback every man! No good can come to us on foot while that she-devil is in the neighborhood."

This seemed to be very sensible talk, and as my broad-chested, wiry nag danced under me, expecting some exciting work from the hurried way in which I had mounted, I felt easier in my mind.

"Who is that lady?" I asked.

"She is the woman of old Luis," answered José, as he loosed his rein and galloped in the direction she had taken when leaving us.

"What?" I said in astonishment, as I galloped by José's lasso-stirrup. "Old Luis's wife?"

"The same," replied José very grimly. "Luis has been very much married, my friend, in his time—ah! yes, sir—very much."

I had known Luis for several weeks, had helped him at his work in the sheds, had on various occasions seen him drunk, had heard him growl and grind his teeth, and mutter in his sleep; but I had never heard of his wife before. Nor had I heard of Mad Vicenta either.

"Where did he get her?" I asked José, as his horse leaped over a burning patch of grass.

"*Quien sabe*, my friend?" he replied; "that is only known to Luis himself. They have been here more than two years now, but he has not spoken about her. They lived together for a few days, when they first came; but before a fortnight had passed it was war with them. Luis came away to the *estancia* and left her alone, and alone she has lived ever since. Her hut is somewhere around here in this God-forsaken quarter of the camp, into which no one ever comes. She was born a white, but she has turned Indian—won't speak anything but words of one of the tribes. Just now, when she was questioning us over there, she wanted to know if we had seen her little child—eh! and I assure you she is over sixty years old. Yes, wanted to know about her child that she lost yesterday. And I, naturally, told her what would make her go away and leave us. I said that the child had been left at her hut by a good spirit who was minding the babe. Then she said that we were here to kill that good spirit, and take away the child again. . . . But look, look, what is this?"

It was Mad Vicenta. She had overtaken Luis and Frank, and as we rode up she had succeeded in cutting Frank's lasso. Swiftly turning her horse, she galloped toward Luis, stooping forward on the mounting side, her knife in her left hand. Luis suddenly wrenched his horse round, slacked the lasso, and thus eluded her swoop; but she returned to the charge. Again by his superb horsemanship he took himself out of her way, and as she rushed past him she almost ran me down, and the cut she made at me missed my side by an inch, and ripped my jacket open. She did not try to turn, but rode at full speed away from us, toward the oncoming fire, turning as she went, to brandish her knife and shriek fierce words at us all.

Looking in her direction and directly beyond her on the fire-line, we could see a tumble-down hut, mud-walled, thatch-roofed, standing on the verge of a *pajonal*, which the flame-tongues were already licking. Evidently what José had said to her was burning in her wild heart and brain. That child was at the hut, for her—the flames

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were coming to devour it. She must get there before them. Shriek on shriek pealed from her as she raced toward her destination, and during at least thirty seconds ten full-grown men stood there as if spellbound, looking at her. A gust of wind blew a smoke-cloud from the fire toward her, but she did not check. A streak of flame followed the smoke, and then a cloud of sparks was dashed against the thatch of the hut, to be instantly fanned into flame. But on she rode. There are very few horses afraid of fire, and hers was not one of them. She galloped on. As the horse disappeared in the smoke, the spell which lay upon us was broken. Luis, freeing himself from his lasso by unbuttoning it at the cinch-ring, dashed in pursuit. Frank Hennessy followed him. The rest of us followed Frank. We had about three hundred yards to go, and Luis and Frank led us by a good twenty lengths. The hut was now completely enveloped in flame. The tall grass was ablaze all round it. The flames shot upward from the roof and out from the door, and twined themselves around the rafters, from which the thatch was blown in showers of streaky fire. As Luis threw himself from his horse, the wild woman staggered from the door, her hair afire, her hands beating the air. With a piercing cry she staggered forward and fell face downward into a cloud of smoke, which hid her, and hid Luis and Frank as well. We saw no more of them for some moments. Were they lost? Should we follow to rescue them, or wait for another brief interval before passing that terrible barrier of fire?

"Here goes to wrestle with my luck," said José, as he wound his poncho round his neck and went forward. Others were following his example, when the two men lurched through the smoke, carrying the unconscious woman between them. They bore her toward us, but when they were a few yards away from the burning grasses, old Luis's strength gave out. His hold of the joint burden relaxed, and he fell prone on the charred and ash-blackened ground with a groan.

Some of us ran to him and picked him up, while others of us helped Frank. We retreated to the marl-belt, for the heat was intense and the fire had now got beyond our control; and in a few moments the still unconscious woman was enveloped in a poncho.

Luis was not long in recovering himself. He was dazed at first, but presently he remembered everything. He scrambled to his feet and looked around him. When he saw where the woman was lying, he went and knelt beside her. Then a strange thing happened. The woman moved and moaned, and called him by name.

"Vicenta, my soul, you know me then?" asked the old man, his voice shaking.

We bent forward and listened eagerly for the answer.

"Ah, of course, I know you, my husband, Luis. Have they robbed me of our child, dear heart? Have they robbed me?"

Then we turned away, and to me it seemed to be a hopeless case of madness. Always that child! Some child of long ago, no doubt. I was going to give public utterance to an expression of opinion on this subject when José forestalled me, in a low, monotonous drawl, as we retired out of earshot of Luis.

"Look," he said confidentially, "it is, they say, many years since she called Luis by his proper name. So a fellow was saying the other day. She forgot his name and never knew him again after some great stroke of grief, as it were. So that now—but is it not to wonder at?—she has the soundness of mind again to know him before going away forever—going on the long journey. Maybe that God has done this, or some of the saints may have got it done, for it is the case that this Luis frequently lighted candles, and all that. Is it not so? And now it may be that the prayers are granted, so that she may know her husband's caress in her old age before she goes. For she is going, eh? Have you not observed those burns of hers? Horrible! And the bone all bare in places, señor, and everything dead about that poor soul of God but the mind and the speech—eh? Who knows, indeed, how these things are disposed? What do you say, friend Frank?"

Frank Hennessy, reverently remembering the prayers he had known his parents to offer up in the mud *rancho* which had been the home of his boyhood, and taking into account the things which had been taught to him about God and the mysteries of life and death, looked solemnly at the Santafecino cattle-trooper, ex-bandit, horse-thief, and trainer, and said:

"Naturally! These things are done in heaven. Who saw the fire first to-night?"

"Luis saw it," said Gomez.

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"He did," assented the others.

"And, naturally," went on Frank, "it was for him to see it first. The time had come for her to go, and it was disposed that she should have his words in her heart as she went. The day before yesterday he told me that he had a presentiment. I told him that this was a sign of his losing money, for you all know how he gambles and dreams of things before races—and what a great old scoundrel he is!"

"Yes, indeed, it is so." They were all unanimous over it.

"But," went on Frank, "he said it was no gambling presentiment. And now—you see!"

Luis called to us, and we went to him.

"Her mind is well, is sound again," he said in an awed voice, scarcely above a whisper, as he held her in his arms, while he looked up in our faces from his stooped and uncomfortable posture. "Her mind is sound. I want to take her to the *estancia*, but I am not able. She is ill in body, and so am I from the fire. But if someone would go for a cart——"

Someone went. The major-domo was not there to give orders, for he had disappeared an hour previously with the rest of the men to fight the fire by heading it off on the hill, at the other end of the marl-belt. Frank nodded when José put a questioning look to him, and the next moment the man of trans-frontier experiences and sins—that man of belief in the principle upon which Luis had lighted those candles—was galloping toward El Bandido headquarters to look for ambulance accommodation.

The fire came to an end at last, partly of its own accord, partly by reason of our indefatigable labors, and partly on account of a three hours' downpour of rain. The rain found us a half-starved, half-cooked band of salamanders, black as the ashes which we had been swallowing for a night and the greater part of a day, singed, blistered, eyelashless, eyebrowless, beardless, tobaccoless, hungry, dirty, dead tired. The rain found us in this way, and as we rode home it washed us.

It was nightfall when we rode into the back *patio* of El Bandido. In one of the rooms near the sheds there was a flare of lighted candles. It was, in fact, a wake. Poor, mad Vicenta had found her husband, only to leave him. She had died that morning, soon after arriving. Luis had dressed the corpse himself, for there were no women nearer than half a day's ride, and, besides, he would not have allowed them to help him, even had they been forthcoming by the score. He had dressed out her bed with all the finery he could borrow in the way of white linen from the *estancia* cook. He had washed the poor, shrivelled features, and closed the eyes, and plaited her hair, and crossed the charred and wounded hands over her bosom, placing a crucifix between the fingers. He took a kind of melancholy pride in his work, and, regardless of his own severe burns and pains, went carefully around the room, with its clay floor and bare brick walls and corrugated iron ceiling, and changed a candle here, or smoothed out a tuck of the linen there.

During the night, as we sat with him, he told us the story of Mad Vicenta, which was also his own. It was a plain, simple, direct narrative.

"I stole her," he said, as he raised his hand and combed the shaggy and grizzled hair back from his forehead with his wounded fingers. "Yes, sirs, I stole her from her parents, years ago, in Lujan. Her people owned land and flocks and herds, and were respected. She was of thoroughbred stock. Look at her face, and see the marks of breeding—of a person descended from *gente*, eh? Perceive, sirs, how her features are not Indian, nor of any vulgar type."

We agreed, one and all, that the features were as he had said.

"And then, sirs, as to my stealing her. I did it with her own consent. It is important to remember that I did it because I loved her, and because she loved me, and because her people would sooner see her in the arms of death than in mine. She loved me for myself—for there was nothing else, eh?—no land nor stock, nothing but the flesh and blood and bone, sirs, of a Gaucho who feared not anything on the earth.

"Her father cursed us. So did the mother. The daughters also cursed their sister. The brothers sought my life. But what cared I? Likewise the priest cursed us because we would not separate, and because I refused to have him read from a book over us. But who respects curses? Bah! Not I. Look, if one is born for a fate, the fate will come. If one is not born for a curse, it will not come to him. I have met curses—yes, not because of any creature's maledictions, not that;

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"I COULD HEAR THE GATHERING THUNDER OF THEIR HOOFS, AS WE ROLLED THE HERD BEFORE US INTO A GALLOP."

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but because the curses had been prepared for me before I was born, and lay in my path.

"Her father persecuted us, set the authorities on my heels, and made Lujan too hot to hold me. We went to Mercedes. His anger followed us there, for he was a rich man, you see, and the arm of his anger was long. We left Mercedes for Bragado, and again were we persecuted. I was getting tired of running away, and would have turned on my persecutors but for her sake. It was that I might not draw the blood of one of her kindred that we went out near the frontier, out to the pampa.

"In the rough camp hut, out there, a child was born to us—a beautiful child, sirs; not a brown-skinned brat with a flat nose and crooked eyes; no, sirs, a white man's son it was, fit for a white woman to suckle. They lie who say that a Gaucho may not have white blood in his veins. As for me, I was then white enough. The sun and the years and that which I have suffered have changed me, eh? But it is all the same.

"When the boy was four months old, the Indians came one night while I was away. They killed the child, and stole the mother from me. They took her out to the wildernesses where no Christian's foot had ever trod the earth in freedom, and made her one of themselves."

"One of themselves?" asked some of us. "Impossible! A white woman become an Indian? But how?"

"Ah, how! It was a happening the most strange. She became another woman. Her mind snapped, as it were, with the murder of her child. Her body lived on. And she bore other children, but not mine, you understand. Indian brats they were—the brood of the chief who stole her. She was not a very sane mother to them, but she reared them. A strange, strange thing, but true. It is all in a book. A doctor in Rojas wrote it down, and learned men in the capital have studied it. And more strange yet, not only did her mind go with her first-born's life, but also the Castilian tongue. Would you believe it, sirs, that she spoke not from the first night of her captivity until she began to lisp in Quichna? That also is in the book, and men of great illustration have explained it, but in words which I cannot comprehend—names of things a yard long, and what not, but all in a book, mind you. Besides, has she not been more than two years on this camp, and has she ever spoken Spanish to a soul?"

"It is the truth," chorused the listeners. "A thing the most astonishing!"

"*Bueno!* She forgot about me, eh? That is in the book, too—forgot me, her lover and man, forgot the idiom Castilian, forgot her youth and childhood, and all things but one—the child. She never forgot the child—always looked for it. When she found the new speech in her captivity, she called for the babe. Even when she had borne other children, she still called for the boy whom the Indians had murdered. Ever and always has it been the same. Have you not heard her asking for it the moment her mind came back to her down at the *quemazon?* Is it not to wonder at, to think of my Vicenta asking for the child in the idiom Castilian? When her mind came back to her she forgot all that had happened from the time she lost it, and called for the boy. She just turned over, as one might say, from a sleep, and called the child of her youth and love. Ah, but what a long, long gap between sleeping and waking—too long—a whole lifetime it was! Figure it to yourselves, sirs. She was carried off a captive at nineteen and the child killed, and at sixty-five she turns round, as if from sleep, and calls the boy. No longer is there youth, no longer beauty, babe, nor life. Old, old, old, sirs, and dying. Yet it was good of God to have her know me. Indeed, yes!"

He remained bent, his eyes on the floor, for a few moments, and some of us were moving toward the door of the room, thinking that he had finished his story and that he desired to say no more. But the old man threw up his head again, and continued in a very different tone from that of half-plaintive resignation from which his hoarse voice had just died into silence.

"But look you, *ahijuna!* I got vengeance out of those Indians, yes! With these hands did I kill all the Indian brood that had drawn sustenance from her breast. And these hands also slew the man who robbed me of her.

"I was taken captive when Chacabuco was little more than a frontier-post, and carried away to the Indian camps. It was the same chief who carried me away that had years previously bereft me of wife and child. I knew it when I arrived in his camp. There was my

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woman, my Vicenta, before me—the mother of that savage's brood. She knew me not. How could she, if her mind were gone? But I did not take heed of all the facts then. I was mad—mad to see her bearing children for that savage, mad that she knew me not, mad with despair; and I tried to murder her in my rage. I struck her; and, my God, how I have sorrowed for the deed! Many a time has it come back and pounded at my heart. My attempt to kill her cost me dear. That chief was ready of hand. See, here are his marks!"

Luis tore his shirt open and showed his scars; they were thick enough on chest, neck, and arms.

"But no matter. Ho! I got vengeance for it all. I escaped. I crept back this side of the frontiers after sufferings such as even the wild beasts might pity, but still alive; and with the passion for vengeance unquenched within me. The day came when I returned to that Indian camp as guide to a force of three hundred troopers of the line, and then the account was closed.

"I brought her away, but she was no longer mine. She even hated me. All the long years since then have we wandered around the outside camps, never staying very long any place on account of her freaks. At times she would be fairly well, but she never remembered, and at times she would be a raging terror. At length the time came when it was impossible to live with her. Day and night she would roam the camps, as you know, shunning all mankind. She had been down yonder where the fire caught her for the last two years, but how many of you had seen her twice in all that time? She lived as the wildest Gaucho would live, on ostrich eggs and *mulitas* (armadillos), and the wild deer which she caught, for she was full of skill and rode like a rough rider, and knew every trick and secret of the Indian hunters—queer how she had learned it all, she who had been reared so differently. I would have lived with her in spite of everything, in spite even of the attempts she made on my life, but the sight of me became a constant provocation to her. She became so mad, poor creature, that the sight of any human face put her in a rage. And yet she was always looking for a face she could never find. All day, and sometimes at night, she went about calling on the wind and the sun and the stars to give her back that child. And the older she grew, the more her search for her first-born occupied her. What would you have? My poor Vicenta! They say all this and much more is in the heart of a woman."

He rose and snuffed a guttering candle, and placed his burned hand upon her brow. Then he said:

"Thus it all happened, sirs. And now it is all ended. A great stroke brought back what another great stroke took away. She called me by name, and said the Padre Nuestro and the Ave Maria, and took the crucifix from my hands and kissed it, and into her eyes came a look which brought back the sunset long ago when I stole her, and she died calling for the child of our love. She went, and I myself have decked her bed of death, and I shall place her in the coffin when it comes, and all the dollars that are to my credit shall be spent in burying her. And there shall be a cross for her grave, and flowers and candle-sticks, and there shall be a mass said for her also. One of these days, no doubt, it will be my turn, and I shall follow her. I have lived and I shall die—and that is all. My heart is turned. I must thank the good God that let her know me before she went. I must mend my life, yes, and be a good Christian."

And for three months after the burial he kept his word. It was not until the marking round-ups that Luis broke out again.

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# The Duck's Back

By MARGARET JOHNSON

Illustrated by Emilie Benson Knipe

INA, sitting erect and graceful in her pew, well up toward the front of the church, with her little niece Amabel, pink-frocked and flower-hatted, beside her, might have appeared to the onlooker to be hanging with the most devout attention upon the lips of the minister, now midway in the swelling current of his Sunday morning's discourse. In reality, all her powers of mind and soul were concentrated upon the effort to maintain some outward semblance of decorum in her pew, and to avoid the mortification of an overt struggle with her charge, or the equally desperate alternative of an abrupt and premature departure with her from the church.

Amabel's behavior in the house of worship on a sunny spring morning such as this, when her spirits were at their best, was truly indescribable. The place and the circumstances seemed to inspire her with a reckless and untoward abandonment of glee which defied all customary restraints. Her restlessness was not that of the ordinary inattentive child. It was so vivid, so characteristic, so charged with playful and freakish fancy, that to poor Ina it seemed as if the whole congregation must be aware of its extraordinary quality.

She tossed her little head till all its careful curls were blown about and ruffled as by an April breeze. She waved her arms in airy feints of putting on or taking off her gloves. She sighed and twisted and writhed, her face one sparkle of animation and changing expression. She flung arch glances and charming smiles at Ina with her head on one side, like a bird's, or pouted in a demure and pensive withdrawal into the sanctuary of her own unfathomable thought.

She made great eyes and round O's of admiration with her mouth at the minister, and did not hesitate to shake a vehement head or to utter a condemnatory monosyllable aloud, if he gave voice to some statement which arrested her attention and reached, however dimly, her understanding. She found places in the hymn-book with elaborate care, and mumbled over imaginary words to herself with unction. She leaned her head against Ina's shoulder in a touching affectation of wearied but angelic patience, only to sit up violently the next moment, and shake an energetic finger at a fly buzzing incontinently in the window.

Ina's own rigidity of attitude under all blandishments, her whispered expostulations and looks of gentle warning, had so far proved of no avail.

"Amabel," she said at last, discarding gentleness, and concentrating all the force of her character into the stern whisper with which she bent to the child's ear, "if you don't sit still and behave yourself this minute, I shall take you immediately home!"

"And spank you," a mother might have added; but Ina was not a mother, and spanking was an extreme of severity which it would have horrified her to contemplate. The warning, so far as it went, was apparently more than sufficient. Amabel's whole demeanor changed instantly. The life and color went utterly out of her, as out of a jelly-fish removed from its native element. She sat motionless, dumb, her little hands lying limp in her lap, her head hanging on one side like a broken flower. Presently Ina saw that she was weeping. The large, slow tears ran down silently over her cheeks and spotted her pink dress. She let them fall, unheeded and unwiped. She ignored Ina's kind hand, held out to her quietly, and languished against the end of the pew like one desolate, bereft of all human sympathy and support.

Gradually the bitterness of Amabel's sorrow became less keen. As life returned, little by little, to her crushed being, she sat up and used her handkerchief with ostentation. Long sighs eased the silent burden of her breast. Then she took Ina's hand in her own and pressed it gently. The crisis was



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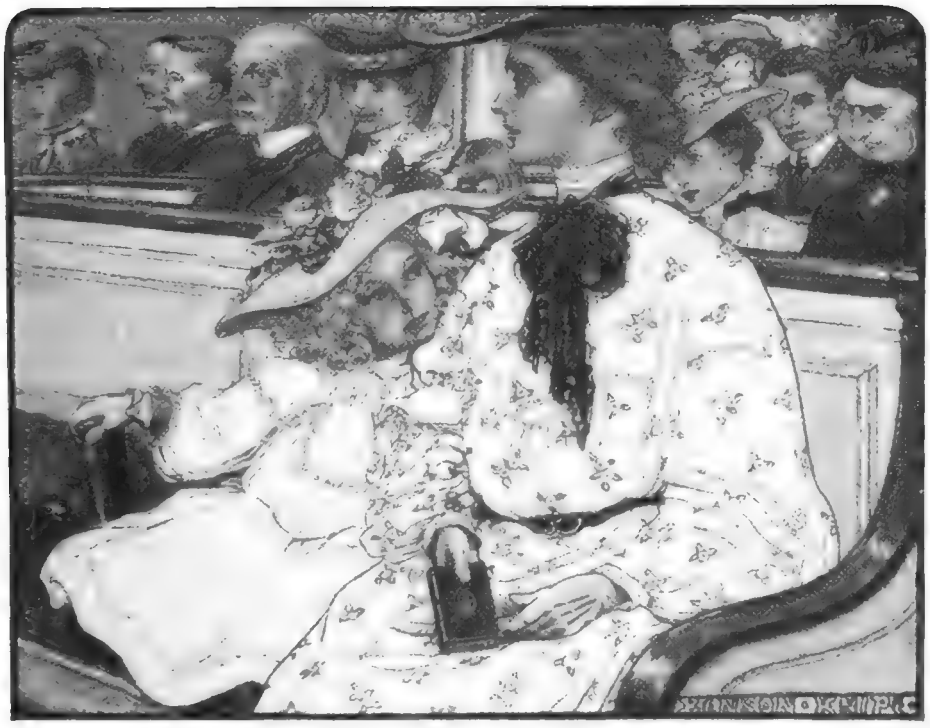

A TOUCHING AFFECTATION OF WEARIED BUT ANGELIC PATIENCE.

past. Ina felt that she was forgiven; and meekly accepting her pardon, hoped with fervor born of experience that the chastened and pious spirit of reconciliation now shining in the child's eyes, would endure until the end of the sermon.

It did, barely. As the last word was uttered, Amabel flung a flippant foot in its glossy ankle-tie to the top of the next pew-back, fell over backward in the effort to recover her balance, and burying her face in the cushion, shook and bubbled with convulsive laughter throughout the singing of the final hymn.

With the pronouncing of the benediction her mood changed. She went out of church sweetly, decorously, turning out her little toes, and carrying her little body with an airy and insinuating grace.

"That was a nawful long sermon, wasn't it?" she observed blithely, moving along at her aunt's side in the sunshine.

"You were not at all good," said Ina severely. "I don't know what I shall do with you, Amabel, if you are so naughty in church!"

Again the cloud descended and covered Amabel as with a garment. Her step lagged, her mouth drooped with its inimitable look of woe. Ina, seeing the abandonment of her remorse, could not forbear a smile; and Amabel, lifting her glance heavily, and as it were from some remote depth of shame and self-abasement, to her aunt's face, beheld the smile and was restored to instant joy.

"Aunt Ina," she cried softly, adoringly, "that's a nawful pretty hat you've got on! I jus' love you in a pretty hat like that!"

Her violet eyes were full of the sincerest admiration and affection. She caught her aunt's hand and pressed it with a bewitching gesture of confiding love. Ina smiled again, albeit unwillingly; and the child, expanding in her glance, danced like a bubble over the pavement. Passers-by turned again to look at her radiant face, sparkling with gayety and innocence.

But Ina's soul remained cast down and disquieted within her. Her delicate sense of propriety and of responsibility was jarred and shaken by the occurrences of the morning. It was extraordinary—shocking—that Amabel should behave as she did. Her imperviousness to all influence, her heedless disregard of all the motives which should govern a natural and well-regulated childhood, were be-

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"AUNT INA, THAT'S A NAWFUL PRETTY HAT YOU'VE GOT ON!"

yond belief. Ina felt that she herself was much to blame. She was not the child's mother. She said this to herself very often and very reproachfully, though in truth she was hardly to be held accountable for the fact. But, because of it—notwithstanding that from the hour when Amabel had been left to her, the legacy of a dying sister, she had tried most faithfully to do her duty by her precious charge—perhaps she had allowed herself to be too superficial in her dealings with the child. That Amabel was compounded seemingly of nothing more substantial than air and sunshine, that she was as responsible as a puff of thistledown, as steady as a will-o'-the-wisp—this Ina had long since discovered and taken for granted—too much for granted, no doubt. Here was her mistake. She had never penetrated to the child's deeper nature. To make her happy was as easy as to blow the thistledown into the sunshine with a careless breath. But was this enough—to make her happy—to govern her by the exercise of a little brief authority? No, surely not. The child's heart must be reached—her conscience touched.

Ina looked at the charming flibbertigibbet hopping at her side, and felt a qualm. Then she reassured herself. She had been careless, that was all. She resolved that she would seize the first opportunity to seek out the child's soul, to impress her elastic nature, to arouse in her, by the best means within her power, those deeper emotions which should furnish a basis for the building up of true and lasting character.

Amabel, unconscious of these high thoughts, skipped and prattled. She danced through the day and frisked up to bed at night; and Monday morning dawned pregnant with new and unforeseen experience.

"I didn't tell you 'bout my Sunday-school lesson, Aunt Ina," she observed, with delicate reproof, while being dressed for school. "You never ast me. It was 'bout a little boy that picked Epistles."

"Picked Epistles?" said Ina absently, struggling with a button.

"Yes'm," said Amabel, with confidence. "Pink ones—lots of 'em, out in the Park, you know. And they stung him. I wouldn't like that, would you? There was more, too, 'bout Jacuff. I *think* it was Jacuff—no, maybe it was Josuff. Wasn't that too bad, 'bout how all his brothers put him in a hole! Was that Josuff? And then the groc'ryman, he had a dream——"

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"The groceryman?"

"She said the groc'ryman—or else the baker. Maybe it might 'a' been the baker. I don't remember. Can I send out the imitations to my party to-day, Aunt Ina—can I? I told Maud it was goin' to be a Maple Fool party and she didn't believe me. But it is, isn't it?—'cause it's on Maple Fool's Day. I think God's pretty nice to me, to let me have a party, don't you? But then, he isn't the *only* one!"

She twisted her head around under her arm, to look at Ina with a smile of enchanting sweetness, quite fatal to the curl in process of making. "You're nice to me, too!" she cooed rapturously. "But then—" she grew thoughtful again. "It's all the same, isn't it?—'cause God made everything. She told us 'bout a fish God made once. I don't 'member its name. Do fishes bite? I wouldn't like to be bit by a fish, would you? Maud says——"

"Amabel," said Ina, breaking into the flood of speech with gentle emphasis, and turning the child around so that she could look into her beaming face, "Amabel, listen! I want you to come directly home from school to-day. Don't stop to play with Maud; and don't eat any candy, dear. You have not been quite well, you know, and I want you to be a strong little girl, and to have red roses in your cheeks. You will be good and do just what I say, won't you, dear?"

"Yes'm," said Amabel, balancing before the glass and admiring the ruffles on her apron. "Oh, yes'm! Aunt Ina, do Epistles bite—do they?"

"You silly child!" said Ina, laughing. "You always want to know if things bite! No, they sting—if you mean thistles—they don't bite. Now run along, dear, and don't forget what I have told you!"

"No'm," said Amabel earnestly, "no'm, I won't. Can I stay out and play with Maud a little while after school, Aunt Ina, if we——?"

"Why, Amabel!" Ina looked surprised and pained. "I just explained that I wanted you to come home the moment school was out, and you said you would! Didn't you hear me?"

Amabel drooped. "I thought maybe you meant—to-morrow," she murmured, with hanging head.

"Well, I don't," said Ina firmly; "I mean to-day. Do you understand me now?

"I DIDN'T TELL YOU 'BOUT MY SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON."

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And I want you not to eat any candy—not even the least little bit. If you are a good girl, and love me——"

Amabel opened her arms wide and flung herself on Ina's breast in a transport of affection.

"I jus' guess I *do* love you!" she cried fervently. "Aunt Ina, I jus' guess!"

Her kisses were warm on Ina's cheek. Her clinging arms were hard to put away. She listened, she understood, she promised eagerly. She flitted from the room like a fairy, followed by her aunt's fond eyes. She came home at half-past three, two hours after school had closed, and her mouth was sticky with the fatal, the unmistakable stickiness of candy.

She was gay, she was glowing; her face beamed with artless joy and candor.

"Amabel," said Ina, "you have broken your word!"

"No'm!" said Amabel, wide-eyed, the sugar crinkling round her mouth.

Ina looked at her, speechless, and knew that her opportunity had come. She did not scold nor blame nor question. She simply withdrew from the child the sunshine of her love, the cheer of her good-fellowship. She was cold, gentle, silent. Amabel was puzzled at first. She had recourse to various pretty wiles and coquetries, usually effective in cases of partial estrangement, with a view to "making up"; and, these failing, accepted her aunt's behavior as one of the necessary vagaries of grown-up people, and played by herself with obvious content.

The afternoon passed slowly. At supper, her bright spirits somewhat clouded by the silence and coldness whose fell significance she failed to grasp, Amabel endeavored to lighten the gloom with her engaging chatter; but her aunt responded only in the most dull and depressing monosyllables. There were no games after tea. Ina did not feel like playing games, she said. And again Amabel amused herself philosophically with dominoes in a solitary corner.

Bedtime came. Ina had staked all her hopes on bedtime. They went upstairs together as usual, and once more Amabel exerted herself to restore the normal and sympathetic relationship between them, so strangely and arbitrarily altered. She frisked and frolicked; she was as demure and dainty and endearing as a kitten. It would have been easy to yield, to administer the necessary reproof and take the culprit to her arms. There was something pathetic in the soft little creature's artless attempts at cheerfulness, in her forlorn and persistent gayety. But Ina steeled her heart. She would carry out her experiment to the end, cost what it might.

"I jus' love this ring!" said Amabel, standing up to be unbuttoned, and gazing admiringly at the glass gem on her plump forefinger. "Maud gave it to me for a lend. I'm goin' to give it back to her bimeby, if I don't lose it. God wouldn't let it rain Sat'day, would he?—'count of my party. I should think he could make it pleasant, jus' for one day, easy 'nough! I would. I guess I better say my prayers out loud to-night, bettern't I? I don't forget to say 'em now, ever, any more. That's 'cause I'm bein' brought up. I'm glad I'm bein' brought up, Aunt Ina. Some little children don't have anybody to bring 'em up, do they? Aren't you glad I'm not that kind of a little children, aren't you?"

"Very glad," said Ina solemnly.

"There's a nawful big cobweb down in the shed window," Amabel hastened to continue cheerfully, perceiving that the pious bent of her remarks threatened to lead to some personal and undesirable end. "Could cobwebs hurt you? I'm 'fraid of 'em, anyway. That little girl next door—her nail came all the way off—she squeezed it in a crack. I wouldn't like that, would you? But things will happen! Nothing's happened to me for ever so long. I guess I've got to a lucky place, don't you, Aunt Ina?"

"Don't I what?" said Ina.

"Don't you b'lieve I've got to a lucky place? I wish you'd talk to me, Aunt Ina! I wish——"

Then Ina felt obliged to explain. According to theory, the explanation ought not to have been necessary; all children were probably not so obtuse as her charge. Briefly and sadly she made the situation clear to the wondering Amabel, whose gayety collapsed like a pricked balloon. Ina told her, in effect, that when disobedience and naughtiness came in at the door, love and happiness flew out of the window. She reminded her of her broken promise, and of the sinfulness of falsehood and deceit, and she explained that without true harmony of action and of feeling there could be no pleasant companionship, no good times, nor loving words. She said that she was deeply grieved and unhappy about it all; and she finished by

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doubting very gravely whether she should be able even to kiss her little girl good-night.

It was very affecting. Ina was affected herself. And Amabel wept.

The sound of her little sniffling sobs went straight to Ina's heart. "Not yet!" she said to herself, strenuously. "Not yet! The lesson must be learned!"

Unkissed, uncomforted, Amabel crept into her little bed, and lay wide-eyed and quivering.

"Good-night!" said Ina, with terrible gentleness. Then she turned and went away.

In the next room she stood still and listened with strained attention. But Amabel did not call out. Ina fancied the child struggling silently with that sense of separation, that loneliness of spirit, which she must learn by bitter experience to be the inevitable result, the natural penalty of wrong-doing. She hoped, eagerly, half-fearfully, that the lesson would not be without its effect. Could Amabel—it was very still—could she have fallen asleep?

She stole again to the door and listened. With a great throb of the heart she heard the little sobs go on in the darkness, not loud—Amabel was never noisy in her grief—but low, pitiful, despairing—the crying of a little wounded creature, hopeless and abandoned.

Ina could bear no more. She opened the door hurriedly and went in. She sat down on the side of the bed, and lifted the prostrate curly head pressed deep into the pillow.

"Amabel," she said; and her own voice was broken. "Amabel, are you sorry?"

The child could not speak. She gasped and trembled, struggling with some inarticulate appeal. She put up her little arms passionately, and drew her aunt's face down to hers, wet and quivering. And Ina yielded. She gathered the child in her arms, all her heart going out in a rush of pent-up tenderness and yearning. No words were needed between them. All the depth of Amabel's remorse, all the relief of reconciliation and forgiveness, were in the clasp of her clinging arms.

Ina was half frightened, half triumphant, at the success of her experiment. How had she thought this little creature incapable of feeling, of passion, even? The little grieving heart, the little palpitating body, all athrob with penitence and grief—Ina could hardly bear it. Had she gone too far? Had she wounded the tender nature too deeply? As the storm passed, and Amabel grew quiet in her arms, she promised herself in a gush of unspeakable emotion that, the childish conscience once roused, the childish soul once stirred to its depths, she would heal all its wounds with utmost tenderness, she would cherish most delicately this treasure committed to her care.

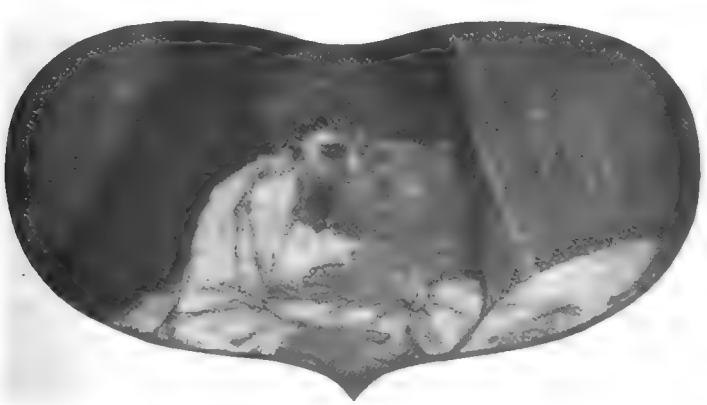
She held the child closer and closer, drawing the little soft body to her with a passionate yearning to which it responded, clinging to her in return, and pressing warm, tremulous lips against her cheek with an answering fervor and tenderness. Ina felt that they were heart to heart at last. The victory was won—the child's soul was hers.

Then out of the silence, brooding, tender, which held them sacredly, Amabel spoke.

"Aunt Ina!" Her voice was caught in the short spasm of a sob.

"Darling!" said Ina.

"Do cobwebs," breathed Amabel, faint but fervid, "do they *bite?*"



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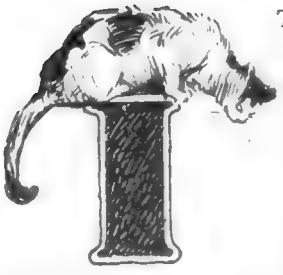
# Louisa

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

Illustrated by Joseph Cummings Chase



T was as unpleasant a task as I had ever undertaken in my life. But I knew that if the kittens stayed with Molly even overnight, maternal affection would set in, and I could not face the distress that would follow their disappearance; and disappear they must, for though we cherished Molly, she was a sedate, orderly little cat, and a troop of destructive kittens would be quite another matter in Louisa's eyes, and Louisa's eyes entirely controlled the family movements. It was easier to give up a secret tenderness for warm, bad, purry kittens than it was to fight the question out. Louisa was the prop and mainstay of our big, careless, moneyless, fatherless family. "What would you ever have done without her!" was the universal cry of friends and relatives. She spread our small income over our small needs, she ordered and regulated everything, from the boys' education to the family wash. The house was always clean, nothing was ever neglected or forgotten. When we were tempted to rebel at her iron rule, we had to remember all this and yield with a sigh of, "But what would we ever have done without her!"

Of course, I might have made the cook drown the kittens, but as she was debating whether life at Fallow was not too lonely, and her eleven predecessors had decided that it was, we were all doing our best to make our home seem to her a haven of delight. And the boys were away at school. So I set my teeth and did the deed.

Molly took it placidly. For a day or two she went about a trifle anxiously, with the expression of one who has mislaid something, she cannot quite remember what; and she would pause at closed doors with a puzzled frown, running her nose up and down the crack, and then looking up wistfully at the handle with a nasal note of inquiry. But very soon she evidently shrugged the whole matter out of her mind, and accepted my attentions in the way of cream and massage as due to her own charms rather than to my secret sense of guilt.

But I had established a bad precedent. Three months later some young affections suddenly appeared in our family, and Louisa, calling me aside, pointed out to me with her



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usual emphatic finality of utterance that it was my place to take them out and drown them. Louisa was never merely sure of anything—she was always absolutely certain. This morning she had a white cotton duster pinned tightly about her forehead and falling in loose folds behind, like an Egyptian head-dress, and she emphasized her remarks with a long whisk-broom. It is particularly hard to oppose Louisa when her hair is covered, for that has a certain soft waviness suggestive of human weakness—a suggestion not found elsewhere in her handsome, severe features and her angular, erect carriage.

I sat down on the arm of a chair and listened unhappily. Of course, Cornelia was only eighteen and might feel different in ten years; and no one pretended that Tom Patton amounted to so very much. Louisa was always right in her main contentions. But I had seen Corny's dear, round-cheeked face lifted to Tom's the night before when they thought the veranda was empty, and I could not bear the idea of putting all that happiness out of the world. Corny had always been peculiarly my charge; it was assumed she would be more ready to "listen" to me. (It was because Molly was my cat that I had had to drown the kittens.)

"It seems dreadful," I said dejectedly. "Corny is fairly bubbling; she begins to sing the moment she wakes up. Last night at twelve o'clock I found her ripping the machine-tucks out of her lawn dress and running them all up by hand, so as to make herself more worthy of Tom—and there must have been a hundred."

Louisa frowned over a spot on the ancient mahogany table, and began rubbing it with a yellow silk duster.

"My dear Ruth, that is not to the point," she said impatiently.

"Yes it is, Louisa." I dropped back into my chair; then, remembering that she hated ungainly attitudes, brought my knees about to a conventional angle. "The point is that we've got here definite human happiness—quantities of it—and you want to put it out of the world. And there is so little of it! Do let us cherish what there is."

"But ten years from now," began Louisa patiently.

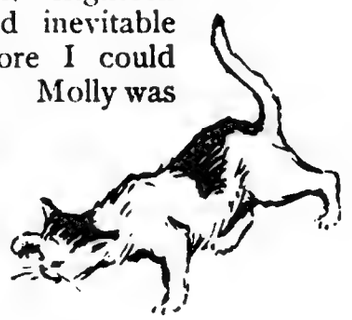
"Ten years from now," I broke in, "if Corny were to get engaged, she would do it haltingly, uncertainly, with endless doubt of herself and her feelings; she would analyze the man and see with horrid clearness where he failed, and lie awake nights wondering if she ought to so compromise with her standards—or with her family's standards, more likely. She would be chilled and disheartened by other people's disapproval. Her period of engagement would be a period of misery; and ten to one the man would merely be Tom ten years older, after all, or his equivalent. Now it is a glorious pink dream, she hasn't a doubt in the world, his hand on hers is the top of romance. We have missed it, Louisa, but for pity's sake let her have it." Louisa eyed me shrewdly. We had never talked of my broken engagement, but I was willing to give her the key to it if it would help Cornelia's cause. "Tom is a straightforward, manly little fellow," I added. "He has no bad habits, and the fact that you and I don't find him especially interesting is not, after all, so vital to Corny's happiness."

"It is not simply because he is commonplace, wholly unimportant mentally and personally." Louisa folded her arms high on her chest and eyed me severely over them. "There is also the consideration that he earns just eighteen dollars a week, with no prospect of much more for six or eight years at least, and nothing back of him. Two might get along on eighteen dollars a week. But there are the probable consequences." A vision of round-cheeked, innocent Cornelia, unreservedly in love, made me wince.

"The inevitable consequences," I admitted with a sigh.

"Well, then!" said Louisa conclusively. Of course she was right. I held out nearly an hour longer, but there was no getting round that eighteen dollars a week; and Louisa's picture of a dragged, faded Cornelia, prematurely old with the struggle, finally decided me. With a heavy heart, I agreed to drown the poor little blind feelings.

I went at once in quest of Cornelia, to get it over with while the borrowed strength of Louisa's firmness was on me. I found her in her own room sewing blissfully on the hand-tucks, her face so innocently radiant that I had to say to myself, "Eighteen dollars a week and inevitable consequences" before I could command my voice. Molly was curled up on the edge of her skirt: that made me shiver a little.



"Corny dear," I began, taking up

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her scissors as if I had never seen them before, "you know what you and Tom told us the night before last was a great surprise—such a great one that we couldn't think coherently just at first. I suppose we ought to have seen it coming; but we forgot you were grown up." Corny's lifted face began to look troubled. "Now we have been talking it over very seriously," I went on desperately, "and it seems to us, Corny, almost impossible on Tom's present salary. Have you thought about that at all?" And I drew a long breath of relief that it was out—much as I had done when the string was tied about the sack with the kittens inside. Corny's eyes had grown wide and hurt, and the hand-tucks slipped to the floor.

"Oh, Ruthie!" was all she said, but the grieved reproach, the breathless dismay, nearly broke me down. "Eighteen dollars a week—any number of consequences!" I said savagely to myself, slashing with the scissors.

"You see, married life costs so much more than you realize," I persisted with averted eyes. She broke into an eager jumble of plans and explanations. They had talked it all out, poor babies; had even made pencil calculations that would have set me shaking with laughter, if they had not caused me to burst into tears instead with Corny's face crushed up against me.

SHE EMPHASIZED HER REMARKS WITH A LONG WHISK BROOM.

"You poor little soul, you don't know the first thing about life," I said brokenly, "and in three years you'll be all dragged and old and tired out, and oh, Corny, we can't let you! Don't you see?" She lay passively against me, pale but tearless.

"It's Louisa," she said, and there was a new stubbornness in her voice.

"It's common sense, dear!" I insisted.

"H'm!" said Corny, drawing away from me and picking up her sewing with very shaky fingers. We sat in silence for some minutes, Corny pretending to sew; and then, quite without warning, the kittens turned on me. She threw the work down again and started from her chair.

"It *is* Louisa," she said hotly. "And it was Louisa who broke *your* engagement and spoiled everything for you." I started to protest, but she rushed on. "Oh, I know I was only sixteen, but I saw! She kept disapproving of Ralph at every turn—she said he was 'commonplace' because he was just a nice, big, every-day man and got mad when he tried to read Henry James. And she found fault every day in some little way with his manners or his accent or his taste till she got you so upset you didn't know where you were, and you weren't loyal enough to what you felt to tell her to go to the devil!"

"Corny!" I cried faintly. She stood confronting me with blazing cheeks.

"It's true! And you've been heart-broken ever since about it, though you've pretended and pretended. And she has always been just as sniffy at Tom, but I love him and I don't care what anyone on earth thinks. He's my man and I'd rather have him than the angel of the Lord—and he gets a raise every Christmas, so now!" And with this she threw herself face down on the bed, sobbing. I could not say a word: I could only steal out to the most secret corner of the old tangled garden and try to recover my breath.

Several hours later I reported meekly to Louisa that I had not been altogether successful in my mission.

"Very well, then, I shall talk to Tom," she announced. I felt a secret longing to hang out a warning for him, "Danger: stay away!" till I remembered that I was on the other side and opposed to the match.

Tom came out from the talk that evening very white, his boyish chin tremulous, his eyes full of despair. He paused on the porch by

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my chair, twisting his hat between his hands.

"She's quite right—absolutely," he stammered, after a difficult silence. "It would be —selfish to let her do it. I hadn't realized. I'll—I'll keep away from her after this. When I am earning a decent sum—only it takes so long!" He drew himself up with a sharp sigh. "Say good-night to Corny for me; I won't stop to see her now," he said, and plunged down the path between the dimly white syringas. A moment later I heard quick steps running after him from the old summer-house and a reproachful "Tom!" I went hastily indoors. There are nights when the odor of syringa is unbearable to me.

Corny stopped at my door an hour later, and looked in on me with hard, bright eyes.

"Let's found a society, Ruth," she said in a high, unnatural tone. "We will call it 'Louisa's Old Maids,' and you and I will be the charter members. Don't you think it would be a good——" But her voice failed her, and she fled to her own room, slamming and locking the door after her.

Next morning she absolutely refused to speak to or look at Louisa.

"The poor child is too unhappy to be reasonable," I pleaded for her. "Leave her alone for a few days." And Louisa, who was always temperate and just, waited with the cool immobility of a stone wall till Corny should tire of bruising her passionate young head, and be in a state to hear reason. The child broke down at last, and sullenly allowed herself to be talked to.

"That's all very well, Louisa," she said quietly at the end; "you know more arithmetic than I do, and you're probably quite right. Anyway, you have done your best to save me from a dreadful fate. Only, you see, you've failed. I'd rather spoil my life my own way than have you spoil it for me, as you have Ruth's."

"Corny!" I interposed sharply. "That will do."

"Oh, if you are satisfied, I sha'n't say anything; but she bullied you out of marrying the nicest fellow you will ever know, and that's not going to happen to me. We have all been under her thumb and done exactly as she wished all our lives—and I've had enough of it!" Louisa was pale, but she kept her lips sternly shut.

"You are ungrateful, Corny," I exclaimed. "Think a moment! What would this family ever have done without——"

"Well, I'd rather be less well cared for and call my soul my own," Corny flung back, rebellion in every line of her angry, childish face. Then she ran stormily upstairs. Louisa examined the brass handles of the secretary, then got out the pomade and began polishing them. I stood uncertainly, ashamed for my poor Corny, yet secretly a little resentful of Louisa's perfect calm. I ached so for the child.

"She doesn't mean it. Some day she will appreciate all you have done for her," I ventured, helplessly annoyed to hear a timid note in my voice. It was an endless mortification to me that I was afraid of Louisa. She made no answer, and I was turning away when she called me back.

"I wish you would write to Aunt Emily and ask if Corny may come to her for a few weeks. I think it would be a wise move," she said, with the coolness of a physician prescribing. "Tell her the situation." I wrote the letter, wincing a little at the address. It was while visiting Aunt Emily that I had first met Ralph.

A few days later Corny was packed off, with a cordial invitation to stay six weeks at least. She went without objection, but her

"IT SEEMS DREADFUL," I SAID DEJECTEDLY.

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SOME YOUNG AFFECTIONS SUDDENLY APPEARED.

scornful young eyes said clearly, "And you think this will do any good!" as she nodded good-by from the steps of the train.

"Aunt Emily will be a good influence. Fortunately, she is not sentimental," said Louisa, and glanced reflectively at me.

"Just the person," I agreed hastily.

In six days Corny was back.

"I couldn't stand it," she explained shortly, and going up to her room she wrote a letter which she carried boldly to the post-office. I was shelling peas on the porch, but I did not feel called on to question her; this was now Louisa's affair. When she came back she paused on the steps, looking at me with a half-smile.

"Whom do you think I saw at Aunt Emily's"? she asked.

"I can't guess"; but I knew my color betrayed me.

"Oh, yes, you can! He asked a lot about you." There was something furtive in her voice, a trace of guilty excitement.

"Cornelia! What did you say to Ralph?" I demanded. She turned away with a maddening little shrug.

"Nothing much—that you were well and happy, and just as much under Louisa's thumb as ever. He looked very nice. He had on a blue serge suit with a linen waistcoat." And she strolled off humming, leaving me decidedly disturbed.

Corny wrote and received a number of letters the next few days, though I doubt if Louisa knew it; and one night she slipped off just after tea with feet so eager that I felt sure they could mean only one thing, though she pretended she was racing with the dog. I paced uneasily up and down by the syringas, fully determined to tell Louisa if she stayed long, but in half an hour she was back, her face as innocent as that of the fox-terrier at her heels.

"Nice night," she said indifferently as she passed into the house.

"I think she is recovering," said Louisa dryly, with the tranquil satisfaction of one who is accustomed to succeed in what she undertakes. It had seemed to me that the child was in a quiver of secret exaltation, that every nerve was strung tight under her demure surface, but I was glad enough to believe myself mistaken. Louisa was always right: it was simpler to accept the fact at the outset.

I could not bring myself to question Corny, yet wonder as to what she and Ralph had said to each other drove everything else out of my head just then. I kept seeing him, in blue serge with a linen waistcoat, his careless

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hands spoiling his coat-pockets, his little fat pipe in one corner of his mouth, his good-humored gray eyes narrowed to a smile at some small evidence of femininity on my part. The vision haunted me so persistently the next day that I finally threw down my sewing, seized a spade, and went out into the garden to work myself sane again.

I was in the shadow of the old summer-house, softening the earth about the rose-bushes with frantic energy, when a step on the gravel-walk behind me made my heart shiver and pause like a frightened animal.

"Nonsense!" I muttered, and stood on the spade to drive it in to its full depth.

"Do let me help," said a big, amused voice. The spade was all that kept me up on my shaking legs, but I managed to laugh and to gasp out, "Why, Ralph!" very creditably. Oh, he did look good! I wish I could make anyone see him as I did—his charm and kindness, his broad, blue-serge shoulders, the compression about his mouth, showing that the moment was a big one to him, too, in spite of his amused eyes. Both my hands were swallowed up so wholly in his, I had a feeling that they might never come out again. It was a very pleasant feeling.

We went into the summer-house and sat down where the vines were thickest, just as we used to do when there was a reason for it. Even in that moment I remembered to be glad that I had just washed my hair.

There were no preliminaries.

"Well, Ruth," he said, "have you been perfectly satisfied, these two years?"

"Have you?" I asked, getting courage to meet his eyes.

"No." He was wholly grave now. "For a while there was a certain relief: we had rather a difficult engagement, Ruthie! Then it kept coming back at intervals, and gradually the intervals got shorter—I don't pretend that I sat and pined, but gradually I began to see that there was something between us bigger than we had realized, and that we—I couldn't get away from it like that. I was just going to write to you when I saw Cornelia."

"What did she say?" I was instantly on the defensive.

"Nothing that she should not. Only she made me feel that there was, perhaps—that you might take me back if I came. Do you think you could?"

Some perverse impulse made me temporize with the joy within.

"Oh, I couldn't stand being engaged again," I said, shaking my head. "It was such a wretched state—I couldn't face it a second time for any man living."

"Then we won't get engaged," he said, and I admit my spirits fell sickeningly. But he went on: "Suppose we walk right across the field to the rectory now and get married." His hand swallowed up mine again. "Haven't we trifled with happiness long enough, dear girl?"

How could anyone have helped it! I held out at first, but fifteen minutes later, just as I was, in an old blue chambray gown and no hat, I was nervously skirting the garden beside him. I made only one condition—that the rector should be sworn to secrecy, so that Louisa should not hear it till I was nerved to tell. Ralph was for striking boldly across the meadow, but I made him keep to the lane, where a line of trees would be between us and the house. I felt guilt written on every line of my person; but when the gates of heaven, which you had supposed forever shut, open suddenly before you, you don't go back to ask Louisa if you shall enter.

"It seems mean to Corny," I said as we neared the rectory lilacs. "She and good little Tom Patton are breaking their hearts for each other, but Louisa won't let them. And it *is* absurd, on eighteen dollars a week."

"Well, if your staying single would make it easier," he suggested, with the air of one prepared to renounce. I furtively clutched the edge of his coat.

"Oh, it wouldn't," I cried hastily.

I had barely met the rector, who was newly installed, and he looked slightly puzzled, but he brought in his wife and his servant as witnesses and married us without embarrassing questions. It was scarcely ten minutes before we were walking down between the lilacs again, man and wife.

We turned silently toward home, pausing for a moment to look across the sun-flooded meadow at the old gables and the crumbling brick wall heaped high with vines. Then I saw our back gate open and two figures come out, and I grasped Ralph in a sudden panic.

"Oh, hide!" I gasped. "I—I don't want to be caught! Don't let anyone find us here!"

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"I'm not ashamed," he laughed, but all the same he followed me with a certain alacrity behind the rector's hedge, where we knelt on the fresh-cut grass like truant children and peered through at the advancing couple.

It was a girl and a man and the girl was all in white. And then I saw that they were going furtively; that they flew across the open and kept the line of the trees between them and the house; that they halted at the bridge and talked earnestly, just as we had done, and then came up the slope toward the rectory lilacs. And that the girl was Corny in all her hand-tucks, and the man, Tom.

"Lord, Lord!" I whispered as the truth forced itself upon me.

They came slowly past the hedge; it was Tom who looked guilty.

"Oh, Corny, I love you so I can't help it—but I'm afraid I'm being a cad," we heard him say. Corny's eager answer was lost in the slam of the gate. They disappeared behind the lilacs.

"Ralph!" I exclaimed in dismay. "Oh, I ought to stop them!" We looked weakly at each other.

"Oh, why not let them have it!" he urged suddenly. His hand on my shoulder seemed a convincing reason, though even in that moment I knew it would not do for Louisa.

"Oh, I oughtn't—but they do want it so terribly, poor babies!" I murmured.

"You can't spoil it, Ruthie, to-day!" The smell of fresh-cut grass always brings back to me that moment while I wavered. A bird hidden somewhere flung a ripple of song over our heads.

"Then, Ralph, we make ourselves responsible for them; see that they get on, that it isn't too hard," I said solemnly.

"We do," he said as solemnly, his hand closing over mine. Oh, the splendid strength of that "we"! I felt suddenly as young as Corny.

"Let's go to the wedding," I exclaimed.

The doors were open and we stole into the rectory parlor, where the two pale children were already confronting the rector. His face looked still more puzzled, though a shade of relief passed over it at our entrance. The pair were too absorbed to notice us.

"Who giveth this woman——?"

I stepped quietly forward. Corny gasped and shrank back against Tom, who went scarlet. When I smiled at them, with wet eyes, she clutched my hand, and she held it tightly till hers was needed for the ring.

Out in the sunny garden we confronted each other with tremulous smiles.

"We did it, too, Corny," I admitted. She gave a shriek of joy, and then we all laughed insanely. There was a babel of excited talk, but at the gate we paused and all four with one thought looked at the gabled house across the meadow. The laughter left our faces. I finally put it into words.

"Now we've got to tell Louisa."

Longingly we looked toward the sheltered lane, then we turned bravely to the open field. Four abreast, we took hands, Corny and I in the middle, and marched solemnly down the shining grass and up to the crumbling brick wall. An upstairs window was opened and a head in a white duster appeared for a moment. Corny and I glanced at each other and grew a little pale. Ralph and Tom became more manly, more assertive in their bearing, but we knew. Still hand in hand, and very silent, we went in to tell Louisa.

# The Golden Mean

By ERNEST NEAL LYON

THE motto of the Greeks was, "*Nothing too much!*"
An excess of courage is brutality.
An excess of economy is penuriousness.
An excess of taste is preciosity.
An excess of gentleness is timidity.
An excess of confidence is egotism.
Who will show us where to draw the line?

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# THE PLAYERS

WITH the best *Juliet* on the stage giving the finest performance of her career, with one of the most studious, sincere, scholarly and popular of stars as *Romeo*, and with an accompaniment of magnificent scenery and gorgeous costumes, the Sothern-Marlowe presentation of "Romeo and Juliet" should be a memorable one. The present generation hailed Julia Marlowe as its greatest *Juliet* something like a decade ago, and while the years have added to her power and her finish they have not taken from her that captivating coquetry, that naïve, spontaneous girlishness, which add so much to the earlier scenes and make the later ones all the stronger by contrast.

Miss Marlowe has one of the most beautiful voices an English-speaking actress was ever blessed with, and she reads blank verse with exquisite skill in phrasing, brilliant intelligence, and profound feeling. She has devoted practically her whole life to this difficult mastery, and it is a remarkable fact that she is as much at sea in speaking the lines of a modern society play as is the modern society actress in reading blank verse.

Mr. Sothern is a melancholy *Romeo;* a sort of *Hamlet* disguised as the lovesick *Montague*, a deadly-determined do-or-die *Romeo*, who seems to have a premonition from the very start that only tragedy is in store for him. One wonders how *Juliet* could have fallen in love with him. He is most convincing in the strong scenes, which he acts with a

*Photograph by Barr McIntosh Studio.*

GEORGE GROSSMITH, JR., AS *SIR ORMSBY ST. LEGER*, JAMES BLAKELEY AS *TUBBY BEDFORD*, AND FRED WRIGHT, JR., AS *GENERAL MARCHMONT* IN "THE SCHOOL GIRL"



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DAVID WARFIELD AS *HERR ANTON VON BARWIG* IN "THE MUSIC MASTER."

fervor and passionate enthusiasm that show him at his best. I have seen some very admirable players essay *Romeo*, and they played it badly, for the most part, it seemed to me. Best of all that I can remember was young Alexander Salvini, and that before he knew enough English to be able to hold a conversation. He was a boy of twenty then, and he was *Romeo*. Margaret Mather was the *Juliet*, and as hard-working a one as ever it was my fortune to see.

The supporting company is not worthy of such players as Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe, if one except the admirable W. H. Compton, who was the *Friar Laurence*, and Mrs. Sol Smith, who has nursed nearly every *Juliet* of the last quarter of a century—and I can imagine no one doing it more joyously than she.

Miss Marlowe apart, the whole company shone more brightly in "Much Ado About Nothing" than in "Romeo and Juliet," and indeed I am not sure that Miss Marlowe's *Beatrice* is not finer than her *Juliet*. Very sweet and womanly she makes the heroine, yet not one jot of the shrewdness and humor does she lose. In truth she is altogether adorable, and in the scene where she implores *Benedick* to challenge *Claudio* she thrills her audience with that intensity of passion that she constantly suggests but only gives free rein to for those few seconds. Mr. Sothern is a very able *Benedick*, which is to be expected of so good an actor who made his reputation as a light comedian, but there are some of us who think that he takes his Shakespeare too seriously and that it weighs him down. He doesn't seem to have found himself, and it is irritating, because one feels that he should be far better than he is. There are scenes, notably the one in which he challenges *Claudio*, in which the real Sothern stands forth, and then he is really fine. It is a delight to see the unctuous *Dogberry* so excellently played by Rowland Buckstone.

*Photograph by Burr McIntosh Studio.*

MARIE DRESSLER AS *PHILOPENA SCHNITZ* IN "HIGGLEDY-PIGGLEDY."

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*Photograph by Hall, New York.*

E. H. SOTHERN AND JULIA MARLOWE IN "ROMEO AND JULIET."



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Without Otis Skinner it is doubtful if the adaptation of the Jean Richepin play, called "The Harvester," would appeal. It drags much of the time, and it is lacking in incident. It is a play of the fields, of the open air and the people who live in it. It tells the story of a careless, singing, good-hearted vagabond, who loves the open road, a worshipper of nature ever seeking her in a new garb. After eighteen years he stumbles upon a village he had forgotten, to find he has a son; and thereafter he plays the rôle of a kind of masculine good fairy. The principal character is a fine, poetic conception, and Mr. Skinner has many long speeches that give opportunity for his well-nigh perfect diction. He enters into the part in a whole-souled, Gallic fashion that makes it very real, but he has changed the ending of the play so that it concludes happily instead of with the hero taking the road again, and the whole artistic value of the work is thereby destroyed. Mr. Skinner's termination plainly is a concession to the Young Person, and it is a disgraceful thing for him to have permitted. It would be far more reasonable for *The Harvester* to marry in the first act, than to have him do so just after the play closes. But in that case there would be no play.

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LILLIAN RUSSELL, WHO IS STARRING IN "LADY TEAZLE," A COMIC OPERA VERSION OF "THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

There are admirable actors in the company, among them J. M. Colville, who, despite the fact that he portrays a paralytic chained to a chair, gives a powerful performance. He has not been seen on Broadway for a dozen years, not since he was Clara Morris's leading man, if one's memory serves correctly. And playing the wicked, purse-proud seigneur, is George Clark, who gained during the long years he was with Augustin Daly a popularity that is like to last as long as he plays.

When one sees Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "The Sorceress" one is likely to reflect how superb must Sarah Bernhardt be in the rôle which Sardou created for her; and yet, in many of the scenes, Mrs. Campbell's siren beauty—there is more of her than there used to be and she is infinitely lovelier—and her real talent as an actress make her highly effective. In the great climactic scene, however, where *Zoraya* is on trial before the Spanish Inquisition, Mrs. Campbell does not reach the possibilities of the rôle. She is so essentially modern in temperament that fierce, elemental passion is beyond her capacities. Mrs. Campbell arouses admiration where Bernhardt would thrill her audience to wild enthusiasm.

The honors of this scene go to Frederic Perry, as *Cardinal Ximenes*, the Grand Inquisitor. In make-up, in sustained consistency, his performance of the brilliant,

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cunning, fanatically cruel churchman of the Middle Ages is truly distinguished. Mr. Perry has long been familiar in Broadway theatres, being one of those entirely competent actors who are always in demand. Usually he has played old men parts with limited opportunities. Last season he was in the all-star cast of "The Two Orphans" as the *Minister of Police*.

Guy Standing makes a picturesque hero in tights, and he plays as well as he did during the years he was in the Empire stock company. One wonders why so fine a Shakespearian reader as George Riddell—and there are few who equal him on the platform—should be lost in a part of little importance when he would be most valuable to the Sothern-Marlowe company, which is also under Charles Frohman's management. Fuller Mellish, another really good "legitimate" actor, handles a comedy

*Photograph by Hall, New York.*

W. C. SCHRODE, A PUPIL OF THE HANLONS, AS *HUMPTY DUMPTY* IN THE NEW SPECTACULAR VERSION OF THE OLD PANTOMIME.

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PAULA DESMOND, OF THE LEW FIELDS STOCK COMPANY.

part excellently, but he, too, would shine more brightly in Shakespeare. Gertrude Coghlan, who is the daughter of the late Charles Coghlan, and who has been starring in "Becky Sharp," proves again in the one emotional scene that she has inherited the family talent; while Katherine Raynore, a pretty little Boston girl who was the leading woman in "Ranson's Folly" last season, does very well in a boy's part.

"The Sorceress" is a typical Sardou play constructed with the marvellous technical skill of that past master of stage craft, but it lacks the power of his earlier work. This foremost of living playwrights is now in his seventy-fifth year, and it would be strange indeed if a man who has been writing successful plays for more than half a century should not have exhausted his creative capacity. It seems to me that Sardou reached his greatest height in "Fedora," which was produced in 1882. Without the accessories of elaborate

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*Photograph by Otto Sarony Co., New York.*

GUS ROGERS AS *RUDOLPH KAHN* AND MAX ROGERS AS *ADOLPH FINKLELEINER* IN "THE ROGERS BROTHERS IN PARIS."



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*Photograph by C. M. Hayes & Co., Detroit, Mich.*

MME. SCHUMANN-HEINK AS *LIVA* IN "LOVE'S LOTTERY."



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*Copyright by London Stereoscopic Company, London, England.*

EDWARD TERRY, AN ENGLISH ACTOR-MANAGER, BROTHER OF ELLEN TERRY. HE WILL APPEAR HERE IN "THE HOUSE OF BURNSIDE," AND OTHER PLAYS.

scenery and costuming which play so important a part in his later melodramas, Sardou created in "Fedora" a play of absorbing interest that culminated in the most tremendously dramatic surprise that ever carried an audience off its feet.

There seems to be a good deal more of "Joseph Entangled" than is necessary, and the original predicament in which Henry Arthur Jones places *Sir Joseph Lacy* and *Lady Verona Mayne* precludes one from believing anything but the worst of them. This silly foundation of the comedy is altogether too wobbly to support three acts. Henry Miller, the star, plays *Sir Joseph* delightfully; ever so many people had forgotten what an admirable light comedian he is. Hilda Spong, as *Lady Verona*, is seen to better advantage than in anything in which she has appeared since she made a hit in "Wheels Within Wheels." Frederick Tiden and Laura Hope Crews, who was Robert Edeson's leading woman last season, as *Mr.* and *Mrs. Harry Tavender*, the young society gossips, really divide honors with the star. They are simply delicious. Mr. Tiden looks the part admirably, and he plays it with a delicate humor that his appearance doesn't suggest. He is said to be a Swede by birth, although he is very dark, and he was educated at Harrow and Oxford, taking a degree from the university before he went on the stage in London. He has played in this country with Nat C. Goodwin and other stars. When his real opportunity comes he is likely to surprise theatre-goers.

Mrs. Gilbert made her debut as a star at the age of eighty-three years, of which more than sixty have been passed before the footlights, and her appearance marks her farewell to the public. She has been a skilled and finished actress ever since anyone can

*Photograph by Hall, New York.*

FREDERICK BURTON AS "*BUB*" *HICKS*, THE FRESHMAN, IN "THE COLLEGE WIDOW."

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remember, with a delicate, whimsical humor that made her one of the most popular of Augustin Daly's famous stock company. For more than a quarter of a century she has been "Dear old Mrs. Gilbert." The fragile old lady possesses marvellous vitality. The arduous hardships of travel have no terrors for her. She accepts those bugaboos of players, one night stands and the horrors of bad hotels, without murmuring. She rises at four o'clock in the morning to catch trains, and is usually the first of the company at the station and the freshest of them all. In her youth she was a dancer, and she made a name for herself in London. She retired for a time after her marriage, but returned to take up dramatic work. She has been in this country since the early days of the civil war.

Of course Clyde Fitch was selected to fit a play to Mrs. Gilbert, and he very properly called it "Granny." It is a cheerful, amusing little comedy, in which *Granny* mothers the widow of her son and successfully engineers the young woman's second love-affair. Mrs. Gilbert has a very long part, and the marvel is that she should be able to memorize it at her advanced age. The inability to commit a new part to memory is the most pronounced weakness of old players. All can remember lines they studied in youth, but few are able to acquire and retain new ones. Even Mrs. Gilbert's most intimate friends feared that she would hardly succeed in remembering the many speeches given her, but she triumphantly proved that they were mistaken. Mrs. Gilbert's first night as a star was one of the most remarkable demonstrations ever seen in New York. She was simply overwhelmed with flowers and with acclaim.

The announcement that the "Bird Center" cartoons were to be dramatized prepared thinking people for the worst, and the result is as strange and fearsome as the most grotesque imagination could conceive. The melodrama is howlingly funny, but not in the way Glen Macdonough, the author, intended. It is one of those hodgepodges that are so bad that they are good. It really appears to be the effort of a village society to present a melodrama of home manufacture; nothing since the Cherry sisters compares with it. The only laughter was aroused by two children —one a real little girl, Ipha Dahl, who was most naturally awkward, the other Will Archie, a Lilliputian comedian who was with Weber and Fields for several seasons and who masqueraded as a red-headed bad boy. And then there was E. J. Connelly as *The Mysterious Stranger*, an admirable comedian of the quiet school.

He used to be a pressman in a newspaper office, and a missing finger will never permit him to forget it. He drifted on to the stage and about the country for years. When Dan Daly retired from the London production of "The Belle of New York," Mr. Connelly was selected to take his place, chiefly because the two men resembled each other physically, especially in carriage. Mr. Connelly made a hit as the *Man from Cohoes*, and he played it for two years in England.

Having reached the highest pinnacle of a singer's ambition, that of being recognized as the greatest living grand opera artist, of which she is not so proud as she is of being the mother of eight children, Madame Schumann-Heink has abandoned the classic temples to enter comic opera. Probably no other singer who has taken part in the Wagner festivals at Bayreuth ever did such a thing. It is truly remarkable that the most popular prima donna who has appeared in the Metropolitan Opera House in years, and the possessor of the most glorious voice that any living person has heard, should take this step in the very heyday of her triumphs.

She was only sixteen when she made her début in "Il Trovatore," and that was twenty-six years ago. She is an Austrian, and her parents sent her to a convent because her high spirits proved too much for their comfort, as one can well believe when she romps through "Love's Lottery." If Madame Schumann-Heink could not sing a note, she would still be a joy in her new rôle, because of her skill as an actress and her bubbling humor. Her broad, Teutonic face fairly radiates fun And there is not the slightest difficulty in understanding her broken English, albeit she made no attempt to learn our language until last August, when she went to Germany to attend the marriage of her oldest daughter.

"Love's Lottery" is really a comic opera with charming music that has substance, and a genuine plot well worked out. It is splendidly sung. Louise Gunning, who is the leading soprano, has made almost incredible progress, and she is as pretty as ever. One can hardly believe that her voice is the same as the one that used to sing the Scotch songs in vaudeville. And there is George Tallman, a fine and handsome tenor, who made an excellent

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impression in "The Red Feather" last season, and Wallace Brownlow, an Australian baritone, who gained fame in England in "The Belle of New York," and who was this season seen in New York for the first time.

The chorus is superb; in fact, there has not been such a singing chorus in comic opera for years. This is not so remarkable when it is explained that an especial effort was made in this direction and that some of the young women receive a salary of seventy-five dollars a week—an unheard-of stipend for a chorus girl. Voices appear to cost managers more than beauty.

It is now the Weber Music Hall, with Weber and Ziegfeld's all-star stock company, with Anna Held as the leading woman. The little amusement place has come to be looked upon as an institution in New York, and keen was the interest in this year's production because of Mr. Weber and Lew Fields' separation. "Higgledy-Piggledy" is one of the merriest, brightest, most entertaining rigmaroles of nonsense that have ever been seen there, and the lyrics are the cleverest that Edgar Smith has ever written. The catchiest song is "A Game of Love," Maurice Levi's new version of a familiar melody. Originally it was "The Innocent Maid" in one of the Rogers Brothers shows; then it was shifted a bit and called "When Reuben Comes to Town"; successive years found it bobbing up as "Reuben and the Maid," "The Wedding of Reuben and the Maid," and under various other disguises, and now it goes as well as ever with a few changes and new verses.

Joseph Weber is the same as ever, albeit handicapped by a new partner, Harry Morris, who has headed his own company in the cheap burlesque houses for seventeen years. He started out at the same time as Weber and Fields, and became a star long before they had emerged from obscurity. Charles A. Bigelow is funnier than ever he has been, and Aubrey Boucicault is a very proper sort of walking gentleman with songs.

The triumph of the show was distinctly won by Marie Dressler, who swept everything before her. She is really a great humorist, and even if her methods are sometimes lacking in delicacy she is irresistible. She has had a long experience. It began when she joined a cheap opera company managed by Jules Grau. She was graduated from the chorus to prima donna, and she was very popular. She could sing and act, and she was always funny when she chose. She worked like a slave for years and received her salary occasionally. She had a repertoire of eighty comic opera rôles, and she could sing any one of them at an hour's notice. Some ten years back she appeared in New York in "The Robber of the Rhine," a comic opera written by Maurice Barrymore, who is now facing death in a private insane asylum. The opera failed, but Marie Dressler made a name for herself. Her first unmistakable big hit was in "The Lady Slavey," where her dance with Dan Daly was the talk of the town. She starred for a while in "Miss Print" and she was shriekingly funny. Since then she has been in vaudeville chiefly.

Those who have read George Ade's book of "The Sho-Gun" say that it is the most brilliant, in its satire and in its humor, that he has ever written for the stage, but those who have heard the opera can scarce believe it, although it is apparent that the comedians are sad, sad dogs. Charles E. Evans, who made a fortune in "The Parlor Match" when he starred with "Old Hoss" Hoey, doesn't make much of the American promoter stranded in Korea. As George Ade remarked privately, there is more suggestion of a ribbon counter than of Wall Street. And the humor of the other men is as mythical as the opera itself. But for all that "The Sho-Gun" pleases. Christie MacDonald is charming as *Hunni-Bun* and Georgia Caine makes the most of *Omee-Omi*. The music is charming. Gustav Luders's music is sure to be worth while; he draws his inspiration only from the best masters.

A story is told of his friends criticising him for a certain melody in one of his operas. They said it was a disgrace for him to have included so trivial a melody. Mr. Luders protested that it was good and that he knew it. The others vigorously declared that it was cheap and unworthy.

"I know it is good," declared Mr. Luders warmly, "for Gounod wrote it. Listen, I'll prove it to you," and he did so by playing it over on the piano.

Why a manager should imagine that "The Cingalee" could succeed in this country is beyond the comprehension of ordinary mortals. The music is pleasing, and one is sure that William Norris's portrayal of the native lawyer is a fine piece of work, but the fun is not understandable, because it depends upon a knowledge of life in Ceylon, and most of us know nothing more of that island than that it is on the map and that it grows tea.

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# In the Valley of the Ararat

By E. CRAYTON McCANTS

IT was mid-afternoon of a Southern autumn day, and from the doorway of the solitary house that stood in Saddleback Cove a stooped and grizzled man looked out across the swelling ridges. Behind him, busy in the rude little room, now sweeping a hearth, now adjusting a curtain, or rearranging the clumsy split-bottomed chairs, a woman was moving; at his feet a hen clucked noisily to her brood of downy chicks and looked up expectantly, but he did not heed, for his eyes were shaded by his hand and there was that in the view which held him.

For a long time he stood and gazed. A majestic calm pervaded all things; silent and colorful, the countryside lay stretched before him. Streaming over the saw-like summits of the mountains, the sunlight touched lightly on the far slopes of Okkonee and fell like fairy gold on the orchard lands of blue Estatoe, on the wooded sides of Ingram's Knob, and into the purple valley of the winding Ararat. Outlined against the sky were the far-off "Balds," half-clothed in dark hill-pines; nearer and fairer were less lofty slopes ablaze with the yellow of the poplar-trees and the orange and red of the oaks. And the man saw all this and sighed, for he knew that he was old, that the year was passing, and that soon he, too, must pass.

Presently he turned his head. "Polly!" he called, "Polly! Come see the mountings —they seems so beautiful!"

With a noiseless step and a touch on his arm, the woman was at his side. "Ain't yer tired of 'em yet, John?" she asked.

"No," he answered, taking her hand and caressing it. "No, Polly, neither of them ner of you."

A soft light leaped into her eyes—brown eyes they were and tender, albeit her face was faded and her hair was gray—and she drew closer and leaned her head against his sleeve.

"God have been good to us, John," she said simply.

He sat down and she beside him, but for a time he did not answer her. He was old, but the fires of his existence had not yet burned low. Never had life seemed to him other than a good and desirable thing, never had the beauty of the world palled upon and sated him; and yet, the years that remained to him must of necessity be few and precarious; in a little while he must give up all this —the hills that he loved, the rough little house that he had built, and Polly. A spasm of pain clutched his breast suddenly. Would the good God take it amiss, he wondered, that he parted with these things reluctantly?

Polly moved slightly and he slipped an arm about her. Miles away he could see a tortuous road which crept in and out and led upward from the valley. Old? He old? Why, it seemed to him but yesterday that he had come that way ragged and footsore, yet facing the world bravely and whistling. Still, there had been time enough for changes. How wonderful it all had been, and how little, when everything was told, he had deserved the happiness and the quiet, uneventful life which had fallen to his lot.

For, however much he loved the great ridges and the swelling peaks, John Esek was not native to the mountains that stood about him; and behind the day wherein he had appeared on yonder winding road there lay a past which for a long time he had been content to leave undisturbed. Even his wife, to whom naturally he had spoken of his life, could form but a vague idea of the dark and turbulent scenes through which his story led. How was it possible that John —her John, who was as tender-hearted as a child, as patient as a woman—had ever laid violent and wrathful hands on any one of his kind! Class leader he was and steward of the little log church in the valley—an apostle of peace and a healer of disputes for all the country round. She knew that he had not lied to her, but those old deeds were so remote that they seemed to belong to an-



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other—they did not enter at all into her conception of him.

But with the man it was different. Even as he sat at her side and looked out through the hazy distance, his mind swept backward and he lost himself and began to dream. Gone were the outlying spurs, the steep slopes and the valleys, gone the lights on Estatoe, and the shadows that lay on the river. The autumn, too, was gone, and it was May—May in the Tennessee village where first he had seen the light. Almost he could see the locust-trees that had grown about his home, almost his nostrils caught the heavy, sweet scent of the bloom. It was a pleasant spot, as he remembered it—a hewn-log house with the creek in front of it lingering in still pools beneath the willow trees, and a garden with a fence of split-oak palings at the side—and yet, notwithstanding the lapse of years and the full tale of childhood memories, his face grew hard and his muscles knotted themselves every time that he thought of the place.

With an effort he put the vision aside. He had no wish, he told himself, to feel anew the old hot stir of passion, no desire to trace little by little his own upbringing, the sullen gathering of the clouds of war, the birth of bitter prejudices, and the consequent harmful raising of neighbor's hand against neighbor. Ah, neighbors! And it had been a neighbor—one of his own age, with whom he had eaten, and slept, and played—who had come, while he himself and his father were far away on the fighting-line, and abused the poor old mother for the sake of the few paltry dollars which she was reputed to possess. But the fighting had not lasted always, and he had come home at last and there had been a reckoning. Then because he had made his own law and had executed it, he had been forced to come away here to the mountains, to safety, to the Winding Stair road, and to Polly.

The memories of what followed his coming were pleasanter, and he abandoned himself to them. Yonder, just over the eastern "divide," the house of Polly's father had stood, and thither he had gone on the day of his arrival, to seek refreshment and rest. And being a kindly man, Jack Smalley had taken him in and had given him work to do, and in time Polly had smiled upon him—and it had all fallen out quite naturally, but wonderfully, nevertheless.

Thus the old man sat dreaming, and it never occurred to him that in coming to the mountains he had plucked himself as a "brand from the burning," nor did he felicitate himself upon his orderly and quiet life. So his God had ordered it—that God who had upheld him in the time of his trouble and who had made smooth the path for his feet.

"Yes, yes, Polly," he said at last, turning to his wife, "the Lord have shorely been good to us!"

The woman smiled reminiscently. What mattered it that their house was mean, or that they themselves were old, and ignorant, and poor? The sunlight was theirs, and the mountains, and a great and sufficient love.

To the hen with the hungry chicks, however, these things did not appeal. Ruffling her feathers and clucking, she fluttered up to the topmost step, looking first into the room, then downward at her abandoned family. Aroused by the insistence of the fowl and thinking to satisfy her, the woman rose, went out into the kitchen, and presently returned.

"What geese we are, to be shore!" she remarked. "Here we be a-moonin' same as we done in our courtin' days, an' yit all the hominy's out an' the meal."

The man stood up. "I 'ull jest step down to the mill," he replied, "an' see if my grindin's done."

As he passed down the road and diverged into the path that led riverward, she waited in the doorway watching him. Once, when he came to the place where all the morning he had been shaving white-oak splits, she saw him stoop and pick up something from the ground; afterward he went on until the mountain laurel hid him from sight. Then, before she had time to turn away, there came to her ears from beyond a bend in the road a man's voice shouting to his "steers" and singing:

"Oh, hit's good times a-livin' in ther clay lan',
In ther clay lan', in ther clay lan'!
Oh, hit's good times a-livin' in ther clay lan',
An' I cu'd not wu'k in ther san'!"

After her first start of surprise, she looked toward the sound and waited expectantly. A moment later there came into view the oxen and the cart with the singer walking beside:

"Oh, hit's good times a-livin' in ther clay lan'.
In ther clay lan', in ther clay——"

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"Why, howdy, Aint Polly! I like not ter have seed yer. How you-uns a-comin' on, an' whar's Unk' Jawn?"

It is not every day that a cart passes through the Saddleback Cove, so the woman went down to the gate and leaned upon it.

"John?" she remarked inquiringly. "You jest missed 'im, Ike. The meal were out an' he have gone after some. How be you-uns-all, over t'other side of the ridge?"

"Ther Rev'noos have busted Jap Harkinses still," announced the man inconsequentially, "an' Jap he air a plumb sight mad."

"I wonder now!" she replied. "John have been plumb set aginst them still-'ouses, an' he have spoke his mind agin 'em both in the meetin'-'ouse an' out of it, but I reckin this here 'ull shorely be news to him."

Ike shuffled and shook his head doubtfully. "Hit may be," he assented, "'at Unk' Jawn knows nothin' about hit, but thar is them whut says 'at he wuz ther 'cashion uv hit all, an' Jap he 'lows, he does, 'at Unk' Jawn wuz ther ve'y man whut sot ther Rev'noos atter him. You knows Jap, Aint Polly. 'Tain't whut I b'leeves nur whut you b'leeve whut counts wi' him—hit's jest whut Jap b'leeves."

The woman had no sympathy for the distillers, but all the pride and spirit of a mountaineer were hers. She drew herself up straight.

"Huh!" she ejaculated indignantly. "Now what put sich a low-down idee into Jap's fool head, I wonder? Whut John is, he *is*, an' he ain't no tattle-tale nuther. He don't like the stills nor he don't like a spy, an' Jap Harkins he have lied."

Under the vigor of her words the news-bearer moved uneasily. "I 'ull hatter be a-gwine," he said. "I jest thort I 'ud come by an' tell yer. Jap he air down thar at ther mill an' he 'lows 'at he air a-layin' fer Unk' Jawn an' 'at he air a-gwine ter beat 'im up pow'ful. Gee-ho! Come over an' see us, Aint Polly!" The steers strained at the yoke, the lumbering cart creaked onward, and the man's voice exalted itself on the burden of another song.

For a space the woman stood stunned. Jap was waiting for John, was "laying" for him, would kill him or "beat him up pow'ful"—and John had gone to the mill—straight into Jap's pitiless hands! What could be expected? Everyone on the mountain knew Jap for the hard-fisted, liquor-soaked bully that he was, and no one sought mercy of him. At one time, indeed, she would not have been afraid—more than once had she seen John interfere in a mountain brawl and take firm hold of an angry man, laughing all the while at his vain and impotent struglings, and at the furious wrath of the other; but now John was old and Jap was young and strong—in Jap's hands he would be helpless.

In the agony of her keen apprehension her face had whitened, and she wrung her hands nervously. "His stren'th's done gone," she cried, "an' Jap is a coward—he won't give John no chance!"

Then a sudden resolution seized her. Somewhere latent in her veins there was a strain of heroic blood, a forgotten heritage from the old frontiersmen who had once built their cabins here, and now in her desperate need it came to her aid and steadied her. Swiftly she crossed the road and flung herself into the descending path.

That she was helpless, that she was but a woman, that she, too, was old and weak, never once occurred to her, so she went straight on, stumbling over the stones and thrusting out of her path the cumbering boughs of the laurel. John was in straits, but he should have his chance—she herself would see that he did!

. . . . . .

Unapprehensive, at peace alike with the world and with himself, the old man had trudged slowly down the abrupt slope of the mountainside. Once he had stopped to pick up the rusty old butcher's knife with which he was used to trim the white-oak splits, again he had turned aside to investigate the nest of a quail, then he had gone on until the thinning undergrowth gave him a glimpse of the stream—the long, still reach of dammed-up water with the shadows mottling it, the rickety bridge below the embankment, and the steep board roof and overgrown wheel of the little wayside mill. Familiar enough to him was the still and picturesque beauty of the spot, yet almost unconsciously he halted a moment to mark once more the winding riverside road, the dimpling surface of the reed-bordered pond, the gray spume of the laboring wheel, and the distant hum of the mill-rocks as they caught and crushed the corn. After such wise he idled onward, and came at length to the wooden bridge that lay below the dam.

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As he stepped upon the structure and glanced across, he could see the mill-house door with the one-legged miller lying at length on the steps; nearer, a man was approaching the bridge—one who was striding forward and speaking excitedly. A faint interest wakened in the old man's eyes.

"What's the matter 'long o' Jap?" he queried aloud. Certainly something was amiss, but that it concerned himself did not at first occur to him. A mild consternation dawned in his face as Jap swaggered up to him. "Why, Harkins?" he questioned; "Harkins?"

"Ole man, I air a-gwine ter whup yer!" roared the bully, tiptoeing in his wrath and swearing an unctuous oath.

The blood rose to "Unk' Jawn's" cheek, but he smiled deprecatingly. "Whatever ails you, son?" he asked. "Why sh'd you be wishful of whippin' me?"

For a moment the other stood breathless and glowering. "Gawd!" he ejaculated contemptuously, "hit's a wonder ter me 'at I don't kill yer—you whut sole me out ter ther Rev'noos an' whut 'cashioned 'em ter bust up my still!" As he spoke his hand shot out and he gripped "Unk' Jawn" by the coat.

Had the old man been younger, had the strength been in his arm and the vigor in his frame, then perhaps he might have laughed as in earlier years; as it was, the assault seemed to him an ignoble and a cowardly thing. For thirty years "Unk' Jawn" had kept his worst nature asleep; now the beast stirred sharply and showed its yellow fangs. Suddenly his breath came short, his muscles hardened, his hand sought the pocket of his coat; but one sharp thrust of the hidden knife— Then he was stayed. Polly! Was it but a fancy or had she really called from away up there on the mountainside?

The interruption brought him back to himself, his tense frame relaxed and he shivered, but already the other had loosed him. It is not a good thing to see the old savage bloodlust leap upward into the eyes of a man. They looked at each other, and by degrees Jap's confidence returned, but in that brief space the old man had made a discovery—had noted his assailant's wavering pause and had divined the cause of it. Although his body still shook with the stress of his passing emotion, the ghost of a smile crept across his face and the corners of his mouth drew downward.

When the distiller stepped forward again, "Unk' Jawn" had dropped to his knees, his wrinkled hands were clasped, and his face was pleadingly upturned to the infinite void of the sky. Softly the old man began to speak—to recount his sins—to profess repentance, to justify himself. Then his voice grew louder, and Jap stepped back a space.

"Yea, Lord"—the petitioner's tones were humble and he spoke regretfully—"Thou knowest how 'twas with Bill Ray, Thou knowest that I was not wishful that Bill Ray sh'd die, but he pushed hisse'f on with his gun, an' I slayed him—thar by the big road I slayed him with the aidge o' my hewin' axe! An' Dan Shepp—Lord, remember not Dan Shepp agin me—" He seemed in deadly earnest now. His voice had grown louder and louder, but through the words there swept and quivered an ominous undertone. Jap felt the meaning of that suppressed and tremulous note. Back across the bridge there were shadows on the roof of the mill, and the water falling on the slow moving wheel glanced brilliantly in the sun. Jap looked that way hastily, but the other did not heed.

"Thou knowest, Lord, that in ashes an' sackcloth have I repented for Dan, an' the weepin' willers grows above his grave!"

"An' now, Lord, this pore fool"—the tone of his voice had wholly changed—"this Jap Harkins, who I have been wishful to spare—" He broke off. "It ain't my fault," he added parenthetically. As he began to rise he started to sing, and plucking forth his knife from his pocket, he whetted it upon his boot:

> "Oh, watch an' fight an' pray!
> The bat-tel ne'er give o'er——"

Jap leaped to the road. "Unk' Jawn!" he cried. "Unk' Jawn!"

> "Renew it bold-ly every day."

He, too, started for the end of the bridge; but the feet of the other were beating a tattoo far down past the door of the mill.

The old man watched for a moment, then turned. A dishevelled figure, red and panting for breath, burst through the wayside bushes.

"Polly!" he exclaimed.

"Whar's Jap?" she asked breathlessly.

He glanced downward, chuckled, and looked up half ashamed. "I—I—I think that Jap got skeered!" he said.

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# STRAIGHT TALK

By EVERYBODY'S READERS

If at any time there are any statements in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE which you believe to be incorrect, or any views expressed to which you take exception, or any subject discussed upon which you can throw additional light, write to us. We shall not be able to publish all the letters. Do not write at too great length. We may use excerpts from your letter and sign your name unless otherwise instructed. For every letter which we are able to publish we will present the writer, as evidence of our appreciation and in no sense as compensation, with a year's subscription to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, to be sent to the writer of the letter, or anyone selected by the writer.—THE EDITOR.

## SHOULD PAY TAXES

IT seems to me that the problem of which Mrs. A. B. speaks, in the October number of EVERYBODY'S, and on which she asks the opinion and judgment of readers of your magazine, is one easily comprehended and decided upon. From Mrs. A. B.'s article one concludes that she knows the law bearing upon the question in issue. Did she not know it, there is, notwithstanding, an irrebuttable presumption of law that she does know it; and one is never permitted to set up ignorance of the law as a defence.

Hence she knew when she failed to list her property for taxation that she was doing wrong from a legal standpoint, and of course also from a moral standpoint.

The fact that she remained silent, and in no other way except by her silence tried to evade or shield her property from taxation, does not excuse her; as it is a recognized principle of law that one may be guilty of wrong-doing by merely remaining silent as well as by positive, overt acts. In other words, one may be a wrong-doer because of omissions as well as by acts of commission.

Perhaps the fact that many of our rich citizens and many of the corporations of this country fail to list more than a minor part of their property for taxation, and in various ways evade their duty and responsibility on this same question, is what prompted Mrs. A. B. to follow the course she did. But one who knows he is doing something which is wrong, and conscientiously wants to be honest and truthful, should not permit the wrongful acts of others to influence his conduct or actions.

I believe when Mrs. A. B. sees the proposition in its proper light she will readily conclude she has been doing wrong, and I hope will be influenced by the articles on the subject in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE to pursue the right course.

If this article in the slightest degree aids in that work, I shall feel amply repaid. H. R.

Muncie, Ind.

## THOUGHTLESSNESS OR HEARTLESSNESS?

MAN'S inhumanity to man and woman's inhumanity to woman seem to be the leading topics of the day, and since the subject is open to discussion, permit me to contribute an incident that has some bearing upon the question.

A young lady employed as stenographer for a manufacturing firm, recently became quite ill and her condition was considered hopeless. The news of her death was expected any time, and in the meanwhile an acquaintance of hers applied to the president of the company for the young lady's job in case she died. He replied that he could not consider any application for a position that was not yet vacant, and the applicant wrote by return mail that she had heard the young lady was dead, and please could she have the position now?

The girl who was ill is on the road to recovery, and hopes soon to be able to resume the work that her acquaintance seemed so anxious to relieve her of.

Permit me to express my appreciation of the covers you select for your magazine. They are artistic, attractive, and are universally admired.

One of your interested readers,

Graniteville, S. C. MRS. C. B.

## INHUMANITY—FIDDLESTICKS!

I AM much interested in all parts of your all-round magazine, and this month I am moved to protest against so much talk of "Man's Inhumanity To Woman." Fiddlesticks! In a large majority of the cases the fault is with the women—not the men, particularly those mentioned in your November issue.

I firmly believe that any woman with a fair amount of brains, tact, and common sense can get anything she wants from a husband who loves her.

Take the first case mentioned, headed "Thoughtlessness Made A Thief." It states that the loving husband provided a beautiful home, servants, and was willing to pay all bills, including those of the dressmaker and milliner, and yet that the wife had to "burn midnight oil" and pick the husband's pockets "in order to properly clothe the children."

Now those two statements certainly do not agree, or is it to be understood that the husband would pay the wife's bills only, and not those for the children?

A husband like that would surely have given his wife pocket-money for the simple asking, and it's a mighty funny wife that thinks it less disgrace to pick pockets than to remind a "loving" husband of something he has overlooked.

Same with "Wealthy Woman Seamstress." I quite agree with the husband in thinking she "did him an injury" in not first going to him and reminding him of his forgetfulness.

If a woman believes her husband loves her, she must also believe (as so many have acknowledged) that the neglect to give her a regular amount of



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money for personal use is simply pure thoughtlessness on his part. And since women know that men are *made* that way, and can't help it, poor things, why not just take them as they are, and in a matter-of-fact or joking way remind them that your purse is empty?

Why should this be such a painful thing to do between two persons who are supposed to love each other? There is certainly entirely too much false modesty and the making of mountains out of molehills in this matter. Of course, the easiest and safest plan is to find out how the man looks at these things before you marry him. Settle such subjects just as you do a dozen others before the wedding-day.

In the case of "Servant, Not Wife," also "Only Eight Children," the wives are evidently of the meek-and-lowly order, who simply make door-mats of themselves for their husbands. These wives began wrongly, and it is rather late to change—still, they may be happy yet if they will only imitate the proverbial worm and "*turn*." But they must be sure to do it boldly and thoroughly, and not in any hesitating, half-hearted fashion; otherwise the latter end will be worse than the first.

Men who are actually mean and stingy require varied treatment, but just the same a woman with any snap and backbone, tempered, as I said before, with tact, can certainly manage the situation; but lacking these qualities, she will have to take what she can get and ease her mind by pouring out her woes to the public. H. B. P.

New York City.

## MISS DIX AN OPTIMIST

THE way in which Miss Dix's article on women has been received, sadly affirmative and hotly negative, has been a source of much amusement. I can imagine with what delight Miss Dix must view the little hornet's nest into which she has thrust her fishing-pole.

So many poor sisters fear that her pen has maligned and slandered her sex to their eternal undoing. They feel impelled by a strong sense of duty to add their mite to the evidence for the defence.

I wonder why people do not realize that a journalist—a real, live, energetic, be-up-and-doing-stunts journalist like Miss Dix—does not necessarily expose her pet views and beliefs for the entertainment of the multitude. It is my honest impression that Miss Dix is an optimist of the happiest sort, but one must live—and have an occasional new "bonnet"—and so perforce from her pen flow the smart-sounding, clever, sharp, and stinging paragraphs that rouse the ire of the better if somewhat weaker (pardon, I am an optimist myself) portion of the inhabitants of the United States.

An article on Woman's Kindness to Woman might be very excellent in its way; very readable and all that, but it could not hold a candle to one on woman's inhumanity to her sex, nor would it allow the brilliancy of expression, the variety, so to speak. I am afraid it would lack wofully in spiciness.

All of us know examples of women's kindness; all of us see daily her unkindness, even cruelty, perhaps. But let us hope that it is thoughtless cruelty and unintentional unkindness. Let us believe that every woman would be kind and sweet if her surroundings or her environment had not made her otherwise. Women who are cruel, who seem heartless and beyond appeal, can be approached and touched in some way. Their armor is not invulnerable if one has faith in their inherent kindness. People are, after all—to men and women, and even to children does this apply—what one thinks them, believes them to be. Even this much can faith accomplish, and we optimists are nothing if we have not faith. In fact, faith is the root, the very foundation of optimism.

Everett, Wash. GRACE G. BOSTWICK.

## WANTED—A BUTCHER

I HAVE been several times moved to take part in the discussion concerning the inhumanity of men and women. There is too much of this in both sexes, but there is still much of the spirit of Christ manifested by his followers in the world. I was travelling through the state of Indiana. A poor woman was on the train who had made the journey from the Pacific Coast. She had three small children, and all were exhausted and worn out with the journey. The babe she carried in her arms was one of the most pitiable objects I ever saw. Its face and hands were a mass of sores. The poor mother tried in vain to quiet it. There was no sleep for either. The train stopped at a station, and two young ladies —handsome and fashionably dressed—entered the car: "Butterflies" was my mental comment. "Judge not." They soon noticed the weary traveller, and it was but a short time until the babe was sleeping in the arms of one of them, and the mother was also getting the rest she so much needed.

Not long ago I was in the city of Philadelphia. The car was full and a negro woman entered, carrying a babe; instantly a well-dressed young woman arose and insisted upon her taking the seat.

I have observed that a woman will fare much better so far as the men are concerned if she is young and good-looking. In closing, I want to pay my respects to that class, whose name is legion, who will fill two seats with their luggage, and when the car is filled, look daggers at the woman or child who is unfortunate enough to need a seat and thus stand in the way of their hoggish propensities.

Bethlehem, Pa. E. B. D.

## WHY FRYE STOLE

THE woman who makes the confession that the most dreadful moment in her life was when for the first time she told her husband that the groceries were out, may have lived forty or fifty years ago, but today in the age of the Modern Woman, it would be very hard to find a very large per cent. who could truthfully make that statement.

There have come under my personal observation cases where men have stolen that they might provide more bountifully for their family. I enclose a newspaper clipping, under date of September 1, 1904, from the *Boston Journal*, that goes to show man's desire to provide for his wife and children. He took the sum of $15,000.

"I don't understand why Frye stole. So far as I know he did not drink a drop, nor gamble. He says he spent it on his family, so that they might live as others did; that he did not speculate, and that every cent taken from the bank has been spent in the support of his wife and children. I believe him. His salary was $1,800."—Vice-President Strong, of the Watertown Savings Bank, to the *Boston Journal*.

The man was treasurer of the Watertown, Mass.,

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Savings Bank; his only excuse was he did it that those he loved might live as others did. Would you consider this inhumanity toward woman?

A man whom I knew worked in a country store, and received pay that would allow him to live comfortably; his wife was not satisfied with that, but insisted on having this and that thing, until he began taking different articles from the store. At last he was discovered, and only because his employers realized the cause for his thefts was he allowed to settle without court proceedings.

A personal friend of mine does the greater part of the housework, cooking included, and on pay-day gives his pay to his wife. If he wants money through the week, he goes to her for it.

I do not believe man and wife should be considered in the same relation as employer and employee. From that one would assume that marriage is a commercial transaction, and not God's highest law. On the other hand, would a simple "Thank you" be too much for a check, or whatever may be given us? If you lend a book or knife, when it is returned wouldn't you say "Thank you"?

It is very true that marriages to-day are made where the best financial results may be obtained. In royal families, as well as in many others, mothers, fathers, and children are almost strangers to each other, thinking more of the whims of society and the art of making money. If in marriages to-day love were allowed its own course, there would be less cries of "Man's Inhumanity to Woman." H. E. T.

Waltham, Mass.

## DO LADIES FIGHT?

PERHAPS it is rather late in the day for one to enter the lists in the cause of "Woman's Inhumanity to Woman," but as the magazine containing the contributions to this literature has but recently come under my observation, I beg you will let me, however tardy, add my testimony to the array already put in evidence.

My observation of "Woman's Inhumanity to Woman" took place on many occasions at the gallery office of the Grand Opera House in this city, before the fire occurred which necessitated the remodelling of the building and the better accommodations which now obtain. Under the old *régime* the lobby on Longworth Street was a seething mass of femininity on all matinée occasions, and frequently, too, at night, if the attraction presented a "ladies' idol" or a display of Paris gowns; and woe betide the man who got caught in the rush when the ticket-window was opened! He was either borne to the wall and crushed there, a trembling victim, or he had to forget his manhood and fight—yes, *fight*—like the rest of them. The scrimmage was terrific! It wasn't "First come first served," but "Every woman for herself and the devil take the hindmost," which meant the weakest or the womanliest. The woman who was nearest the window when it was opened was not often or usually the one who got the first ticket; for the rest fell upon her savagely, hauling and pushing and scrambling and elbowing, and protesting and screaming and vituperating, and sometimes weeping. Coats were torn, hats knocked awry, boas jerked from the wearers' necks, bags wrenched from belts that supported them or from hands that held them; corns and bunions were cruelly punished, and many a woman emerged from the *mêlée* in tears and almost in rags. This may sound like exaggeration; but I assure you it does not overstep the truth, as many a woman could testify. A crowd of men in equal numbers and on a similar errand—or on any errand—would not dare to conduct themselves as did these *ladies*, for the scrimmage would have immediately developed into a free-for-all fight and there would have been a hurry call for the patrol-wagon. As it was, I thought on the two occasions when I unwittingly got into the mix-up, that a run in the wagon would not have gone amiss with some of the belligerents. Now, I am happy to say, there is an officer in charge of that entrance, and the women, perforce, must conduct themselves with decency and consideration.

Cincinnati, O. MARY ALLIS.

## "TILL DEATH US DO PART"

I AM very much interested in your magazine, and not the least of the interesting departments is that entitled "Straight Talk." The article under the caption, "Till Death Us Do Part," in the November number, brings to my mind a case which is even a stronger example of "man's humanity to woman." In the town where I live were a man and wife with a family of three children. When the oldest of the children was hardly more than a baby, the wife and mother was taken with inflammatory rheumatism, and she did not have even the use of her hands. For eighteen years that man fed her as a child is fed, and carried her from her bed to her chair, and wherever she might want to be taken, and was never heard to complain of the task. If true affection were the base of all marital connections, we should hear less of "man's inhumanity to woman," and I think the less we hear of it the better, as I do not think the subject at all interesting, much less edifying and beneficial.

I am a travelling man, and am writing this away from home; but I see on the cars and in hotels and elsewhere, more cases of man's consideration and thoughtfulness for woman, whatever may be the relation she bears to him, than I do cases of an opposite character. Yours respectfully,

Vassar, Mich. J. W.

## A NOVEL MARRIAGE-CONTRACT

I TAKE a great interest in your Straight Talk. I have a private way of thinking of the human race as the human race thinks of the bird family. Different characters equal different varieties, and if what we know as horse sense were a universal blessing, the wrong varieties would not intermarry. However, if contending varieties are united there is still a sufficient remedy.

The letter entitled "Thoughtlessness Made a Thief," in the November number, while in all probability specifically true, has been robbed of all good by the last sentence, which even if true should never have been written. My observations make me think that such cases are extremely few, and unless hunted for are seldom if ever met with.

I am thirty years of age and have been married two years, and have many intimate friends who have been married much longer than I have. Until within a year of the time that I married, I perhaps entertained the opinion so popular among unmarried people that independence is blessed. I had no intention of marrying before I nad reached the thirties, but about that time I met the right woman and it was up to me to put on my glasses. was self-

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willed and exacting and had always been considered a hard person to get along with, and Mrs. was nervous and unrelenting, but still the woman. I had studied law, and hence knew the rights of married people; but I began to inquire of my married friends what they thought the rights of married people to be, and I noticed the marked absence of the singular pronoun.

We told the minister to omit everything except the pledges to each other that we should be faithful and cherish and love, in sickness or health, until death should us part. After the ceremony we went for a walk and sat on the grass, and with God as a witness we made our oral marriage contract, which was the result of our observations. We agreed that we must adopt two bears—bear and forbear; that whatever was right for one was right for the other; that we should have no companions that were not congenial to both; that if we quarrelled we must make up and be chums before going to sleep, no matter what the cost to our pride; that we should have absolutely no secrets from one another; that our liberties should be governed by no rules, but that we should observe wherein we had a tendency to criticise other married people and profit by our observations; that it was no sin to express our affection to each other, and that we should be jealous of an opportunity of reminding each other of this agreement in any of its details.

About a year after we were married my mother-in-law told me that at the time we were married she rather pitied me, but now she was at her wit's ends to congratulate us both sufficiently. She said: "Well, you are both lucky," and we certainly are.

I am thoroughly convinced that our happiness is not an exception to the rule, but that it is the rule. In school we are taught never to forget the exception to the rule, but it is pitiable to meet people so shallow as to display such tendencies when discussing home life.

It is good to be good because it does the doer good and is so catching.

Humanity toward woman is humanity toward man's self and tends toward absolute happiness.

Boston, Mass. D. H. H.

## WHY WORKING-MEN DO NOT GO TO CHURCH

In Everybody's for October, John C. Chalmers, in speaking of ministers, says they alone are responsible for the empty benches. This opens up the subject of non-church attendance and is, in the opinion of the writer, as absurd a statement as one could make. The writer is a working-man of the hewer-of-wood and drawer-of-water variety. As a class we are proverbial for our non-attendance on divine worship, and why? Is it because the minister is lacking in oratory, in piety, in learning, or in natural ability? Not a bit of it. Fill every pulpit in the land with Beechers, Spurgeons, MacArthurs, Lorimers, and Hensons, and in a fortnight the churches will be as empty as before, and the beer-gardens, the baseball grounds, and parks will again be crowded.

It is because of their unbelief. Working-men laugh at the "story of the cross." Nothing to gain by embracing Christianity, nothing to lose by rejecting it. Convince men of the saving power of Christianity—saving power in this world and the world to come—and the churches will be filled, and not before. So far as I can learn, Christians are doing little or nothing along this line of action. A word personally as to myself: I believe in the Christian religion. The faith in Jesus Christ that sustained my saintly mother through years of trials and sorrow is now a consolation to me. But working-men as a class will have none of it. An extensive acquaintance with them convinces me that the reason I have assigned is the correct one. W. H. C.

Sacramento, Cal.

## THE ZERO BATH

In corroboration of Eugene Wood's claims in the November number as to the health-giving value of cold-water bathing, let me cite one instance. Isaac Bartow, who lived in a small town in northern Ohio, was eighty-four years young when I first knew him, and in the six years of our acquaintance I do not recall that he had a single illness. Half a mile from his house was a mill-pond. In the coldest winter weather, with the thermometer twenty degrees below zero, he went every morning at sun-up to that mill-pond, cut a hole in the ice, stripped and plunged in, afterward rubbing himself to a glow with a coarse towel. This, with frugal eating and plenty of outdoor exercise, was his only medicine. It carried him into the nineties.

Just a word more, of personal experience. For years I took cold on absurdly slight provocation. Although I knew the theoretic value of cold-water bathing as a hardener of the system, I lacked the grit to reduce it to practice. Finally courage came to me, and for two years colds and I have been strangers. I know of no patent medicine comparable for curative virtues to the cold plunge.

Scranton, Pa. L. R.

## A BEAUTIFUL LEGEND

I cannot remember ever having been more interested in the pages of a magazine than in the ones in the November number of Everybody's which contained your "Straight Talk" letters. There man's inhumanity to woman, woman's inhumanity to herself, if I may put it so—indeed, all sorts of inhumanity to humanity, and cases of plain brute were shown in many lights.

And intermingled with these, like flowers blooming among the dusty grasses by the roadside, were examples of self-sacrifice, of tenderness, of a love so high and loyal that it reminded me of the love St. John had in mind when he said: "Greater love hath no man than this." These pages were a study in psychology. While reading them, a half-forgotten legend, found among the dusty pages of an old book in the library of the British Museum, came back to me:

Once, long ago, so the story ran, a king sent three weavers out into the world to gather together threads of which to weave tapestry for his hall. One started out with his mind bent on finding all the bright and golden threads he possibly could, and so trained his eyes in looking for them that he unconsciously ignored the dark threads.

The second weaver was less particular. He gathered up anything that happened to come along—light or dark, it was all the same to him. He also had a saying, the spirit of which seems to have come down to the present day: "It is the way of spinners to spin mixed threads," said he, "and it is

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the way of fools to try to untangle them." So he went on contentedly gathering his hit-and-miss.

But the third said: "I will weave a most impressive tapestry. Its shadows shall be so dark that the beholder will shudder and deem me wondrous wise. And the tones shall be so deep and sombre that all the court will wonder at my skill in handling the blues and black." And since he was looking only for dark threads, he found even more than he needed.

And when at last the three fabrics were finished and laid before the king, he smiled at the sight of the shining one. "The day is dark," he said, "but it is as if the sun were shining, and with this where I can see it, the darkness will not sadden me." So he had it hung upon his wall. Then he looked upon the second. "This will do to walk upon," he said, and laid it upon the floor. But when he saw the third, he cried: "This would darken even the brightest day." And being a wise king, he had it laid upon the burning logs in the grate.

Then turning to the weavers, he said: "Tell me who were the people who spun those threads for you?"

Now there is, of course, a moral to this tale, which I should like to point out if I had time, but just now the door-bell rang, and who knows?—it may be one of the weavers after a thread. K. L.

Potsdam, N. Y.

## THE LITTLE IMPS

THE danger of careless conversation before children and the consequent embarrassment and unpleasantness to the family cannot be overestimated. A friend of mine who has two small children, found herself, one afternoon lately, obliged to pay a visit, and as she had no one with whom to leave the children, she suggested to her husband at dinner that she should ask a Mrs. M., her next-door neighbor, to look after them. "Oh, don't ask that old cat!" he exclaimed irritably. "She will never cease talking about it." Nothing more was said upon the subject. An hour later, the neighbor under discussion, who, while talkative, was rather a kindly woman, came to the door with a dish of ice-cream for the children. The little boy of six was at the head of the stairs. "Go away!" he cried at sight of her. "My father says that you are an old cat and he does not want you in this house!" My friend hastened after the woman, who turned away at once, but her neighbor would not be appeased.

Another instance: I know a lady who invited a boy ten years old to have dinner with her son. At the table the latter said: "Did you see the fine new roof we have on our house, Will?" "Oh, that's nothing," the other exclaimed; then added boastfully, "Father said last night that our property was about covered with a big mortgage."

I have a little boy myself, who, like the proverbial little pitcher, has big ears. Last Sunday afternoon he gave us an instance of it. A gentleman was calling who is prone to come too often and invariably remains to meals. In the morning I had said: "I hope Mr. S. will not play sponge to-night." As usual, the gentleman came, and after a time, and when other guests were in the room, my little son appeared at the door, carrying a large bath-sponge. Walking directly across the room to Mr. S., he said: "Play sponge with me, Mr. S.?" "How do you play it?" Mr. S. asked politely. "Ah, go on! you know!" the child exclaimed. "Mamma said this morning that you could give any one points on the sponge game." A. C. M.

Detroit, Mich.

## A PATENT CLIMATE ADVERTISEMENT

THE articles on consumption have had a keen personal interest for me, particularly the arguments for and against a change of climate.

I believe in the Southwest for lung or bronchial troubles and rheumatism. We were sent to New Mexico and Arizona last winter for my husband's health—to escape a cold winter after a surgical operation and the grip. Though he did not have consumption, there was danger of it; but in twenty-one days he had gained twenty-one pounds,—which sounds like a patent climate advertisement.

The people in the Southwestern cities hate to be advertised, or rather to have their towns advertised as resorts for lung sufferers. They have an abnormal fear of the disease from seeing so much of it, and have very strict sanitary laws. It is depressing to see the sick people lining park benches and to hear the distressing cough; but oh, the blessed sunshine and warmth and out-door life and sports counterbalance the depression a hundredfold.

The altitude, the dry atmosphere, and the sunshine may not in themselves have force enough to make a cure; but the combination, in connection with the uniformly mild weather, makes it possible to live out-doors 365 days of every year. It is from this that the benefit is derived. Here in the East and middle states where we have a heavy rainfall—and snowfall—there are so many inclement days each year that a consumptive cannot safely live out-doors.

I know many sufferers go West to be brought back in a baggage-car, as one man says in November's "Straight Talk"; but of those who get well and go about their business we don't hear so much—and they are legion. The Southwest has been built up of such. Look at El Paso, Albuquerque, Phœnix, and the rest. Who have built up those cities but "lungers" who have gone West and recovered? Those who return in the baggage-car probably could not have lived anywhere at all. Why should not invalids have the best chance to recover where they can live in the open sunshine from daylight to dark, and sleep under the stars at night, with no dew to chill them?

Our Eastern doctors should look into conditions of climate and altitude before sending patients out West. There is a place suited to everyone, I believe, from 200 feet below sea-level, all the way up to 6,000 or 7,000 feet altitude.

People told us incipient consumptives could live at high altitudes and be benefited, as the rare, thin air forced them to breathe deeply and expand the lungs; while those in the more advanced stages—where the lung tissues were broken down—could not breathe, as it brought on hemorrhage. This is why many patients in the more advanced stages sent to Albuquerque, Santa Fé, Flagstaff, Prescott, and such places, are sent home in the baggage-cars. If their doctors had sent them to Phœnix, Tucson, or Yuma, they might have lived.

I say to you who read and write for "Straight Talk," don't discourage lung sufferers from leaving this cold, harsh, ice-bound, snow-clad winter for the mild, bracing, sunshiny Southwest. L. R. C.

Pontiac, Ill.

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# LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

## On the Christmas Limited

By Temple Bailey

MRS. SELWYN opened a box and showed Stewart her alligators.

"They are just the things for Christmas presents," she said; "that is one advantage of going south before the season—one can buy souvenirs, and it saves the awfulness of finding things when one comes home."

"You haven't any alligators," said Stewart to Editha Lacey, who sat opposite, looking out of the car-window at palmettos and orange trees, giving way gradually to pines and live oaks as the train sped northward.

"No," she said, "I like to buy things in the shops."

"Editha," said Mrs. Selwyn, "you are Christmas mad."

"That is why I like this scenery," said the girl, unmoved by her aunt's raillery; "it is a land of Christmas-trees—and the mistletoe—look at it." She pointed out of the window where the bunches on the bare trees showed black against the dull red of the evening sky.

"Ugh, but it's gloomy," said little Mrs. Selwyn; then as the lights flared up and showed the gorgeousness of the Pullman, the immaculateness of white linen covers, and the shine of mahogany, "that's something like," she cooed, and went across the aisle to talk comfortably with a lady who also owned alligators and had a passion for collecting.

Editha strained her eyes through the gathering darkness. They passed cabin after cabin, each open door a square of yellow light against which were silhouetted the dark figures of the family within.

"Don't you envy them?" she asked at last.

"Whom?"

"Those people in the cabins?"

"I envy no one," said Stewart, comfortably, "not as long as I can sit here and look at you."

"Oh," protested Editha, "don't."

Stewart smiled a little congratulatory smile. New York was twenty-four hours away, and Editha by some lucky chance was with him on the Limited. He had not dreamed when he boarded the train at St. Augustine that he should meet Mrs. Selwyn and her niece. His last news of them had come from Havana, where they had intended to spend January.

This thought suggested a question.

"Why didn't you stay south over Christmas?"

"Aunt Lucia wanted to," said Editha, "but I couldn't. I had to get home."

"But——"

"Oh, I know what you are going to say," cried the girl, "that I have no home; but at least there is the flat, and Mammy Sue, and Ruggles!"

"A darky and a dog—not much of a household."

"But it's all the home I have," cried Editha with a certain fierce emphasis, "all the home I have known since mother died. This travelling from town to town—this eternal running into souvenir shops—oh, I have done nothing else for five years, and I am tired—tired of it.

"That is why I envy those people in the cabins," she went on hurriedly, as an expression came into Stewart's eyes that made her drop her own. "In that little house back there a woman was cooking in front of the fire, and outside in the field we passed a man tramping home with his gun and dog—it was all so companionable—so, so natural—like one of those comfortable examples of *genre* at the Museum—" her laugh had a catch in it—"and I am going home to a darky and a dog——"

Stewart gripped the arm of the seat strongly. This was not the place to propose to a woman. Moreover, he knew that such a proposal coming on the wave of her dreamy confidences would shock her into a rejection. She knew not love yet, this little clear-eyed girl—



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she knew only loneliness, yes, and longing. So they sat in silence until a white-robed waiter came through the car.

"First call for dinner," he cried in monotonous cadences that echoed through the train.

"You will go with us?" asked Mrs. Selwyn as she joined them; and Stewart led the way to the dining-car.

"Dinner to-morrow night in New York," he said as he wrote their order.

"Dear New York!" Mrs. Selwyn's tone was rapturous.

"I am going straight to the shops," said Editha, "and I am going to buy presents for everyone I know. I am even," her eyes were on Stewart, "I am even going to buy one for you."

She was resting both elbows on the table in the graceful modern carelessness that is so far away from the stiffness of earlier manners. Stewart leaned across until only the roses of the centre-piece divided their faces. Mrs. Selwyn studied the menu and forgot them.

"What is it to be?" he asked softly.

Editha pondered thoughtfully, "Tell me what you want," she said.

"What I want—" the thrill in his voice brought a startled look into her eyes—then a little blush crept over the fairness of her cheeks. His sense of the eternal fitness of things again asserted itself suddenly. To tell her in a dining-car—with the glitter and glare—no.

He finished conventionally, "Anything will be a priceless possession!"

She shook her head. "You shall go with me and choose."

"Editha!" Mrs. Selwyn's face rose shocked above the card.

But Editha stuck to her point.

"I want to go down-town after dark. I remember my father used to take me, and then Uncle Bob—and I love it, the buying and the crowds, and then going home to trim the tree."

Mrs. Selwyn raised her eyebrows. "Baby," she smiled.

Once more during the meal Editha dropped into reminiscence. "I used to go every other Christmas to my grandmother's. Did you ever eat a real country Christmas dinner—the turkey and the gravy and everything on the table at once except the dessert, the cakes and the pies? The day after to-morrow Aunt Lucia and I shall dine at the café, and you will dine at the club, and Christmas won't be anything."

"Christmas never is anything," said Mrs. Selwyn with cosmopolitan sureness. "I hate holidays, and better to me are a simple soup and salad where digestion reigns, than turkey and fixings and dyspepsia thereby."

Editha and Stewart laughed as they rose from the table, but as they went through the vestibuled train Stewart leaned over the girl, until his dark head almost touched the bronze of her hair.

"Ask Mrs. Selwyn to invite me over on Christmas-eve," he said, "and we will buy a tree and trim it, you and I."

"Oh," she stopped perfectly still between cars, "what a lovely, lovely thing to do."

As she reached out her hand to him, the train stopped suddenly, throwing her against him so that her soft hair brushed his chin. Only a moment were his arms around her, as he stood firm, while a series of jerks rocked the train, then he released her.

"Are you all right, Mrs. Selwyn?" he called to the lady ahead, and wondered if his voice showed his emotion.

"Broken journal," said the hurrying brakeman, when Stewart pressed him for information.

But later, complications ensued, and all night long the train started and stopped, and morning found it side-tracked at a lonely station.

"Come and walk with me," Stewart pleaded after a delayed breakfast, as he and Editha stood on the step and listened to the "tink, tank" of hammers under the train.

"Ask Aunt Lucia," said Editha, and Stewart left her to come back with a long tan coat, a soft brown hat, and Mrs. Selwyn's permission.

It was a golden winter morning, with the frost turning to dewdrops before the advancing sun. In a little while they entered a forest of pines, where they trod on a carpet of brown needles, and breathed the fragrance of a thousand trees.

For a long time they saw no sign of human habitation, but suddenly there sprang out from between the green a little rude cabin, built of the logs of the forest, its new brick chimney sprawling hideously at the end.

"Is it empty?" whispered Editha, and crept close to Stewart.

As she spoke, a girl appeared in the door. She was thin and flat-chested, as are the women of that region, but her face was lighted with the radiance of youth and love.

She spoke to someone back in the shadows,

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and Editha and Stewart involuntarily stepped behind a screen of holly bushes.

"You comin'?" called the girl.

"Yes, honey," and a man, tall and loosely built, came out and stood with his arm across her shoulders. As she raised her face shyly to his, her faded pink sunbonnet fell back from her face and formed a frame for her sunburned hair.

"You certn'y hev' made it pretty," she said to the man, and he flashed upon her a rapturous glance.

As they came down the path, his voice, low and liquid, broke through the stillness.

" 'Tain't what some folks kin hev', but hit's a home. An' I hain't had a home sence I was a boy, and you hain't, neither, and after tomorrer that little shack back there is goin' to be yo' home and mine, honey love, and there won't be nobody to hender us from bein' happy."

They passed on, and the murmur of the man's voice died away in the whisper of the pines, but the two listeners stood spellbound, for something of the homely passion of the man's "honey love" had entered into the soul of Editha, and Stewart, seeing the revelation in her face, waited breathlessly.

Finally Editha drew a quick, fluttering breath.

"How he loves her," she said. "Did you hear him?"

Stewart's voice shook. "I heard," he whispered, "I heard—Editha."

The sound of her name sent her from him like a frightened bird.

"Let us go on," she cried breathlessly, and ran across the intervening space to the house.

Stewart, struggling for self-control, followed her.

The door was ajar and they looked in.

A few rude bits of furniture were set against the walls. A log smouldered on the hearth, in front of which were two chairs, a rude armchair and a little splint rocker.

"By Jove, she called this pretty," said Stewart.

But Editha was making discoveries.

"See, he has made a little stool for her feet, and there is a picture over the fireplace, and this bunch of holly in the jar."

Stewart sat down in the big chair and watched her as she fluttered from one thing to another.

"I wonder if we are intruding," he said softly; "if that fellow should come in, there might be trouble——"

"No, there wouldn't," said Editha, confidently; "I should congratulate him, and wish him happiness——"

"What a place to bring her to," said Stewart.

"But it will be their home," answered Editha, "and there will be happiness—I know it——"

"And love," said Stewart, and rose and went toward her.

She went on hurriedly, as if to put him off, "What could we do to make it prettier for them—you and I?—they are to be married to-morrow—Christmas Day—I wonder what we could do—?" She stood in front of him demanding a suggestion. But he thought only of the picture she made with her roughened bronze hair, the dash of scarlet at her neck, the ivory of her silken shirt against the darkness of her coat.

"I don't know," he stammered, "it is perfect——"

"What—!" in astonishment, "this poor place?"

"You!'

But she slipped from him to the door.

"Oh, I know, I know," she danced back to him, "we can trim a tree, a little tree, you and I. You shall cut it, and I will hang things on it——"

"Hang what?" Stewart was not resourceful. To him a Christmas-tree was an intricate thing of candies and candles and tinsel and trinkets.

But Editha was impatient of his dulness.

"Oh, you cut it," she said, "and I will find things to put on it."

An axe stood by the wood-pile, and Stewart went forth valiantly.

When he came back Editha's coat was buttoned up to her chin, but in her hand she held a long scarlet streamer.

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"It's my neck-ribbon," she explained, blushingly. "I am going to tie it in a big bow at the top, and I am going to hang this on, and this, and this," and she displayed a long chain of scarlet beads, picked up at one of the despised curio-shops, a silver hat-pin, and a dainty handkerchief.

"What is home without a hat-pin," jeered Stewart, with a memory of the sunbonnet.

"Ah, but she will like it," said the wise Editha; "women always like useless things."

How the little tree glowed when they had set it up on the table, and the red bow flamed from the top and the red beads flashed from the lower branches.

"But the man?" said Stewart as he watched Editha's white fingers amid the green.

Editha turned in dismay. "I forgot him." Then she looked Stewart over critically. "Now what could we give him?"

Stewart emptied his pockets. "There is a knife and a fountain-pen."

It was Editha's turn to jeer. "A fountain-pen—do you think he can write?"

"I have seen more inappropriate wedding-presents," said Stewart in the tone of one who knows.

"Is there anything else you would like?" he asked presently, finding Editha's gaze still fixed upon him.

"There's your cravat," she said diffidently. "You could button up your coat, you know——"

"'My robe and my integrity to Heaven are all I dare now call my own,'" quoted Stewart frivolously as he handed her the soft scarf and settled his collar.

"You don't mind?"

"Not a bit."

"Really?"

"Really."

There was that in his voice that drove her back to her work.

When the tree was finished Editha surveyed it from the door, Stewart from the big chair.

"Can't you see her when she comes in?" Editha said eagerly. "She will stop in the middle of the floor, and she will say, 'You did it,' and he will say, 'No—it was the fairies, honey love,' and it will be perfect."

Stewart rose and went toward her. Her eyes fell before the insistent question in his. She tried to go on.

"And he will say—he will say——"

She stopped, groping for words.

Stewart took up the theme joyously. This was the time and the place!

He was close to her. Her vivid face, tremulous with deep feeling, gave him his answer, as in the breathless silence he drew her to his heart, and like an echo came his whisper, "Welcome home, honey love."

When at last they went back to the train, Mrs. Selwyn asked: "Where were you so long?"

"We trimmed a tree," said Editha, hunting in her bag for another ribbon.

"Trimmed a tree?" Mrs. Selwyn's voice showed curiosity. "What a funny thing to do."

Stewart in the opposite section, with his cravat-case in his hand, offered an explanation.

"For some poor people, you know—poor whites."

But Editha, looking through the window at the sighing pines, reproached him. "They were happy, anyhow," she said, "they were to be married to-morrow."

Stewart dropped into the seat beside her. "To-morrow," he murmured, dreamily, "think of being married to-morrow."

Mrs. Selwyn gasped, then accepted the situation.

"I'll give you the alligators for a wedding-present," she said comfortably; "I knew they would fit in somewhere."

## The Reputation of Santa Claus

By Stella V. Roderick

I CAUGHT an early train home one day about a week before Christmas. Not expecting me, of course Josephine did not meet me at the door, so I paused only long enough to shake the snow from my shoulders, and started in search of her, tugging at my overcoat as I went. At the doorway of the library I saw something that brought me to an astonished and awkward halt, with my arms suspended somewhere in the elbows of my heavy sleeves. There on a rug before the open fire was my daughter Marian, cheerfully amusing herself with the vivid red automatic automobile driven by an elaborately goggled tin chauffeur, that I had taken precious office-time to select as one of her Christmas gifts, and had concealed, after careful deliberation, in the most inaccessible drawer of my chiffonier.

"The cat's out of the bag, now," I groaned softly. Josephine had taught me to dread

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the inevitable moment of the child's disillusionment in regard to Santa Claus almost as we did whooping-cough and measles. She remembered how all the world had lost its glamour when an unduly truthful relative had robbed her of Saint Nicholas. Even her presents temporarily failed to interest her when she found out that they had been bought for money by flesh-and-blood parents,

in substantial brick shops. It was a trying experience even for the average child, she said, and no one could tell what the effect might be on so peculiar a temperament as Marian's.

Josephine had no trouble in persuading me to help her keep our daughter's faith unshaken. My own thirty-odd holiday seasons have convinced me that one's only genuinely jolly Christmases come when one is a little child who believes blindly in Saint Nicholas —reindeer, pack, chimney acrobatics and all, or, when one is the parent of a little child who so believes. In the years between, one must be content with an imitation, pleasant, perhaps, but an imitation nevertheless: stuffed stockings and decorated trees as survivals of the old Santa worship, but one's heart secretly unsatisfied because of the knowledge that a mere mortal arranged them; even the old forms sustained only because those who have perforce exchanged the pretty fiction for the prosaic truth, choose to pretend they have not. But each knows that the other knows—and there's no real Christmas without faith.

There was absolutely nothing to interfere with our plans for keeping our daughter in the happiness of ignorance except that young lady's own keenness. But of that I was too proudly confident to suppose for a minute that her credulity would survive the discovery of a toy that should have come straight from Santa's pack, in her father's secret possession.

"Why, Marian," I exclaimed, recovering sufficiently to finish extracting myself from my overcoat, "where did you get that?" So certain was I of her enlightenment that I had no thought of fencing, and was about to lecture her roundly for rummaging among my things.

She jumped up and ran to kiss me with an enthusiasm that was as disarming as unusual. "Well," she said, "I saw it in your drawer, but "—and she smiled ingratiatingly—"I guess you was just keepin' it for me."

Before I could answer, Josephine hurried into the room, flushed and excited.

"You're early, Arthur," she said, looking anxiously from Marian to me, in an effort to read from our faces what we had said. Then as the child, impatient to be back to her new plaything, wriggled from my arms and trotted off to the rug, Josephine grasped my coat gently but imperatively, and drew me out of the room.

"Well, I suppose the game's up," I said in a tone meant to convey both sympathy and cheerful resignation. "But she didn't seem to mind," I added consolingly.

Apparently Josephine did not even notice my comforting remark. "Had you said anything?" she demanded with disconcerting sternness.

I shook my head in bewildered denial. "Thank goodness," she said fervently; "but it's a good thing I came in when I did."

She tiptoed over to the door again to assure herself that it was closed, and then tiptoed back close to me.

"I don't think it's all up," she said in an impressive whisper. "You know the automobile wasn't on Marian's list." There was a little note of triumph in her voice as she made the announcement, but she watched me with concern to see if I too were reassured.

"I told her you just sort of happened to buy it for her," she continued, her eyes twinkling a bit, "and forgot to give it to her. I didn't show her how to wind it up, and I pretended it wasn't much of a toy."

"It cost five dollars," I reminded her, amazed at this revelation of the earnestness of her wish to prolong Marian's deception—for Josephine does not fib lightly.

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"You needn't have bought it," she reproached me. "It wasn't on Marian's list." This with a justifiable air of finality.

That list—Josephine's translation of the child's somewhat illegible letter to Santa Claus—had been our constitution and code of laws for two weeks. I carried a copy in my innermost pocket, and Josephine had one in her shopping-bag. In private council, we consulted it by early light to order our doings for the day, and behind closed doors we checked it over by night. The consultations seemed likely to continue, too, till Christmas, for we made our purchases almost one at a time and by stealth, and devoted an incredible amount of thought to devising secure hiding-places for them.

The first evening after the automobile incident that had so disturbed our confidence in our own canniness, Josephine met me radiant because Marian had showed no sign of suspicion all day. Indeed, her interest in Christmas had distinctly increased: she had inquired with anxiety whether her mother supposed she would get *everything* she had asked for; she had repeated the question with regard to each object, "oh, forty or fifty times," Josephine asserted, exaggerating recklessly in her delight. For this was an unusual performance on the part of our Marian, silent, stolid infant that she is. Josephine herself is full of pretty impetuosities, and her baby's sphinx-like inscrutability and unruffled calm have always puzzled her. We have wondered uneasily sometimes when she has looked at us with her grave, fathomless eyes if we were not the parents of some reincarnated Hindoo sage, and have been uncomfortably conscious of our own modernness and shallow frivolity.

But Marian's present Christmas enthusiasm seemed properly childlike and American in quality, if not quantity, except for the quaint anxiety in it that her mother could not understand. Her abnormal goodness—the ante-Christmas goodness of children who suppose their parents have the privilege of reporting directly to Santa Claus—and her unusual demonstrations of affection, we enjoyed too much to speculate about. We found it extremely pleasant to have our taciturn daughter greet us, in season and out, with the question that came through constant repetition to be a singsong refrain, "Mother, do you lo-ve me? Daddy, do you lo-ve me?" This agreeable state of affairs lasted throughout the week, according to Josephine's nightly bulletins, so that by Christmas Eve we had quite forgotten our alarm of a few days before.

Marian was put to bed early on that evening, in a state of high excitement, Josephine said. I had a very well-grounded notion that even with the change in the child, Josephine—in whose temperament there is no hint of stolidity—was by far the more excited of the two. She tiptoed up to the library three times before she was satisfied that it would be safe for me to bring up the tree from a closed compartment in the basement. Then she locked us into the library, and the work began.

It was just like all the other Christmas Eves since Marian came, except that we were more careful to quiet each other when our voices grew shrill, quicker to choke back laughter that threatened to get beyond control, and stealthier on our excursions over the house in search of the presents we had concealed almost too cunningly.

Only young fathers and mothers or older ones who have not forgotten, understand the joys of such a Christmas Eve. Other people may guess at the fun of it—the pleasant amusement of stringing a little green tree with glittering tinsel and chains of alternating cranberries and pop-corn kernels, of stuffing a

tiny stocking with sweets, of wrapping gifts so that one cannot guess them from their shape, and tying one to every little branch. But only such as Josephine and I know the happy anxiety of trying to place each gilded ball just as the child asleep upstairs expects Santa Claus to do it; the pleasure of friendly disagreements as to the child's probable taste in the

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disposition of colored candles; the delightful trouble of deciding what to wrap and what to leave unwrapped, of arranging and rearranging the presents, so that not even for a moment may the child question Santa Claus's appreciation of their relative importance. It is indeed a serious matter to be responsible for the reputation of Santa Claus in the eyes of a child who has gone to sleep trusting him implicitly. It was with a view to sustaining it that Josephine had agreed to get everything on the child's list, even at the risk of spoiling her. She reasoned that if Marian found out that Santa Claus could not or would not do everything that one asked of him, she might guess the truth about him. I don't suppose even she herself considered that a powerful argument, but we both knew we couldn't endure having Marian look on that tree for something that wasn't there. Perhaps we're foolish, but she's our only child.

It struck twelve as we stood at the door surveying the glittering tree with very pardonable pride—tired, sleepy, and altogether happy. "The best we've ever done," Josephine whispered. "Merry Christmas!"

It seemed to me hours before dawn when I heard her voice in the nursery.

"Merry Christmas, baby!" she called softly. "Aren't you ready to get up and see what Santa Claus has brought you?"

There was a little response from Marian, indistinguishable for sleepiness; then Josephine's eager voice again, trying to rouse the child's drowsy interest by distinctly sensational hints at the wonders waiting below. Soon Marian's voice was eager, too, but with an odd note of concern in it, and then Josephine routed us all out to the early breakfast I had insisted we must have before the library door was opened. Josephine herself was too excited to make more than a pretence of drinking her coffee, but not too much so to notice that I salted mine, and to giggle impolitely. Even Marian, the placid, manifested an inclination quite foreign to her to forego the real and immediate pleasure of breakfast for untried joys behind closed doors. Josephine beamed with unmotherly delight at her daughter's hasty gulping; and when the child announced herself as "Ready, mother," and insisted that the procession form at once, Josephine promptly snatched her up, quite ignoring the fact that I had not finished my breakfast.

We defiled in single line from the dining-room through the dimly-lighted drawing-room and across the hall, and Josephine, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, halted at the library door to review us. Marian crowded in under the knob in front of her mother, pressing her sturdy little figure against the door with a firmness that would have sent her headlong had it been suddenly opened. Tim, the cat, halted a little in the rear, lest we should think him really interested; but the impatient twitch in the end of his tail belied his indifferent eyes. As for me—I was making an ineffectual effort to look patronizingly indulgent at my childishly eager wife.

With a flourish Josephine unlocked the door and flung it wide. Our daughter fairly bounced in, and the rest of us followed with varying degrees of dignity. I had lighted the candles before breakfast, and the tree was dazzling. The plump angel smiled alluringly from the top, the sparkling balls jiggled dizzily on very nervous threads, and the bright-colored candles lighted up fascinatingly mysterious little bundles and equally fascinating big, unwrapped presents tied to the branches and heaped below; and over and around all the green and glitter wound the red and white of the cranberry-popcorn strings.

But at this gorgeous display that we had prepared, Josephine and I gave only a glance, and turned with one accord to watch the child for whom these things were. I think Josephine hardly saw the tree at all. She stood quietly beside me, following her daughter with adoring eyes.

Marian herself was walking slowly round and round the tree, calling out in little, soft, satisfied shrieks as she spied one gift after another: "My dollie—my sled—my little piano . . ."

At last she stopped in front of us, her little face wearing the most comical look of relief. Josephine slipped up closer to me, and we looked at the child encouragingly, abundantly rewarded by her very evident delight. I glanced at Josephine's radiant face and had a swift memory of the trouble on it a week before, when she had feared her daughter's Christmas joy was endangered. Dear Josephine! She certainly deserved this moment of happiness.

Marian drew a deep breath, and nodded her head emphatically. "Well, mother," she said, in a voice both complacent and patronizing, "I think you and Daddy did just as well as old Santa used to!"

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# With the Procession

**Happenings of the month—stories, personalities, compact epitomes of events that are making history.**

## THE NAVY

THE launching on the same day of the first-class battle-ship, the Georgia, and the gunboat Paducah, was a coincidence that may serve to teach the public that important additions to the navy are being made. The last number of the *Naval Register* showed that there were under construction thirteen first-class battle-ships, eight armored cruisers, eight protected cruisers, three gunboats, two training-ships, one training-brigantine, and six torpedo-boats. Some of these, like the Georgia and the Connecticut and the Paducah, have been launched, but are of course still unfinished. There are not officers and men enough for the old ships and the new. The less efficient vessels will have to be ordered out of commission. Congress will be asked to increase the number of officers and enlisted men. Naval operations in the Russian-Japanese War seem to have convinced the American experts that the most effective navy should consist of heavy battle-ships to fight, armored cruisers to fight and chase, destroyers, and perhaps submarines.

## OUR JEWELS, PEARLS

SOME of our readers may not know it, and several of them may not care for it, but "pearls are the jewels of this season." No new pearl-banks are being opened and the demand for pearls grows feverish. Most of us will admit that pearls are beautiful. What strikes us most about them is their cheapness. A jeweller says, calmly, that $200,000 is not considered an unusual price to pay for a rope of pearls. Indeed, some well-to-do women have paid as much as $500,000. Diamonds for the night, pearls for the day. You can get a nice pair of solitaire pearl earrings for $27,500; a ring, such as nobody need be ashamed to wear, for $6,000. "Almost any woman," the jeweller tells us, "would rather have a pair of solitaire pearl earrings worth $8,000 or $9,000 than a collection of nondescript rings," and so on. One jeweller estimates that $4,000,000 was spent for pearls last fall. Meanwhile, the pearlless woman has consolations. She knows that even the women with the most expensive pearls may be wearing false ones, while the real articles are locked up in a safe-deposit vault. It is tiresome to take a detective wherever one goes.

## POTATOES, DOMESTIC AND IMPORTED

WHY can't enough potatoes to supply the home market be raised on the 6,000,000 farms of the United States? The home crop amounts to from 250,000,000 to 275,000,000 bushels a year, say three bushels for every man, woman, child, nursing-infant, and Indian, taxed or untaxed, in the country. Yet in the last ten years it has been necessary to import into the United States an average of 1,500,000 bushels of potatoes a year. One week last summer 60,000 sacks of foreign potatoes—old-crop potatoes, mind you, not Bermudas—came to New York. These potatoes were worth a little more than a dollar a bushel. Two hundred and fifty bushels to the acre is said to be a fair average yield on an acre of good soil. Aren't some or many American farmers throwing away good money by neglecting potatoes?

## THE ZEMSTVOS

IT is conceded that the Zemstvos are the one hope, the one germ of progress for Russia. What is the Zemstvo, of the meetings of whose representatives so much has been heard in the last two or three months? It is an elective assembly representing all classes of the population, nobles, merchants, clergymen, mechanics, peasants, and was established in 1864, part of the liberal movement after the Crimean War. Its purpose is, or



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was, to take charge of public needs which the village commune, the *mir*, cannot supply. It maintains roads and bridges. It looks after education. To use a familiar phrase of the Constitution of the United States, it promotes the general welfare. In 1897 there were provincial Zemstvos (*Zemstva*) in thirty-four provinces and 361 districts of European Russia. Of the electors, some 196,000 were peasants and about 48,000 lived in cities. Of the elected members, thirty-eight per cent were peasants; thirty-five per cent nobles; fifteen per cent merchants. It is worth recalling that in 1902, when de Plehve was doing his best to prevent public expression of the dissatisfaction with the bureaucracy, the marshals of nobility, who were empowered to nominate members of local committees to advise the Central Committee on Agriculture presided over by M. de Witte, nominated in many cases members of the Zemstvos, which de Plehve, fearing their independent, progressive spirit, had wished to exclude from the work for which they were best fitted. The Committees on Agriculture, true to the Zemstvo belief, reported that political reform, not improved agricultural methods, was needed. They urged the establishment of Zemstvos in provinces where these do not exist, larger powers and a more perfect representative character for the Zemstvo. The representatives of the Zemstvos have now asked for "regular participation of national representatives, sitting as a specially elected body, to make laws, regulate the revenue and expenditure, and determine the legality of the actions of the administration." In short, a Parliament, a House of Representatives.

### THE COASTING HORSE

Uphill, Dobbin, to the top of the divide;
Then, downhill, Dobbin, and slide, slide, slide!

THE common belief that New York City is the only place where the horse-car survives is not correct. Visitors to Denver should not miss seeing the horse-car and the horse that ply between Englewood and Cherrelyn. The car, apparently even older than certain pre-Adamite "jiggers" still doing business in the "metropolis," is cut, as to its woodwork, with many names and initials—the autographs of famous travellers. Mark most, however, the horse, this pampered jade! Up a steep hill, a mile and a half or so long, the steed is forced to pull the ancient car like any ordinary horse. But just as soon as the car gets to the top, the driver unhitches the drivee. The horse becomes a passenger. He steps calmly upon the rear platform. Down slides the car, the horse gravely acting as ballast. Who had supposed there was a chink of light in the laborious life of a car-horse? The paradise of car-horses has been found; but there's only one horse in it.

### THE CHEERFUL GIVER

IN a recent homily to his Bible-class, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the celebrated Biblical scholar and lay divine, is reported to have said:

"We are not here to get all we can, but to give all we can to make others happy."

Mr. Rockefeller, Sr., has got all he can. If Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., will give all he can, equilibrium will be reestablished.

### THE BLIGHTED CARNATION

THERE was a time not long ago when the carnation was the favorite flower, surpassing in its fleeting popularity even the violet and the rose. President McKinley's fondness for the red carnation is still fresh in every memory, as is his habit of giving Mrs. McKinley a bouquet of carnations every morning. A very beautiful red carnation is called the President in remembrance of his liking. The carnation deserved the enthusiasm of its lovers. It is lovely of color, shape and fragrance. It is half hardy. It is within the reach of not too plethoric purses. But it has fallen on evil times. Its old enemies, the green fly, the red spider, and the thrips, are easily fought. Even the bacteria that attack it can be conquered. Against stem-rot and dry-rot, however, no successful defence has been found. It has lost its vitality. Its constitution has broken down. The average variety lives only three or four years and produces but a single flower to a stem. Formerly there were eight to twelve flowers to a stem. In short, the carnation is dying

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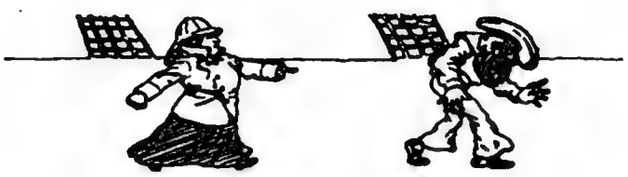
of some unknown disease. Which means, translated into economic language, that carnations will be rarer and costly.

### LARGEST PUBLIC SCHOOL IN THE WORLD

PUBLIC School Number 188, corner of Houston and Lewis Streets, New York City, is the largest public school in the world. It has ninety-four class-rooms, and 4,500 pupils, 2,500 boys and 2,000 girls. They are of many races, and come from many countries, Austria, Canada, England, France, Germany, Hungary, Ireland, Poland, Roumania, Russia, Servia, Switzerland, Venezuela, the West Indies, and still others. This school is a miniature United States. It is training these children of many nationalities, teaching them not merely certain branches of elementary learning, but patriotism, love for the flag, for America. There are no more enthusiastic patriots in the country than these children of alien lands. They grow up good Americans.

### CANADA'S NEW CONTINENTAL RAILROAD

AT the Canadian national election in November, the policies of the Premier, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, were approved emphatically. One of them is the construction of a National Transcontinental Railway. Sir Wilfrid introduced a bill for this purpose into the Dominion Parliament in 1903. The route has not yet been surveyed, but its general course is agreed upon. Beginning at Moncton, N. B., it will go, sweeping well to the northward of the Maine boundary, to Quebec, a distance of 450 miles; thence due west with a slight "northing," 1,400 miles to Winnipeg, then northwest 1,750 miles to the Pacific at Port Simpson. The Eastern section, from Moncton to Winnipeg, will be built by the Government. When completed, it will be leased by the Government to the Grand Trunk Pacific at a rental, to begin seven years after completion, of three per cent of the cost of construction. Nobody knows what this will be. The average of the estimates is $65,000,000. The opponents of the Government say that the Eastern section is unnecessary. The Government owns the Intercolonial, which runs from Montreal to the ports of the Maritime Provinces, and is a losing investment. Why have a second line to compete with that? On the other hand, if the Government is to build the Eastern section, why shouldn't it build the whole line? Whereas the Grand Trunk Pacific Company is to build the Western section, the Government guaranteeing its bonds. Estimated cost more than $100,000,000. But Sir Wilfrid has a majority of the voters. The 3,600 miles of rails will be laid. Canada can afford to build the road. And it will add greatly to her prosperity, and so to the prosperity of the United States.



### WOMEN MASTER MARINERS

MISS JANE MORGAN, of Philadelphia, has passed an examination before the United States Steam Vessel Inspectors, and they have granted her a master mariner's certificate, good for "all oceans." To get such a certificate, the applicant must have sailed as a navigating officer on an ocean or coastwise vessel. Miss Morgan has had such experience on her father's yacht. Her certificate as master mariner attests her fitness to take command of any vessel. According to Captain Patterson, of the New York Nautical College, there are only five female master mariners in the world, besides Miss Morgan. One of these makes her living as a pilot on the Mississippi, another as a pilot on the Ohio. Many yachtswomen are expert navigators. On water or on land, women are showing themselves the equals of man.

### A FLEET FOR "LUNGERS"

DR. SEMON, physician to Edward VII., is the best-known director of the Austrian-Hungarian Floating Sanitarium Company, of London and Vienna. The plan, approved by many distinguished physicians, Austrian and English, is to build great "hospital steamers" for sufferers from "lung trouble" —"lungers," as they call themselves with bitter humor, in California and the Adirondacks. These steamers are to travel along the Adriatic and the Mediterranean, giving the passengers sea-air and the sun. Wherever warmth

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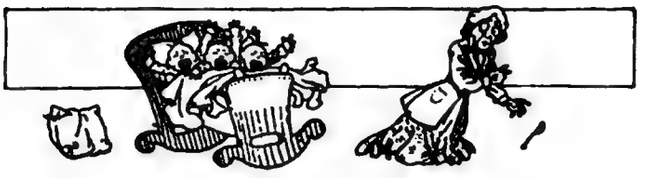
can be found in that great stretch of water and coast, the steamers will go to find it. The scheme is attractive. If the company procures the $5,000,000 with which it means to begin business, doubtless it will find many American clients. Under the sun and on the sea it seems as if one could not help being healthy and happy and physically immortal.



WINNERS OF THE SPOONS

IN 1902, the Women's Club of Settlement House, Chicago, thought "it would be perfectly lovely" to give a silver spoon to every member of the club who proved her aversion to race suicide. "Since that announcement," says an artless Chicago despatch, "the mothers have been exceedingly busy." One day last fall two "calls" for spoons were sent in. The next day there were three. The club treasury became empty. Still raged the wild demand for silver spoons honestly won. The club had to hold a bargain and rummage sale. A member says wearily: "They're having babies just to get our beautiful silver spoons." Evidently the club's premium list will have to be "positively suspended."

## THE CZAR'S HUNDRED PALACES

IF a distinguished Russian or his Parisian interviewer does not put the romantic spirit into his numbers, Nicholas II. is the unfortunate possessor of a hundred palaces and castles. These are scattered over the Empire. The majority of them he has never visited and never will visit. They are duly swept and garnished, and await his coming. He is well supplied with servants. In his hundred houses some 35,000 servants presumably do not exhaust themselves in earning salaries amounting to $4,000,000 a year. He is a pastoral chief, like his remote ancestors, and owns 50,000 cattle. He has 5,000 horses to ride if he will, with Black Care at the crupper; and his dogs are too many for arithmetic to reckon. Peace and the life of a country gentleman: We wonder if such a vain desire hovers before the mind of the Czar. A man entitled to sympathy and pity, with tragedies in his memory and around him, and getting small delight from his century of palaces.

## THE D. & M. R.R.

THE railroad from Damascus to Mecca, the Hedjaz Railway, as the Turks call it, is not advancing with "record" speed. Begun five years ago, the work is to be paid for by subscriptions from Mussulmans. The distance from "the oldest city in the world" to the sacred city of the Caaba is 1,172 miles. Three hundred miles of rails have been laid, at a cost of less than $12,000 a mile. The subscriptions amount to some $5,500,000. There must be some $2,000,000 on deposit in Constantinople. The globe-trotter's chance of being personally conducted to Mecca by rail is scarcely brilliant at present.

## AERIAL AND UNDERGROUND NEW YORK

THE opening of the subway makes possible an underground New York City, with stores, restaurants, offices, theatres. Meanwhile the city climbs into the air, and in a few years will scrape the sky from the Battery to Harlem. Private houses must "go." Palaces and clubs in miles; apartment-houses and tenement-houses must tower up like office-buildings. Banks and exchanges may afford the luxury of two and three stories only. But most of the city will be up in the clouds or down in the ground. The suggestion has been made that the tops of the high buildings are coming to be the only place where the New Yorkers can see the sun; nor can the wind there be so capricious as in the Arizona canyons called streets. Why not have the streets on top instead of at the base?

## FRAUD AND THE GOVERNMENT NAME

A FRAUD to the detriment of reputable manufacturers of and dealers in gold and silver articles, as well as to honest purchasers of the fraudulent articles, is now very common. It consists in stamping spurious or highly alloyed articles with the magic words, "United States Assay." Naturally the public holds that this is a guarantee by the United States Government of the fineness and purity of the goods thus marked. As a matter of fact, the Government does not as-

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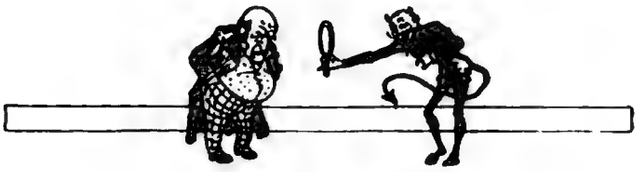
say, or in any way stamp, or certify to the fineness or purity of, plate, jewelry, watch-cases, or any goods made from gold or silver. Apparently, a large part of the public is ignorant of the fact, and accepts the supposed Government "guarantee." "Do you doubt the Government's stamp?" asks the fraudulent manufacturer or seller, and the innocent purchaser goes off with the "gold brick" in his pocket. A New York case illustrates the swindle perfectly. A man was charged with selling what purported to be "a gold watch, chain, and locket" for $3.50. It may be said that the price should have put any sensible person on his guard; but there are many foolish persons in the world; and if the price had been $350 the swindle would only have been so much the greater. A jeweller examined the watch. He said the case was "brass, with a thin washing of gold." On the inside of the case was stamped: "14 K., U. S. Assay." There seems to be a wide area of fraudulent misrepresentation as to the purity of articles supposed to be of gold and silver of a high standard of purity. A measure, known as the Vreeland Bill, has just been introduced into Congress forbidding this misuse of the Government name. Congressman Vreeland, of Salamanca, N. Y., has the bill in charge in the House, and Senator Foraker in the Senate.



THE BLUES

THE "blues," the "blue devils," "things look blue." Few of us are so healthy and happy all the time as never to look into these azure mirrors of our own inwardness and the projection of it into the world which takes our color. A "blue mass pill" was the old remedy; and that old enemy, the liver, is responsible for many derangements of the moral color-scheme. To a physician the blues are largely symptoms of grating and wearing of the nerves. One doctor tells us that the weather is one great producer of the blues. It is disgraceful to be thrown out of gear by an old bore like the weather. We can't influence the weather. Why should it influence us? But it does. Exercise, change of scene, amusement, company, will often serve to break up a fit of the blues, but many of us take a positive pleasure in "being miserable." Yet often the blues indicate something weak and dangerous in the system, malaria, the approaches of malarial fever or typhoid. Much more often they can be shaken off easily. An infallible recipe, commended by a woman doctor, we hand to the married:

"Women in need of new bonnets or furs or a gown for some special function are very apt to indulge in despondent fits that last for days until their object is attained."

They are—that is, are they? Benedick, the married man, N. B.!

PROGRESS IN AURORA

FROM Aurora, fit namesake of the dawn, from Aurora, Ill., comes the latest wrinkle on the face of things. We all know or have known, the progressive dinner. Oysters at your house, soup at my house, fish at somebody else's house, and so on to coffee and repletion. The leading photographer of Aurora has automobilized the progressive dinner and produced the automobile progressive dinner. Oyster cocktails at 6.30; then a "spin" in "machines" to the next or soup-house; and so through all the scenes of the great drive-and-dine drama to black coffee at 11.30. Five hours at table and on the road. Exercise and open air between the acts. A noble programme, and worthy of Aurora. Progressive appetite, progressive eating, and a wild ride at the end of each stage. It might be well, however, for Aurora to take sandwiches in the pockets of her automobile-coats. In case of accident or excess of zeal, it would be distressing to be locked up between oysters and soup.

THE FREE RIDERS

IN 1890, Bismarck ceased to be, and Pierre became, the capital of South Dakota. Envious rivals tried to seize the laurels of Pierre. After several attempts, the Legislature passed, in 1903, a resolution to remove the capital from Pierre. The rivals united upon Mitchell. Pierre has the great American qualification of a capital city. It is in the geographical centre of the state. But the centre of popu-

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lation has been in the east and south. Last fall, the removal of the capital was the one and supreme issue in South Dakota. Pierre spent money. Mitchell spent money. Pierre is on the Northwestern. The Northwestern bled freely for Pierre. Mitchell is in St. Paul, Milwaukee & Western "territory." The St. P., M. & W. bled freely for Mitchell. August 1, the Northwestern began to carry passengers free to Pierre. It begged them to ride. When they reached Pierre, they were driven about the town, entertained by committees of entertainment, ate of the fat, and drank the sweet; and were even treated to a steamboat excursion on the Missouri to "Scotty" Phillips's buffalo farm. Meanwhile, the Milwaukee & St. Paul was carrying 5,000 people a day to Mitchell, where the women sang to them and played the mandolin for them. At a point where the two railroads intersect, the Milwaukee & St. Paul agents would drag passengers out of the Northwestern cars and load them into Milwaukee & St. Paul cars, and cart them in triumph to Mitchell. It is said that 220,000 persons had free rides. Some days the public schools had to shut up. All the pupils were "deadheading." Estimated expense of the "capital fight" $2,500,000. Amount of fun unlimited. The West knows how to "do things" in a large and vigorous way.

### A BISHOP'S SNOW-SHOES

Dr. Peter Trimble Rowe, bishop of Alaska, found the temperature seventy degrees below zero at one point in his missionary travels through his diocese. He went through that lonely, frozen region where, it is said, sixty-two feet of snow fall in the winter. In one of his journeys, he crossed four mountain ranges. He had to help his dogs by pulling on a rope fastened to their sled, which, with its load weighing four hundred pounds, they had to draw sometimes over places "steeper than the roof of a house." Three of the dogs had to be shot, as there was nothing for them to eat. The bishop's party was without food for three days, and would have starved to death had it not met some friendly Indians. He made one journey of nearly five hundred miles on snow-shoes, through an unpeopled country. He held religious services in log-cabins. There was no hint of episcopal pomp in his appearance after one of his trips. He had on his head a French toque, its tassel worn off; on his feet three pairs of socks and a pair of moccasons. His socks reached to his knees, and his trousers were tucked into his socks. He wore a blue sweater and Yukon mittens. A bishop with the true missionary spirit, and "roughing it," like an Apostle.

### A BILLION AND A HALF OF US

The latest German estimate of the population of the world is 1,503,290,000. Of this billion and a half of "souls," Asia has more than half, 819,556,000; Europe, 392,264,000; Africa, 140,700,000; North America, 105,714,000; South America, 38,482,000; Australia with Polynesia, 6,483,000; and the polar lands, 91,000. Europe has 104 persons to the square mile; North America, 13; Australia and Polynesia, 2. A very thinly settled world as yet.

### A NEW RACING-PARK

Just on the line between Greater New York and Nassau County, L. I., the Westchester Racing Association has been making, since last spring, what will be the most attractive and well-appointed racing-park in the United States. It is called Belmont Park and covers 642 acres—a little more than a square mile. The grand stand, of steel and concrete, 650 feet by 90, will seat 12,600 persons. A mezzanine floor gives access to an upper row of private boxes, and affords space for public rooms, restaurant and café, and so on. An emergency room, furnished with the necessary drugs and appliances, and with a trained nurse in attendance, is a thoughtful, highly modern preparation for the accidents and sudden sicknesses to be expected in great crowds. The broad, level tracks comprise four complete circuits, besides several chutes; and are so laid out that a course of any length can be had. A tunnel runs from the stables to the fields; another tunnel, from near the stewards' stand in the grand stand enclosure, under the main track and the turf track, into the infield. There, in case of crowds, spectators can go underground, from the grand stand to the infield. The club-house and other buildings are described as the best and most convenient of their kind. Six millions are being spent on Belmont Park. Racing is no longer "the sport of kings." It is the sport of millionaires—and it makes the fortune of book makers.

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"PARSIFAL" IN ENGLISH

MR. HENRY W. SAVAGE has worked a veritable wonder. On an inadequate stage, with singers of scant reputations, with an orchestra far from first-rate, he has shown New Yorkers that one does not need to pay ruinous rates to hear "Parsifal" given with dignity, with admirable effectiveness—even, at times, with an impressive and moving eloquence—and in the tongue of the people. It may be confessed that there were many who, in advance, pronounced the feat impossible; nor were these other than well-wishers of Mr. Savage's. There was sincere doubt of his ability to give a convincing presentation of Wagner's exalted and subtle mystery-play (for such it essentially is) without the aid of singers and a conductor of the highest capacities, and without a stage of vast proportions and an elaborate and specially equipped mechanism; yet that is precisely what Mr. Savage has done. As comparisons with Mr. Conried's original, Simonpure "Parsifal" are natural and inevitable, it may be said that, as was to be expected, the Anglicized version falls short of its German prototype in certain effects of scenic spaciousness and beauty, in certain phases of the singing, and in the orchestral department. The limited extent of the stage at Mr. Savage's disposal precluded the attainment of such magnificently impressive stage pictures as may be seen at the Metropolitan; nor are the several singers to whom the title-part has been allotted comparable with either Burgstaller or Dippel; and the orchestra, so far as technical accomplishment is concerned, played with frequent coarseness and lack of precision. But on the other hand, Mr. Savage offered us, in the person of the mellifluous Kirkby-Lunn, a *Kundry* who sang with potent and insinuating beauty, with exquisite tenderness in the languorous passages of the seduction scene, with passion and intensity in the wilder scenes of the first and second acts. On the dramatic side there is less that may honestly be written in praise; but then, it is not easy to dislodge Ternina's marvellous impersonation from the memory. Mr. Savage's *Amfortas* and *Gurnemanz* are excellent, his *Klingsor* less good; while Mr. Walter Rothwell, the principal conductor, was a most gratifying surprise. Mr. Rothwell's work—particularly in the more human and colorful passages of the score—left very little to be desired; it was poetic, delicately graduated, opulent in emotional effect, continuously authoritative. The choral singing was delightful in its freshness, vigor, and animation. On the whole, as we have implied, Mr. Savage has more than realized what seemed, in advance of the event, to be extravagant promises.

THE BOSTON SYMPHONY AGAIN

Mr. Higginson's incomparable orchestra is in New York for its twenty-fourth season of brilliant activity. The band gave its opening concert on November 5th at Carnegie Hall, with the assistance of its new *concertmeister*, Herr Willy Hess, of Berlin, London, and other musical capitals, as its soloist.

The new works presented by Mr. Gericke and his men were a delightfully fantastic and ingenious orchestral *scherzo* by Paul Dukas, one of the most brilliant of the younger school of contemporary Gallic music-makers; and the E Major symphony of the Bohemian composer, Josef Suk—a dull and inconsequential production after the manner of one who should mix Dvôrák with water and expect the result to be eloquently expressive.

Of the new *concertmeister*—who has been set the ungrateful task of filling the shoes vacated by that unique artist, Franz Kneisel—one may say truthfully that he is better than Signor Arbos of unhallowed memory, who last season attempted a similar feat. But Herr Hess is very far from being a perfectly acceptable successor to Kneisel. He is well-schooled, dignified, a competent and versatile musician; but almost as devoid of power and magnetism as the "icily regular" Gericke himself—which is not dispraise, but merely an attempt at definition.

DE PACHMANN AND CHOPIN.

At the matinée performance of the orchestra we were treated to some of the edifying antics and much of the exquisite artistry of that most subtle of tonal musicians, Vladimir De Pachmann—a dazzling necromancer on his chosen instrument, and an unsurpassable, even an unequalled, interpreter of Chopin.

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Mr. De Pachmann's account of Chopin's shadowy and wraith-haunted world is that of a water-colorist. He conceives Chopin as a master of elusive and fragile half-tones, an architect of dreams. Paderewski, on the other hand, would paint you Chopin in the richer substance of the worker in oils; for him, the languorous Pole is not, as he is for De Pachmann, wholly devoid of blood: he owns to the veritably human, the compellingly passionate, in him. De Pachmann insists on the more ethereal version—the familiar Chopin of the rhapsodists: a being mist-enwrapped, delicately neurotic, essentially dehumanized. It is a very appealing conception—perhaps the true one; be that as it may, though, there can be no valid doubt of the beauty and persuasiveness of Mr. De Pachmann's enforcement of it, if one may use so emphatic a term for an art so tenuous, so subtle, so exquisite, as his.

### A RUSSIAN FANTASY

The Russian Symphony Society, valiantly defying the lurking public animosity toward all things emanating from the Land of Riddles, has entered upon its second year of activity as a concert enterprise, and is now giving an exceedingly interesting series of performances at Carnegie Hall, at which several noteworthy new works of Slavic origin have been produced. The most important of these so far has been Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Mlada," a concert version of an act from the opera-ballet of that name. The work has an analogy in Théophile Gautier's "One of Cleopatra's Nights," and is a work of the highest and most fantastic imagination. Rimsky-Korsakoff reveals himself in this score as indisputably the master colorist of modern music. Such hues have never before been evoked from the orchestra; the instrumentation is a continual riot of color, now iridescent, now subtle, now tumultuous and gorgeous. Not Wagner, not Tschaikowsky, not Richard Strauss has painted so magnificently with the inexhaustible tone-palette of the instrumentalist. "Mlada" is, in its way, an authentic expression of genius.

### HERR KOGEL AND THE PHILHARMONIC

Herr Gustav Kogel, the eminent Frankfort conductor, is in America again after a summer's absence, and has succeeded already in making a profound impression upon the responsive musical public which supports the Philharmonic orchestra in its exceedingly vigorous old age (the present is its sixty-third season in New York). Herr Kogel conducted the orchestra last season, but without achieving more than a *succes d'estime*. We thought him then merely a respectable, though able, *routinier*. Something, evidently, has happened during the interim. He is no longer merely unexceptionable and inoffensive: he has learned the secret of magnetizing his orchestra, of communicating, with precision and energy, the force and emotional sensibility which evidently are now at his command.

Young Josef Hofmann appeared at the first Philharmonic in the Beethoven G-major piano concerto. He has been here before since his knickerbocker days, but has never entirely convinced the discerning that the brilliant promise of his youth has borne fruit. Hofmann has not yet, artistically speaking, grown up. One feels an immaturity—even, at times, a certain crudity—in his conception, as well as in his articulation, of a composition: there is a lack of poise, of symmetry, of authority, of emotional ripeness. But as he is still under thirty, there is yet, perhaps, time for the development of those excellent qualities which have been indicated. Whether or not he will prove himself to be a genuine poet of the keyboard remains to be seen.

### AN EXTRAORDINARY WORK FROM GERMANY

Mr. Walter Damrosch has imported a recent work by the German tone-poet, Gustave Mahler, and performed it at his opening New York Symphony concert. Herr Mahler and Mr. Damrosch call the work a "Symphony"—in G; and it is numbered fourth among Mahler's compositions in that form. It has, beyond question, certain of the traditional ear-marks of the symphony, and a vocal last movement—somewhat after the model of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony—in which a soprano solo describes and celebrates the joys of a mediæval Paradise. Herr Mahler has expended much energy in endeavoring to make clear the fact that he is not of the school of Richard Strauss. His exertions were needless. Herr Mahler rejoices in the possession of qualities precisely the opposite of those which characterize the Munich composer—among them we may name dulness, lack of individual contour, absence of vital beauty, and again dulness.

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### ART, AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN

At last, after numerous hesitations and misgivings, has it been deemed expedient to place side by side on the same walls the best foreign and the best native art. It has remained for the newly incorporated Society of Art Collectors to achieve this long-delayed consummation, and the notable success of their recent Comparative Exhibition is both gratifying and illuminative. The usual efforts in the interest of charity take the form of a portrait show or an exhibition of old masters, whereas this display was reserved mainly for the leading colorists and tonalists, portraiture being almost wholly excluded. As a result, the exhibition proved one of the most novel and significant ever held in this country, and one which served to call renewed attention to the wealth of the leading private collections on this side of the water, both American and Canadian. It was our landscape painters who best sustained the comparative test, not the least happy feature of the display being the admirable showing of Homer Martin, Winslow Homer, Wyant, Murphy, and Innes, even when hung beside such masters as Diaz, Rousseau, Daubigny, and Sisley. It is true that American art here offered nothing comparable to the eloquent romanticism of Delacroix or the passionate, lyric fervor of Monticelli; but, on the other hand, Europe showed no hint of the suave nonchalance of Whistler's ten canvases. The exhibition as a whole was excellently planned and conducted, and by all means let us continue to compare native art with foreign, for each will but seem the richer.

### AMERICA'S FOREMOST ANNUAL EXHIBITION

For the past few seasons the public, as well as artists themselves, have come to regard the annual exhibition of the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburg as the leading display of the year. The director, Mr. John Beatty, has from the outset shown a progressive spirit which has produced measurable results. The jury is invariably composed of eminent painters, both American and foreign, and the liberal cash prizes serve as an extra inducement to exhibitors. Although held this year in temporary quarters, the current exhibition was in no way inferior to its predecessors. Aside from a slight overcrowding, and a consequent lack of centralization in grouping, the arrangements were excellent, the new system of lighting being particularly welcome. While there are always certain differences of opinion regarding the awards, it is impossible not to felicitate the jury on having selected for chief honors Mr. Elmer Schofield's "Across the River" which won the First Prize Gold Medal and $1,500. This young Pennsylvanian is rapidly becoming one of the greatest of our contemporary landscape painters, and he has done nothing finer than "Across the River," with its bare trees, patches of snow, and bits of brown vegetation peeping out here and there. Although Mr. Schofield's range is perhaps a trifle narrow, he is a master within his own sphere and that, indeed, is all one need ask. It is a pleasure to see that clearness of vision and sympathy in treatment find their recognition, and the Carnegie Institute, as well as Mr. Schofield, deserve all congratulation.

### BEAUTY AND SUBWAY DISFIGUREMENT

In France, Germany, Italy, and Austria—in nearly every European country—advertisements are a continuous source of beauty and diversion. The posters of Paris are the most completely artistic, but the fantastic creations of the Berlin and Munich artists and the solemn, semi-classical panels one sees in Florence and Venice leave little to be desired. It is not the intention here to lash the troubled waters of the Subway-Advertisement Controversy into new fury, but to register a timely plea for something less hideous than our current advertising placards. Mr. Arnold W. Brunner and his fellow-members of the Architectural League have lately discussed the æsthetic features of the Subway and have justly agreed that they are admirable in intention and achievement. The only regret of the League was the disfigurement of the Subway stations by screaming sheet-metal signs, and this, too, has been the text of the Municipal Art Society's crusade. Yet the placing of these polychrome horrors in the stations is a purely specific matter. They should, under no circumstances, be allowed to remain there where their hideousness seems all the more cruel in contrast to

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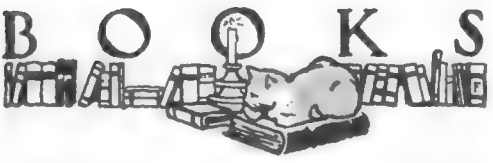
Mr. La Farge's delightful and appropriate tiling, but should they be permitted to be placed anywhere on view? There need be no compromise between beauty and effectiveness. The striking poster or placard can easily be a thing of beauty, for good art is not necessarily bad advertising, nor is bad art of a necessity good advertising.




Up till some three years ago Robert Grant had been recognized as a pleasant contributor to current fiction. But he had never produced anything which even foreshadowed greatness. Then from his pen came a book which some enthusiasts hailed as "the American novel," and to which all intelligent critics accorded sincere and unreserved admiration. We refer to "Unleavened Bread." In Selma White and her friends Judge Grant, in masterly fashion, portrayed a type increasingly prevalent among us—women who, having acquired a smattering of cheap learning, and with no inherited standards of real culture by which to measure themselves, hold themselves competent, without further preparation, to judge and set to rights this benighted world. The intense resentment which "Unleavened Bread" aroused in certain circles was eloquent testimony to the truth of the author's biting satire.

Recently Judge Grant has given to the public another, and even more powerful study of American life.

Probably "The Undercurrent" will be generally regarded as a novel of divorce. This important issue is discussed with thoroughness and detail. Here is no such one-sided appeal to the emotions as we met with in H. A. Mitchell Keays's popular story, "He That Eateth Bread With Me." Every aspect of the divorce question is reviewed with philosophic calm. The clerical, the legal, the social, the æsthetic, the individual arguments are all presented, nor does the author seek to minimize the force of any of them. The social disintegration, the inevitable degradation of character which follow in the wake of a too easy divorce law are as relentlessly pictured as the tragedy which may result from a too blind adherence to the ecclesiastical marriage canons.

More interesting to some, however, than the divorce problem is another which Judge Grant raises, and, broadly, this is: What is to be the effect of the great wealth growing up in America, both on the possessors of it, and on those who have it not? Are the beauty and the refinement, admirable as these are, which the rich are bringing into their lives, and the influence of which is extending to the very outer circles of society, making for good or the reverse? Here Judge Grant is merely a keen observer; he attempts no answer to the question. His millionaires are drawn without bitterness; the rich Mrs. Wilson is one of the most gracious figures in recent fiction—but surely there is more than dramatic point in the scene in which that charming lady, sitting alone after a reception which has been marked by the artistic reserve of its splendor, is almost strangled by a poor girl whom she has for years befriended, and who cries in her frenzy:

"I've come for you—we'll go together, down to eternity. There you will scrub dirty marble floors forever."

Mrs. Wilson herself recognizes the justice underlying the insane outburst:

"Her words were a judgment, a lacerating judgment. How I should loathe it—to scrub dirty marble floors forever and ever. It is just that—the dirt, the disorder, the common reek which I shrink from and shun in spite of myself. . . . One is spurred to refine, and refine, and refine. Does not even religion . . . so teach us?—the spirit ostensibly, and in order to reach the spirit, the body; and in this age of things and of great possessions one reaches greedily after the quintessence of comfort until—until one needs some shock like this to perceive that one might become—perhaps is, an intellectual sybarite. Nay, more; though we crave almost by instinct individual lustre and personal safety, reaching out for luxury that we may grow superfine, must not we—we American women with ideals—mistrust the social beauty of a universe which still produces the masses and all the horrors of life? Can it fundamentally avail that a few should be exquisite and have radiant thoughts, if the rest are condemned to a coarse and unlovely heritage?"

And with this searching interrogation, which each reader must answer for himself, the author leaves us.

Let it not be imagined, however, that Judge Grant has perpetrated a mere social treatise. Judged purely as fiction "The Undercurrent" ranks high. There is drama

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and interest in the story, which is skilfully worked out to its conclusion; the characters are individuals, not mere types. In the way of portraiture it is hard to remember a more convincing bit of work than Emil Stuart, and we regret that the exigencies of the plot necessitate his early disappearance.

Judge Grant's style is doubtless open to criticism; but at least it must be said that he never fails to make his meaning clear; and why waste space in condemnation when there is all too little for the praise which is due?

Somebody said once that when a writer was so skilful in method and so vivid in portrayal, that without his attempting to describe a scent, his reader became conscious of some odor pervading some particular scene, the climax of consummate art had been reached.

In writing "The Masquerader," Mrs. Katharine Cecil Thurston has done something which can be measured by a much more substantial standard of criticism. It is a book about a habitual user of morphine; the miserable creature himself calls his vice "the nerves." We have not found any reader of the book who does not frankly admit that the story got on to his nerves, too. The situation is simple enough. John Chilcote is a leading English politician. He has a beautiful wife, Eve, who married him, apparently, not for love of him, but for love of the success she thought he would achieve. Morphia has dragged him farther and farther away from the possibility of the success for four years. In a London fog he finds his physical double, John Loder, who has in him every element of success except the opportunity. It is obvious enough what the drift of the plot is from this point. What is important is that Mrs. Thurston has told her story with such a torrent of action, with such a continuous tensity of what stage-folk call "situations," that the reader comes to the end of the book as a theatre-goer comes out into the cold, clean night air after a really great melodramatic performance. He is feverish; the world is on his nerves. The last things the reader of "The Masquerader" thinks of, for hours after he lays down the book, are the glaring improbabilities, nay, the impossibilities which make up the fabric of its incidents. And how often is it that a book is printed which holds the thought of a reader for hours after he lays it down?

Between "The Masquerader" and the next book we happen to have picked up there is contrast so great as almost to forestall comparison. The first story is a melodrama. One would no more choose to lay it down half finished than he would care to leave the theatre at the end of the second act to return for the rest of the play later in the week. The delight is in the delusion brought about by the rush of action. The "Truants," by A. E. W. Mason, on the other hand, is a story distinctly lacking in incident, it is a quiet study of four or five people; of their hearts and minds and the tricks that are played with them by the little things of the world—chances and intuitions.

We probably all of us know someone, who, when we come back after an absence, can make us understand what has been going on since we went away—why there is a little harder look about one man's mouth, why another has a surer light of self-confidence in his eye. The man or the woman who tells us these things does not lay out a scenario and fill in all the drama with proper sequence and proportion. He takes up one point and then another; tells with minute detail or with sweeping sketches about one friend or set of friends and another and passes on, now and then dropping a word or two to show how the whole comedy of life has moved along. Such a story may be told in one evening or it may drift along through many afternoons and evenings. It is none the less true: it grips the heart none the less surely, because it is not violent in its grasp.

It is in this capacity of rare understanding of hearts and of the loosening and contracting of the ties between hearts that A. E. W. Mason has written "The Truants." There are two cheerfully commonplace young people, whose lives are suddenly contracted and made morbid by a selfish old man. The tale is of their trials and the trials of their friends—they had good friends—in setting them right. The story is in London, on the ships of the trawling fleet in the North Sea, in the south of France and in Algiers. It is never strained, there is no effort to send thrills along the reader's backbone. It is merely a problem in hearts, worked out to the end with quiet and tender skill.

"Man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upward," Eliphaz the Temanite reminded

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Job in the time of his affliction, and went on to expatiate on the wisdom of cheerful submission to the inevitable. Even the patient patriarch found this a hard saying (if we remember aright, he spoke with some acrimony on the subject), and the modern American refuses utterly to accept it. We have got round most of the other natural laws, why should we not circumvent that of pain? To this wholly laudatory ambition we owe the many cults of psychical, mental, and moral cures for human ills that abound among us. Each day's returning sun finds a new one, radiant with its discoverer's glow of faith.

None of the lately developed methods seems to us quite so simple as that of "Psycho-Physical Culture," presented by Mrs. Rosa Birch Hitt, in a small volume called: "The Instrument Tuned."

Crudely as the principle must be expressed in this inadequately small compass, it is this: Breathe from the abdomen, relax yourself, and have an Ideal Thought. Physical distress will promptly disappear. We frankly disclaim knowledge of anatomy or therapeutics sufficient to estimate the scientific value of Mrs. Hitt's methods, but we find much in her manual to interest us. We learn, for instance, that unrestrained emotion is as pernicious as, and very similar in its effects to, alcohol, Professor Gates holding "that auto-intoxication is sometimes presented as a direct effect of toxines developed in the system as a product of great emotional activity." It is somewhat depressing to find that this auto-intoxication is a particular vice of babies. "Emotional extravagance in children is almost universal. Not that baby is abnormally endowed at birth, but that he grows into bad habits. . . . Emotion is a divine gift, but see how soon the infant learns to pervert the gift. He will stiffen his back, become red in the face, and catch his breath"—which phenomena aré, we gather, the symptoms of the auto-jag in the very young. Had Alice's duchess understood the principle of auto-intoxication she would never have uttered the shallow dictum: "He only does it to annoy, because he knows it teases."

But there is hope for the immature auto-drunkard. The author tells of one of them who had fallen a victim to the insidious habit. All other remedies having failed, the mother resorted to psycho-physical culture: "She decided to spend a certain length of time each day in teaching this baby (for he was still less than four years old) self-control by the use of relaxation, deep-breathing, and the Ideal Thought. In tender, loving words the little one was told how to breathe deeply and thus control temper and body. When he began to realize that he could control himself by a few deep breaths he was very proud and happy and felt very great."

It may be well to explain the meaning of Ideal Thought, a little more than the words explain themselves. An Ideal Thought is one that fills the relaxed and deeply breathing person with a sense of the harmony of things. For instance, if one is attacking a toothache, one is likely to find that all the curative effects of a visit to a dentist will be achieved by reflection on this epitome of wisdom: "Pain is no longer pain when it is past."

For those of sedentary habits, in addition to relaxation, abdominable (the adjective is the author's) breathing, and the Ideal Thought, internal massage is advised. Full instructions as to how this is to be obtained are given in Lesson V.

Mrs. Hitt is very much in earnest in what she writes, and assures us that she owes her recovery from serious and incessant illness to the practice of "Psycho-Physical Culture." She is not bigoted, however, and is willing to admit that deep-breathing is an inadequate defence against fractures and "modern germs."

### OTHER BOOKS

"Painted Shadows"—(Richard Le Gallienne). Slim and fanciful stories, which owe any value they possess to the author's style.

"The Youth of George Washington"—(S. Weir Mitchell). An imaginary autobiography of the father of his country. An attempt to arrive at historical truth through the medium of fiction, which does not justify itself.

"Sabrina Warham"—(Laurence Housman). A novel of character rather than of incident. An admirable piece of work.

"Black Friday"—(Frederic S. Isham). A story of love and finance in the early seventies. Pleasant reading.

"Trixy"—(Elizabeth Stuart Phelps). An attack on vivisection. A novel that will please or antagonize according to the views of its readers.

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# With "Everybody's" Publishers

## CIRCULATION A MONEY-LOSER

THE wish of practically all magazines is more circulation. That was our cry one year ago. More circulation means more advertising, and more advertising means more money, and under ordinary conditions more money-making. Magazines produced to-day, at least ten-cent magazines, depend for their profits on the advertisers, and advance the rates to them as the circulation grows. The public does not pay for all it gets. The condition has never arisen, so far as we know, in which advertising rates could not, in fair play to the advertisers, be advanced as fast as the circulation grew until The Ridgway-Thayer Company came into existence and awoke the public to some of its gravest dangers with Mr. Lawson's series of articles. Owing to your demands on us, owing to the necessity of fair dealing with the advertisers, our magazine will shortly become a money-losing instead of a money-making venture, unless something is done. These conditions, we think, put it up to you to pay a price for this magazine that it is really worth to you: the price it costs us to produce with just a little profit—fifteen cents per copy. Our friends will know that no other course is open to us under the circumstances.

OF all the good wishes that will come to you from your friends this year none will be cheerier, none heartier, than our "Merry Christmas" to you. And the "Happy New Year" we wish you carries with it the purpose to do what we can to make good the wish to you. The new place to which EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE has climbed during the past year, a place never before reached by any magazine, has brought its responsibilities.

Without wishing to take ourselves too seriously, we believe that EVERYBODY'S publishers in a few months have come into a power and authority entirely unique. "O, it is excellent to have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant." If we must march through this season of peace and good-will with a flaming sword, it is because we believe that the giant and his sword to-day will work for a real and lasting peace to-morrow.

Those of you who have been reading Mr. Lawson's story will have remarked a great change that is going on in the attitude of the public. When the foreword was published last July there were all sorts of opinions about it. As the story developed and the people realized that Mr. Lawson was not only making good what he promised in the foreword, but even going far beyond his promises, the public thought began to crystallize into a certainty that here for the first time was being told the inside story of the crimes of Finance, told in vivid lightning-strokes that carried conviction. There remained some, however, who continued to hunt for the motive; some who praised the style, but questioned the truth of the revelations. But as the story moves along, like a great fire, pitilessly, horribly twisting, scarring, consuming the proud giants of the forest, ever widening and growing in fury, but always going on relentlessly, those doubting ones begin to feel a growing conviction that it required fuel to make such a fire.

When you read this month's instalment you will find yourself aghast at the thought of what the crime of Amalgamated must be: this crime that needed seven instalments for an introduction, because it was so heinous that the average mind could not possibly have realized the enormity of it without being specially prepared.

It is our fortune to have supplied the vehicle through which this story is to be carried to the people. When we read several months ago in an Associated Press despatch that Mr. Lawson had announced his intention to give the remainder of his life, if need be, to showing up the "System," we immediately went after the story, primed with letters of introduction. It was days before Mr. Lawson would even see us, but we hung on. If there is any credit to us, it is in our appreciating the value of such a story and in persisting until we secured it. We acknowledge unreservedly the wonderful things that this series has done for EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, but in fairness to ourselves permit us, with some diffidence, to call our readers' attention to the fact that Mr. Lawson would never have given his story to any but live publishers. And one of the evidences to him of our "aliveness" was the fact that before we began the series, in less than twelve months of our management, we had doubled the circulation of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE. We had already pushed the magazine from tenth



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place in circulation to third place among all the general magazines and we firmly believe that by now we should have been in second place, even without Mr. Lawson's story. We had accomplished so much by "straight football," pounding away at the line, quick and snappy team work, and endurance. That Mr. Lawson's story jumped us into first place months before we could have hoped to get there on the steady, sure route, goes without saying. Mr. Lawson knows how frank and full is our appreciation. But there is no occasion for our friends to worry about what will happen to us when the Lawson story is finished. In the first place we shall be well beyond the million mark before the story is done. We have Mr. Lawson's word for that, and he has never failed to keep his word with us. And in the second place, and again with diffidence, the men who secured the Lawson series are still running EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, are still working full time and are facing the future serenely, if seriously.

Imagine if you can EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE just as it is to-day, but without the Lawson story. Do you know of any better value anywhere?

Next year promises to be a bumper year for us. We wish as much and more for you.

### LEST YOU FORGET

FOR the first time in magazine history it has been necessary to reprint part of a series of articles before its completion. When we announced in the last issue that "The Chapters That Have Gone Before" of "Frenzied Finance," by Thomas W. Lawson, would be printed in a pamphlet and sent without charge to all new subscribers, we had no idea that the response would be so tremendous. This pamphlet is for sale by all newsdealers, or will be mailed postpaid by us, at the price, 25 cents. It will be sent free to all new subscribers who send one dollar for a year's subscription, and who ask for it at the time of subscribing.

### NOT AS OTHER MEN

Some publishers are so wrapped in the dry and dusty details of the counting-room that the poetry and beauty of life flow past them unheeded.

The flowers do not raise their heads to any great extent after such practical-minded ones have stepped on them; and the most glowing sunset pales with indignation over their neglect.

Poets know instinctively that their wares, if brought to this market, will be measured by the pound; and the poet himself feels that in submitting his verse he is fairly taking his life in his hands. We are glad that we are not like this, and that the most shy and shrinking poet feels that in us he finds a kindred soul.

In order to make good our reputation in this respect we print the following poetic appreciation with pleasure:

To EVERYBODY'S:
If you will, we might suggest:
You've struck "ile."
And by this we mean no jest!
You've struck "ile."
The big "8" may moan "nay! nay!"
But it's what the people say;
We predict you've come to stay.
You've struck "ile."
By EVERYBODY (per G. N. D.).

### ASLEEP AND AWAKE

THE Christmas spirit is in the air, consequently from pure benevolence we withhold the name of the writer of the following letter:

NEWARK, N. J., November 21, 1904.

THE RIDGWAY-THAYER COMPANY.

*Gentlemen:* I have just seen your set of "Resolutions" and I wish you would make one more resolve before you quit.

Please resolve to cease printing the remnants of interesting articles in the advertising section, to the inconvenience and annoyance of readers who do not enjoy carrying about a useless weight of paper and prefer to tear off and throw away the advertisements.

I am a regular reader of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE and regard it highly. Therefore it is with pain that I observe its lapse into ways which compel me to disregard the habits of a lifetime.

Very truly yours, J. M.

We have never heard of but one business man whose mind followed the curiously inverted processes of reasoning shown in the letter above. He, however, was converted from the error of his ways in time to get some good from his change of heart.

Our news of him came by letter from a friend who met him on the "Pike" at the St. Louis Exposition.

It would appear that some years back he was a confirmed pessimist on a number of subjects, and that advertising in particular excited much the same emotions in him as

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these raised in the breast of a bull by the sight of a red rag.

To his friend he was wont to declare repeatedly that he couldn't stand for the advertisements in a magazine, and always tore them out.

How he feels about it now is best told in a paragraph from the letter of his friend, who writes:

Apropos of advertising, in which I know you are always interested, I met an old friend on the "Pike" to-day, whom I remember as an inveterate hater of advertising in all its forms, and who had always torn the advertisements out of all magazines. He was also addicted to melancholy. When I said, "How are you!" I was surprised at the cheerful heartiness of his reply and the warmth of his assurance of his good feeling and well-being.

"You know I failed a couple of years ago," he said, "but I started in a new business and am doing splendidly. I didn't know there was so much money in the world as I am making, and of course considerable of it goes back into the business in the form of advertising. I spend a lot of money for advertising now, but it pays." "Yes, but—" I started to say, and he interrupted me with the remark: "Yes, I know, but I've reformed now."

The following letter is from an entirely different man—and how often we feel called upon to thank Heaven that it takes all kinds of people to make a world. This man is our friend, but again we withhold the name for the letter is from a man of interests so vast that the mere connection of his name with the trifling indisposition he mentions might cause a fluctuation in values resulting in severe financial loss to him. He writes:

LONG ISLAND.

*Dear——:* Do you ever read advertisements? Don't laugh! I know you write them, and print them: but seriously, do you read them?

You will, no doubt, marvel at my attacking you thus boldly on your native heath, and perhaps wonder at the abruptness with which I plunge so hastily into what to you, no doubt, seems a vast and complicated subject, but I am fresh from what I might safely term an advertising extravaganza, and I want to tell you how it began.

I have advertised myself from time to time in a more or less immodest way, and whenever I have parted with my good money for such a purpose it has been with a thinly veiled hope that someone would take my advertising talk seriously enough to produce a practical result, and of course someone did, or I shouldn't have kept it up all these years. However, that's not what I wanted to tell you.

One night, a few weeks ago, I went to bed and couldn't sleep. A succession of nerve-racking days, an injudicious dinner, and a final bit of worry that was singing to itself in the back piazza of my brain, combined to keep me as wakeful as an owl.

Finally, in spite of the outraged outcries of my better half, I rose and wandered to the library for something to read. You know just about how many tons of books I've got, and you'd think that among all that profusion of hand-tooled binding and hot-pressed title-pages there might be something that looked as though it wanted to be read by a lonesome man in the middle of the night. But there wasn't. On the table lay a copy of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE and I finally settled down to a story. It was a *good* story and I sat idle some time after I had finished, musing on what "he" did, and what "she" said, and wondering if it were true. When I dropped my eyes to the magazine it was again open at the advertising section, and a beautiful thought came to my mind: "How many things there must be," thought I, "that a man needs and wants, and is entitled to, and would probably get, if he knew where they could be had, and had the time to order them; there must be several of them described among all this advertising. I believe I'll just run it through and answer every advertisement that has to do with something that I'd like to have."

Well, I wrote just twenty-eight letters (mentioning EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE every time) and I haven't had so much fun since I used to write to Santa Claus the week before Christmas. Then I went to bed and slept the sleep of the financially improvident. Now, the things for which I wrote are still coming to me by mail, by express and by freight.

And I may mention in passing, that I am the possessor of thirty-five dollars' worth of the finest cutlery you ever laid your eyes on, and in this lot are pocket-knives and things that I've wanted ever since I was a boy. If reports are true, I am also to own a portable sheet-iron house before the week is out; I have some new fishing-tackle, some cigars direct from the factory, a new-fangled safety-razor, with blades by the dozen, and I am dickering for a new auto that almost looks as though it might be the real thing.

So I come back to my original question. Do you read advertisements? *If* you don't, you should, otherwise you may pass away without finding out about a lot of beautiful things that you ought to have. Sincerely yours, K. S.

## TYPES OF FAIR LETTERS

IN reply to our request for your opinion of the department, "With the Procession," we have received a great many letters. One writer in each one hundred says: "Rip it out." Two in each one hundred say: "Continue the department, but make some changes in it." Ninety-seven in every one hundred vote to continue the department as it is. The following letters suggest how warmly ninety-seven per cent. of our readers appreciate "With the Procession":

SEATTLE, WASH. November 9 1904.

THE RIDGWAY-THAYER COMPANY.

*Gentlemen:* I am a reader of EVERYBODY'S and having noted your query in the November issue, "Shall we rip it out?" accept your invitation to speak out in meeting and say what I think.

"With the Procession" is the first thing to which

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I turn on opening the magazine, and the second is "With Everybody's Publishers." I like the "short, crisp-looking paragraphs." They remind me of the cookies of my childhood—invitingly crisp, and crisp because fresh, each one a delicious mouthful, whetting the appetite for another. My interest in the "crock" never flagged so long as there was a cooky left. Just so with your spicy paragraphs—the magazine is seldom laid down until all have been devoured. Please continue to let us have the "cookies." Cordially yours,

MRS. H. S. R.

CHESTNUT HILL, VA.

*Gentlemen:* As a reader of your valuable magazine, let me say in answer to your query regarding the department, "With the Procession," "Shall we rip it out?"—let me answer no, very emphatically no, and let me ask you to continue it in its present shape. In this busy life, with our quick times, I, for one, think it is just right and say keep it in.

Yours very truly,

G. W. B.

VICTORIA, B. C., November 18, 1904.

*Dear Sirs:* If you don't keep going "With the Procession," you will necessarily drop behind. There are story papers and magazines galore, but few good, all-round magazine publications such as yours. Variety is the spice of life. If we want a story-magazine we buy one—not EVERYBODY'S. If, however, we want general entertainment and good sense presented in a bright and breezy way, we buy EVERYBODY'S. There are just enough stories in it to keep our imaginations in good training; Lawson supplies good mental exercise; the essays, portraits, and "With the Procession" keep us up to date; "Straight Talk" gives us a chance to hit back; while "With Everybody's Publishers" tells us what to expect. Keep the "Procession" going with the same brain behind it, but if possible make the "Procession" longer.

Yours for me every month,

H. F. P.

MECHANICSVILLE, N. J., November 22, 1904.

THE RIDGWAY-THAYER COMPANY.

*Gentlemen:* In the matter of "Frenzied Finance" I have perhaps no right or call to "butt in," but just the same I am moved to say a word from the standpoint of an intensely interested, disinterested reader—just one of "the public."

Please let Mr. Lawson tell his story—all his story—in his own way—about the insurance companies or anything else that comes naturally into it. It seems to me your editorial remarks, "With Everybody's Publishers," have a tendency to take off the edge, though your attitude is hard to criticise and is apparently conceived with the best intentions.

Please do not get an exaggerated idea of your "responsibilities," nor think the public are immature children to whom you must stand in the relation of guardian. That composite creature, the public, is able to form its own judgments and act in its own best interests if it has the facts, the inside facts, which in cases of this kind it rarely has the opportunity to secure. Not once in a century comes forward the rare combination we find in Mr. Lawson—a man willing and *able* to draw the picture true to life and help along that "publicity" which all agree upon as the first step—and a long one—toward curbing the growing financial evils. Let the light in. It seems to me the genus Money Octopus is no more desirable and no less dangerous in the garb of life insurance than in any other.

Please don't let them "reach you." You know there are many ways. You have only to turn to the story of "Hector" in your December issue for an illustration (page 777), where *Hector* in his plea to his kinsman for improper support of his political ambition, failing to impress that level-headed man with the importance of "ME," dragged in his mother, ringing pathetic changes upon the effect his success would have upon her happiness. So, possibly, in the matter of the insurance companies—"Don't strike us; it will injure the 'dear public.'" Don't let them reach you in this way nor in any other. Let the "dear public" have the facts, so the "dear public" can intelligently act on its own account.

Let Mr. Lawson tell his story.

Very truly yours, —— ——

## HE BAYED THE MOON

A FRIENDLY critic from Boston writes to say how well he liked the Christmas number of EVERYBODY'S. After a number of flattering observations on its excellence, that made very pleasant reading, he points the whole with a single criticism as tart as the taste of a pickle.

He calls our attention to the picture printed on page 738 of the December number, which shows the full moon shining from low in the horizon on two little boys at midnight. "The moon," he writes, "is not full at midnight on Christmas Eve nor on any other night in the year." We have apologized to the man from Boston and have written the well-known artist who drew the picture, requesting him to look over and classify his assortment of moons, and to hereafter insert no moons in our illustrations that are not in keeping with the opinions cherished by the Almanac.

## A HOLIDAY SENDING

SEND your friend this year a Christmas or New-Year gift that will bring pleasure and profit for a twelvemonth to come. Send a gift the worth and attractiveness of which can't possibly be measured by the cost.

Send EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

Send your own name and the name and address of your friend with the subscription price to us, and we will add an artistic Christmas card that will reach your friend with the first copy, bearing a bright holiday greeting from you.

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